

THE
BAPTIST MESSENGER:
AN
Evangelical Treasury
AND
CHRONICLE OF THE CHURCHES.

FOR THE YEAR 1888.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—How true is the averment that “we spend our years as a tale that is told!” The past gives place to the present, and our yesterdays are gone. But time, like other gifts of God, may be utilised or abused. Each day furnishes a record of good or evil doings, and the mystic scroll will ere long be unfolded to our astonished gaze. Time is opportunity, and probation implies responsibility. Are we any better for the term just closed? Is the world any better because our lives have been prolonged? These are questions which will be asked, and must be answered.

The Rock of Ages remains immutable amid the ever-changing scenes and seasons of our mortal pilgrimage. The centre is at rest, although the whirling circle pursues its flight. So the heart stayed upon God is kept “in perfect peace” amid the rush and turmoil of surrounding influences and contending forces.

In the quiet moments of their lives it is our mission to hold colloquy with our readers. When all is still within and without the Voice of God speaks clearly. To echo that Voice is our aim—to call attention to its manifold teachings is our exalted privilege.

How apt are we to forget that God peruses what we write, and hears what we utter. He, the Eternal Jehovah, is the Great Thought-reader; He divines our imaginings before we conceive them. Hence the need of holy reverence when we attempt to illustrate His revealed and irrevocable truth.

In gratefully recalling and cordially acknowledging with devout thanks all the help received from contributors and supporters through another twelve-month, we would lovingly bespeak a continuance of their valued co-operation and wish them a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BLAKE.

Editor.

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31st December, 1888.

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CHRIST ABOUT HIS FATHER'S BUSINESS.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"—Luke ii. 49.

BEHOLD, then, how great an interest God the Father takes in the work of salvation. It is called "His business;" and though Jesus Christ came to accomplish our redemption, came to set us a perfect example, and to establish a way of salvation, yet He came not upon His own business, but upon His Father's business—His Father taking as much interest in the salvation of men as even He Himself did—the great heart of the Father being as full of love as the bleeding heart of the Son, and the mind of the first person of the Trinity being as tenderly affected towards His chosen as even the mind of Christ Jesus, our Substitute, our Surety, and our all. It is His "Father's business." Behold, also, the condescension of the Son, that He should become the servant of the Father, to do not His own business, but the Father's business. See how He stoops to become a child subject to His mother; and mark how He stoops to become a man, subject to God His Father. He took upon himself the nature of man, and though He was the Son, equal in power with God, who "counted it not robbery to be equal with God," yet He "took upon Himself the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Learn, then, O believer, to love all the persons of the Divine Trinity alike. Remember that salvation is no more the work of one than of the other. They all three agree in one; and as in the creation they all said, "Let us make man;" so in salvation they all say, "Let us save man;" and each of them does so much of it that it is truly the work of each and undividedly the work of all. Remember that notable passage of Isaiah the prophet—"I will divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong." God divides, and Christ divides. The triumph is God's; the Father "divides for Him a portion with the great;" it is equally Christ's; He "divides the spoil with the strong." Set not one person before the other; reverently adore them alike, for they are one—one in design, one in character, and one in essence; and whilst they be truly three, we may in adoration exclaim, "Unto the one God of Heaven and earth be glory, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

But now I shall invite your attention, first, to *the spirit of the Saviour*, as breathed in these words, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" and then, secondly, I shall exhort the children of God, with all the earnestness which I can command, with all the intensity of power which I can summon to the point, to *labour after the same spirit*, that they too may unfeignedly say, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

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I. First, then, note THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST. It was a spirit of undivided consecration to the will of God His Father. It was a spirit urged onward by an absolute necessity to serve God. Note the word "must." "Wist ye not that I *must*?" There is a something in me which prevents me from doing other work. I feel an all-controlling, overwhelming influence which constrains me at all times and in every place to be about my Father's business; the spirit of high, holy, entire, sincere, determined consecration in heart to God. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

First, *what was the impelling power which (as it were) forced Christ to be about His Father's business?* and then, secondly, *how did He do his Father's business, and what was it?*

1. What was the impelling power which made Christ say, "I must be about My Father's business?"

In the first place, it was the spirit of *obedience* which thoroughly possessed itself of His bosom. When He took upon Him the form of a servant He received the spirit of an obedient servant too, and became as perfect in the capacity of a servant as He had ever been in that of a ruler, though in that He had perfectly executed all His office. Beloved believer! Do you not remember when you were first converted to God, when the young life of your new-born spirit was strong and active, how impetuously you desired to obey God, and how intense was your eagerness to serve Him in some way or other? I can remember well how I could scarcely abide myself five minutes without doing something for Christ. If I walked the street I must have a tract with me; if I went into a railway carriage I must drop a tract out of the window; if I had a moment's leisure I must be upon my knees or at my Bible; if I were in company I must turn the subject of conversation to Christ, that I might serve my Master. Alas, I must confess, much of that strength of purpose has departed from me, as I doubt not it has from many of you who, with a greater prudence, have also received diminished zeal. It may be that in the young dawn of life we did imprudent things in order to serve the cause of Christ; but I say, give me back the time again, with all its imprudence and with all its hastiness, if I might but have the same love to my Master, the same overwhelming influence in my spirit, making me obey because it was a pleasure to me to obey God. Now, Christ felt just in the same way. He must do it. He must serve God; He must be obedient; He could not help it. The spirit was in him, and would work, just as the spirit of disobedience in the wicked impels them to sin. Lust, sometimes, drags the sinner on to sin with a power so strong and mighty that poor man can no more resist it than the sere leaf can resist the tempest. We had lusts so omnipotent, that they had but to suggest, and we were their willing slaves; we had habits so tyrannical that we could not break their chains; we were impelled to evil, like the straw in the whirlwind, or the chip in the whirlpool. We were hurried whithersoever our lusts would bear us—"drawn away and enticed." Now, in the new heart it is just the same, only in another direction. The spirit of obedience worketh in us, impelling us to serve our God, so that when that spirit is unclogged and free we may truly say, "We must be about our Father's business." We cannot help it.

2 But Christ had what some men only have. He had another motive

for this, another impelling cause. He had a *sacred call to the work which He had undertaken*, and that sacred call forced Him on. You think, perhaps, it is fanatical to talk of sacred calls; but call it fanatical or no, this one thing I will own—the belief in a special call to do a special work is like the arm of omnipotence to a man. Let a man believe that God has set him to do a particular work, and you may sneer at him; what cares he? He would give as much for your sneer as he would for your smile, and that is nothing at all. He believes God intends him to do the work. You say nay; but he never asked you for your vote upon the question; he has received God's message, as he thinks, and he goes on, and you cannot resist him. If he sits still for a little while, a spirit haunts him—he knows not what it is, but he is unhappy unless he engages in a business which he feels is the commission of his life. If he hold his tongue when God has commanded him to speak, the word is like fire in his bones—it burns its way out, until at last he says, with Elihu, "I am filled with matter; I am like a vessel that wanteth vent;" I must speak, or burst; I cannot help it. Depend upon it, the men that have done the greatest work for our holy religion have been the men who had the special call to it. I no more doubt the call of Luther than I doubt the call of the apostles, and he did not doubt it either. One of the reasons why Luther did a thing was because other people did not like it. When he was about to smite a blow at the Papacy by marrying a nun, all his friends said it was a fearful thing. Luther consulted them, and did the deed, perhaps all the sooner because they disapproved of it. A strange reason, it may seem, that a man should do a thing because he was dissuaded from it; but he felt that it was his work to strike the Papacy right and left, and for that he would give up everything, even the friendship of friends. His business, by night and by day, was to pray down the Pope, to preach down the Pope, to write down the Pope, and do it he must, though often in the roughest, coarsest manner, with iron gauntlets on his hands. It was his work; do it he must. You might have done what you pleased with Luther, even to the rending out his tongue: he would have taken his pen, dipped it in fire, and written in burning words the doom of Papacy. He could not help it, heaven had forced him to the work; he had a special commission given to him from on High, and no man could stay him any more than he could stay the wind in its careering, or the tide in its motions. Christ has a special work. "The spirit of the Lord is upon Me; the Lord hath anointed Me to preach glad tidings to the poor." And He felt the effects of this anointing—the power of this impelling. And stay He must not—He could not, He dare not. "I must," said He, "be about My Father's business."

3. But once more, Christ has something which few of us can fully know. He had a *vow upon Him*—the vow to do the work from all eternity. He had become the surety of the covenant; He had sworn that He would execute his Father's business. He had taken a solemn oath that He would become man; that He would pay the ransom price of all His beloved ones; that He would come and do His Father's business, whatever that might be. "Lo, I come," said He. "In the volume of the book it is written of Me, I delight to do Thy will, O God." Therefore, being faithful and true, the covenant, the engagement, the suretyship, the sworn promise and the oath made Him say, "I must be about My Father's

business." * Whenever you make a vow, my dear friends—and do that very seldom—take care that you keep it. Few should be the vows that men make, but they should always be sincerely kept. God asketh no vow of us ; but when His Spirit moveth us to make a vow—and we may do so honestly if we make a vow in His strength—we are bound to keep it. And he that feels that he has made a vow, must then feel himself impelled to do the work which he has vowed to do. Let the difficulty be never so great if you have vowed to overcome it, do it. Let the mountain be never so high, if you have made a vow to God that you will attempt it, scale its summit, and never give it up. If the vow be a right one, God will help you to accomplish it. O ye upon whom are the vows of the Lord ! (and some of you have taken solemn vows upon you, by making a profession of religion) I beseech you, by the sacrament in which you dedicated yourself to your Lord, and by that other sacrament in which you found communion with Jesus, now to fulfil your vows, and pay them daily, nightly, hourly, constantly, perpetually ; and let these compel you to say, " I *must* be about my Father's business." These, I think, were the impelling motives which forced Christ on in His heavenly labour.

Secondly. But now, what was His Father's business ? I think it lay in three things—example, establishment, expiation.

1. One part of His Father's business was, to send into the world a perfect *example for our imitation*. God had written divers books of example in the lives of the saints. One man was noted for one virtue, and another for another. At last, God determined that He would gather all His works into one volume, and give a condensation of all virtues in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now He determined to unite all the parts into one, to string all the pearls on one necklace, and to make them all apparent around the neck of one single person. The sculptor finds here a leg from some eminent master, and there a hand from another mighty sculptor. Here he finds an eye, and there a head full of majesty. He saith, within himself, " I will compound these glories, I will put them all together ; then it shall be the model man. I will make the statue *par excellence*, which shall stand first in beauty, and shall be noted ever afterwards as the model of manhood." So said God, " There is Job—he hath patience ; there is Moses—he hath meekness ; there are those mighty ones who all have eminent virtues. I will take these, I will put them into one ; and the man Christ Jesus shall be the perfect model of future imitation." Now, I say, that all Christ's life He was endeavouring to do His Father's business in this matter. You never find Christ doing a thing which you may not imitate. You would scarcely think it necessary that He should be baptized ; but, lo, He goes to Jordan's stream and dives beneath the wave, that He may be buried in baptism unto death, and may rise again—though He needed not to rise—into newness of life. You see Him healing the sick, to teach us benevolence ; rebuking hypocrisy to teach us boldness ; enduring temptation to teach us hardness, wherewith, as good soldiers of Christ, we ought to war a good warfare. You see Him forgiving His enemies to teach us the grace of meekness and of forbearance ; you behold Him giving up His very life to teach us how we should surrender ourselves to God, and give up ourselves for the good of others. Put Christ at the wedding ; you may imitate Him. Ay, sirs, and you might imitate Him, if you cou'd, in turning water into wine, without a

sin. Put Christ at a funeral; you may imitate Him—"Jesus wept." Put Him on the mountain top; He shall be there in prayer alone, and you may imitate Him. Put Him in the crowd; He will speak so that if you could speak like Him you should speak well. Put Him with enemies; He shall so confound them that He shall be a model for you to copy. Put Him with friends, and He shall be a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," worthy of your imitation. Exalt Him, cry hosanna, and you shall see Him riding upon a "colt, the foal of an ass," meek and lonely. Despise and spit upon Him, you shall see Him bearing contumely and contempt with the same evenness of spirit which characterised Him when He was exalted in the eye of the world. Everywhere you may imitate Christ. Ay, sirs, and you may even imitate Him in that "the Son of Man came eating and drinking," and therein fulfilled what He determined to do—to pull down the vain pharisaism of man, which saith that religion standeth in meats and drinks; whereas, "Not that which goeth into a man defileth a man, but that which goeth out of a man, that defileth the man." And that is wherein we should take heed to ourselves, lest the inner man be defiled. Never once did He swerve from that bright, true mirror of perfection. He was in everything as an exemplar, always doing His Father's business.

2. And so in the matter that I have called establishment; that is the *establishment of a new dispensation*; that was His Father's business, and therein Christ was always doing it. He went into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil. Was He doing it then? Ah, sirs, He was, for it was necessary that He should be "a faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted." When He speaks, you can see Him establishing His Word, and when He puts the finger of silence to His lips, He is doing it as much; for then was fulfilled the prophecy, "He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb." Does He work a miracle? Do the obedient winds hush their tumult at His voice? It is to establish the gospel, by teaching us that He is divine. Does He weep? It is to establish the gospel, by teaching us that He is human. Does He gather the apostles? It is that they may go abroad in every land, preaching the Word of God. Does He sit upon a well? It is that He may teach a woman, and that she may teach the whole city of Samaria the way of salvation. He was always engaged in this work of example, and this work of establishment.

3. And ah, beloved, when He came to the climax of His labour, when He came to the greatest toil of all, that which a thousand men could never have done; when He came to do the *great work of expiation*, how thoroughly He did it!

"View Him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground your Maker lies.
On the bloody tree behold Him:
Hear Him cry before He dies—
'IT IS FINISHED!'"

And there you have a proof that He was about His Father's business. It was His Father's business made Him sweat great drops of blood His

Father's business ploughed His back with many gory furrows; His Father's business pricked His temple with the thorn crown; His Father's business made Him mocked and spit upon; His Father's business made Him go about bearing His cross; His Father's business made Him despise the shame when, naked, He hung upon the tree; His Father's business made Him yield Himself to death, though He needed not to die if so He had not pleased; His Father's business made Him tread the gloomy shades of Gehenna, and descend into the abodes of death; His Father's business made Him preach to the spirits in prison; and His Father's business took Him up to Heaven, where He sitteth on the right hand of God, doing His Father's business still! His Father's business makes Him plead day and night for Sion: the same business shall make Him come as the Judge of quick and dead, to divide the sheep from the goats; the same business shall make Him gather together in one, all people who dwell on the face of the earth! Oh, glory to Thee, Jesus; Thou hast done it! Thou hast done Thy Father's business well.

II. Thus, I have given you the example. Now, let me exhort you to IMITATE IT.

Tell me, if you can, why the religion of Christ is so very slow in spreading. Mahomet, an impostor, stood up in the streets to preach. He was hooted, stones were thrown at him. Within a month after, he had disciples. A few more years, and he had a host behind him. Not a century had rolled away, before a thousand scimitars flashed from their scabbards at the bidding of the caliphs. His religion overran nations like wildfire, and devoured kingdoms. But why? The followers of the prophet were entirely devoted to his cause. When that Moslem of old spurred his horse into the sea, to ride across the straits of Gibraltar, and then reined him up, and said, "I would cross if God willed it!" there was something in it that told us why his religion was so strong. Ah! those warriors of that time were ready to die for their religion; and therefore it spread. Can you tell me why Christianity spread so much in primitive times? It was because holy men "counted not their lives dear unto them," but were willing to "suffer the loss of all things" for Christ's sake. Paul traverses many countries; Peter ranges through many nations; Philip and the other evangelists go through various countries, testifying the word of God. Sirs, I will tell you why our faith in these days spreads so little. Pardon me—it is because the professors of it do not believe it! Believe it! Yes, they believe it in the head, not in the heart. We have not enough of true devotedness to the cause, or else God would bless Sion with a far greater increase, I am fully persuaded. How few there are that have given themselves fully up to their religion! They take their religion, like my friend over there has taken that little farm of his. He has a farm of a thousand acres, but he thinks he could increase his means, perhaps, by taking a little farm of a hundred acres or so a little way off; and he gives that to a bailiff and does not take much trouble about it himself. It is not very likely he will have very fine farming there, because he leaves it to somebody else. Just so with religion. Your great farm is your shop; your great aim is your worldly business. You like to keep religion as a snug investment at very small interest indeed, which you intend to draw out when you get near death; but you do not want to live on it just now. You have enough

profit from your own daily business, and you do not want religion for every-day life. Sirs, the reason why your religion does not spread is because it has not got root enough in your hearts. How few there are of us who are ready to devote ourselves wholly, bodily, and spiritually to the cause of the gospel of Christ! And if you should attempt to do so, how many opponents you would meet with! Go into the church-meeting, and be a little earnest; what will they say? Why, they will serve you just as David's brother did, when David spoke about fighting Goliath. "Oh," he said, "because of the pride and the naughtiness of thine heart, to see the battle thou art come." "Now, stand aside; do not think you can do anything; away with you!" And if you are in earnest, especially in the ministry, it is just the same. Your brethren pray every Sabbath—"Lord, send more labourers into the vineyard!" And if God should send them, they wish them safe out of their corner of it, at any rate. They may go anywhere else, but they must not come anywhere near them, for it might affect their congregation, it might stir them up a little; and people might think they did not labour quite earnestly enough. "Stand aside!" they say. But brethren do not mind about that. If you cannot bear to be huffed and snuffed, there is little good in you. If you cannot bear snuffing, depend upon it you cannot be well lit yet. Dare to go on against all the prudence of men, and you will find them pat you on the shoulder by-and-by, and call you "dear brother." Every man is helped to get up, when he is as high as he can be. If you are down, "keep him down," is the cry; but if you are getting up, you will never get help till you have done it yourself; and then men will give you their help when you do not require it. However, your war-cry must be "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Again, even the best of your friends, if you are truly zealous of God, will come to you and say—and very kindly, too—"Now you must take a little more care of your constitution. Now, don't be doing so much; don't, I beseech you!" Or, if you are giving money away—"Now, you must be a little more prudent; take more care of your family. Really, you must not do so." Or if you are earnest in prayer, they will say—"There is no need of such enthusiasm as this; you know you can be religious, and not too religious; you can be moderately so." And so you find both friends and enemies striving to hinder your consecration to Christ. Now, I like what old Rowland Hill said, when some one told him that he was "moderately religious." "Well, then, you are irreligious, for a man that is moderately honest is a rogue for certain, and so the man that is moderately religious is irreligious." If religion be worth anything it is worth everything; if it be anything it is everything. Religion cannot go halves with anything else, it must be *all*. We must, if we be thoroughly imbued with the Spirit of Christ, imitate Christ in this—the giving up of all to God; so that we can sincerely say—

"And if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I could give Him all."

I shall never forget the circumstance, when after I thought I had made a full consecration to Christ, a slanderous report against my character came

to my ears, and my heart was broken in agony, because I should have to lose that, in preaching Christ's Gospel. I fell on my knees, and said, "Master, I will not keep back even my character for Thee. If I must lose that, too, then let it go; it is the dearest thing I have; but it shall go, if, like my Master, they shall say I have a devil and am mad; or, like Him, I am a drunken man and a wine bibber. It is gone, if I may but say—'I have suffered the loss of all things; and I do count them but dross that I may win Christ.'" And you, Christian, will never get on well in serving God, till you have given all to Him. That which you keep back will canker. If you reserve the least portion of your time, your property, or your talents, and do not give all to Christ, you will find there will be a sore, a gangrene in it; for Christ will bless you in all when you give all to Him; but what you keep from Him, He will curse and blight, and ruin. He will have all of us, the whole of us, all we possess, or else He never will be satisfied.

And now let me answer one or two objections, and I shall still stir you up, who make a profession of religion, to give up all you have to Christ. You say, "*Sir, I cannot do it; I am not in the right profession.*" Well, sir, you spoke truly when you said that; for if there be a profession that will not allow us to give all to Christ, it is not a right profession, and we ought not to follow it at all. "But you say, 'How can I do it?'" Well, what are you? I do not care what you are; I assert it is possible for you to do all things in the name of God, and so to give glory to Christ. Do not think you need be a minister to dedicate yourself to Christ. Many a man has disgraced the pulpit, and many a man has sanctified an anvil; many a man has dishonoured the cushion upon which he preached, and many a man has consecrated the plough with which he has turned the soil. We ought in all our business, as well as in our sacred acts, to do all for Christ. Let me illustrate this. A merchant in America had devoted a large part of his money for the maintenance of the cause of Christ; and one said to him, "What a sacrifice you make every year." Said he, "Not so. I have a clerk: suppose I give that clerk fifty pounds to pay a schoolmaster, and when he goes to the schoolmaster, he should say, 'Here is your salary; what a sacrifice it is to me to give you that!' Why, the schoolmaster would say, 'Sir, it is not yours; it is no sacrifice at all to you.'" So said this good man, "I gave up all when I came to God; I became His steward, and no longer head of the firm. I made God the head of the firm, and I became the steward. And now when I distribute of my wealth, I only distribute it as His almoner; and it is no sacrifice at all." If we talk of sacrifices we make a mistake. Ought not that to be the spirit of our religion? It should be made a sacrifice at first, and then afterwards there should be a voluntary offering of all. "I keep my shop open," said one, "and earn money for God. I and my family live out of it—God allows us to do it; for as a minister lives by the gospel, He allows me to live by my business; and He permits me to provide a competence for old age, but that is not my object." "I sell these goods," said another one, "but the profit I get, God has; that which I require for my own food and raiment, and for my household, that God giveth back to me; for He has said, bread shall be given me, and water shall be sure; but the rest is God's, not mine; I do it all for God." Now you do not understand that theory, do you? It is not business. No, sirs, but if your hearts were right

you would understand it, for it is God's gospel—the giving up all to Christ; the giving up of everything to His cause. When we do that, then shall we understand this passage—"Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business!" For your business, though it is carried on in your name, will, unknown to men, be carried on in God's name too. Let me beg of you, however, not to tell everybody, if you do it. I have known some that hang the gospel in the window; more attractively, sometimes, than ribbons. I do hate the cant of a man, who, when you go to buy ribbons or pay a bill, asks you to have a tract, or invites you into the back parlour to pray; you will see at once what he is after. He wants to sanctify his counter; so that as people catch flies with honey, he may catch you with religion. Put your religion where it will come out, but do not cant about it. If a stranger should call upon you, and in a moment exclaim "Let us pray;" your best policy is to let him have the street to do it in, and you should say, "Thank you, I do my praying alone mostly. I see what it is. If I thought you had the spirit of prayer, and it had been the proper season, I would have joined with you with all my heart." But the religion of a man who will just step into your house to let you see what an extraordinary pious man he is, is either very sick or else it is a galvanized thing that has got no life in it at all. I regard prayer as a very sacred thing. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou givest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." For verily if you do it to be seen of men you have your reward: and a poor one it is; a little praise for a minute, and it is all gone. But, nevertheless, do not run into one extreme by running from another. Consecrate your business by your religion. Do not paint your religion on your side-board; but keep it ready whenever you want it, and I am sure you will want it always.

Says one, "How can I do God's business? I have no talent, I have no money; all I can earn in the week I have to spend, and I have scarce money enough to pay my rent. I have no talent; I could not teach in a Sunday-school." Brother, have you a child? Well, there is one door of usefulness for you. Sister, you are very poor; no one knows you: you have a husband, and however drunken he may be, there is a door of usefulness for you. Bear up under all his insults; be patient under all his taunts and jeers, and you can serve God, and do God's business so. "But, sir, I am sick, it is only to-day I am able to get out at all; I am always on my bed." You can do your Master's business by lying on a bed of suffering, for Him, if you do it patiently. The soldier who is ordered to lie in the trenches, is just as obedient as the man who is ordered to storm the breach. In everything you do you can serve your God. Oh, when the heart is rightly tuned in this matter we shall never make excuses, and say, "I cannot be about my Father's business." We shall always find some business of His to do. In the heroic wars of the Swiss, we read that the mothers would bring cannon-balls for the fathers to fire upon the enemy, and the children would run about and gather up the shot that sometimes fell, when ammunition ran short. So that all did something. We hate war, but we will use the figure in the war of Christ. There is something for you all to do. Oh! let us who love our Master, let us who are bound to serve Him by the ties of gratitude, let us say, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

And now I close up by addressing all the Lord's people here, and urging them to serve God with all their hearts, by giving them two or three very brief and very earnest reasons.

Be about your Father's business with all earnestness, because that is the way of *usefulness*. You cannot do your own business and God's too. You cannot serve God and self any more than you can serve God and Mammon. If you make your own business God's business, you will do your business well; and you will be useful in your day and generation. Never shall we see any great revival in the church, or any great triumphs of religion until the Christian world is more touched with the spirit of entire consecration to Christ. When the world shall see us in earnest, then God will bring men in; not before. We go to our pulpits in half-heartedness; we go to our place of worship mere shells without the kernel. We give the outward ceremony and take away the heart. We shall never see Christ's cause triumphant so. Would you be useful? Would you extend your Master's empire? Then be about your Father's business.

Again, would you be *happy*? Be about your Father's business. Oh! it is a sweet employment to serve your Father. You need not turn aside from the ways of business to do that. If your heart be right, you can serve God in weighing a pound of tea as much as in preaching a sermon. You can serve God as much in driving a horse and cart as in singing a hymn—serve God in standing behind your counter, at the right time and the right season, as much as sitting in your pews. And oh! how sweet to think, "I am doing this for God. My shop is opened on God's behalf; I am seeking to win profit for God; I am seeking to get business for God's cause, that I may be able to devote more to it, and prosper it more by what I am able voluntarily to consecrate to Him." You will have a happiness when you rise, such as you never knew before, if you can think, "I am going to serve God to-day;" and when you end at night, instead of saying, "I have lost so much," you will be able to say, "Not I, my God has lost it. But the silver and the gold are His, and if He does not care to have either of them—very well; let them go; He shall have it one way or another. I do not want it; if He chooses to take it from me in bad debts, well and good. Let me give to Him in another way, it will be the same; I will revere Him continually, even in my daily avocations."

And this, dear friends, will be the way—and I trust you can be moved by this—this will be the way to have eternal glory at the last; not for the sake of what you do, but as the gracious reward of God for what you have done. "They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Would you like to go to heaven alone! I do not think you would. My happiest thought is this, that when I die, if it shall be my privilege to enter into rest in the bosom of Christ, I know I shall not enter heaven alone. Thousands have been there, whose hearts have been pricked and have been drawn to Christ under the labours of my ministry. Oh! what a pleasant thing to flap one's wings to heaven and have a multitude behind, and when you enter heaven to say, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me!" You cannot preach, perhaps, but you can travail in birth with children for God, in a spiritual sense, in another way; for if you help the cause you shall share the honour too. You do that, perhaps, which is not known among men, yet you are the instrument, and God shall crown your head with glory amongst those

that "shine as the stars for ever and ever." I think, dear Christian friends, I need say no more, except to bid you remember that you owe so much to Christ for having saved you from hell; you owe so much to that blood which redeemed you—that you are in duty bound to say—

"Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do."

Go out now, and if you are tempted by the world, may the Spirit enable you to reply, "I must be about my Father's business." Go out, and if they call you fanatical, let them laugh at you as much as they like, tell them you must be about your Father's business. Go on, and conquer. God be with you. And now farewell, with this last word, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; he that believeth not, shall be damned." Faith in Christ is the only way of salvation. Ye who know your guilt cast yourselves on Christ, and then dedicate yourselves to Him. So shall you have joy here, and glory everlasting in the land of the blessed, where bliss is without alloy, and joy without end.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

Frankness is what we need, frankness to say, "This is God's truth, and the other is what I think." If we were frank like that, see what good things would come.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

A certain young man worked in an engineering factory among some eighteen lads, and on being brought to the Lord in 1875, he began to pray unceasingly for his shopmates. Before he was converted there was but one Christian among two hundred men. This he greatly lamented, so he prayed for them one month. There was no answer. Two, three, four months! Still there was no answer. Five, six months! But praying seemed to be in vain. Some would have begun to despair; but he prayed on. And now what came to pass? In the seventh month three men were brought to the feet of the Saviour principally through watching him at his work. They told him that it was his looking so happy that made them think and turn to the Lord. But the work did not stop there, for from that time the Lord began to work in others mightily. Truly, to-day, as in days gone by, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." If those around us see that we are happy in the Lord, and that He is "the health of our countenance," they will feel that we have something within us that they have not got, and they will begin to want it.

GOD IS PRESENT.—The celebrated Linnæus, testified in his conversation, writings, and actions, the greatest sense of God's omniscience; yea, he was so strongly impressed with the idea, that he wrote over the door of his library, *Innocui vivite, Numen adest*:—Live innocently. God is present.

GREAT MEN FULL OF CARES.—As the tops of trees planted on great mountains are moved with the least blast of wind that bloweth, even so those men who are set in high places of honour and dignity are troubled with the report of every messenger, though never so base, whereas men of low degree and calling, for the most part, live quietly at ease, without any molestation.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER I.—A SUBJECT OF ENVY.

"ONE thousan' a year ! Only think o' that now. What a fortune for a young lady ! It's well said that some foaks are 'born with a silver spoon in their mouth.' It's as true as the blessed Gospel, it is. Now just look at me, what was I born with ? If there was any spoon at all in my mouth, I'm sure it wur a copper 'un, for it's little else but coppers I've got all my life. What Peter said to the lame man when he looked at him to give him sumthin' is just what I've allus had to say, 'Silver an' gowd have I none.' Here I've been washin' an' manglin' for five-and-twenty years or thereabout in this very room, an' after all this sweatin' an' toilin' an' hard work I'm, as the sayin' is, 'as poor as Job's dog.' An' yet, though I say it, there isn't a more honest an' hard workin' woman in this street, let the next come from where hoo may. What did Mrs. McDoodle say to me the other day ? 'Ah !' says hoo to me, as we wur havin' a nice cup o' tea, with just a wee drop of brandy in it to give it a flavour—says hoo, 'I can't make it out at all, Mrs. Swallow, I really can't, why you arn't a lady by this time with an independent fortune, working hard for so many years as you've done ; an' sure if anybody desarnes to retire an' live in a fine house, and have nothin' to do but just to walk in the garden, or go out for a holiday to the seaside just when you like, it's you. Doesn't everybody praise your washin' an' manglin', an' say as nobody turns

out their things as clean an' white an' nicely starched as you do ? Would you get the custom you do if it weren't so ? Yet for all that you've to slave at your time o' life as hard as ever to make two ends meet, if indeed they do meet after all.' An' Mrs. McDoodle was reet. Often on a Saturday night I count up my earnin's durin' the week, an' what do I find ? I find that after payin' my grocer's bill, an' the rent, an' the horrid taxes, I've hardly enough left to get decent clothes for me an' my owd man to go out a pleasurin' a bit with on a Sunday. Yet here's this young lady, who, I'll be bound to say, never did a hard day's work in her life, an' perhaps doesn't know what it is to soil her lily-white fingers with doing the slightest thing, has all this money left her to do with just as she likes. As Mrs. McDoodle said to me, 'The ways o' Providence is most mysterious, an' so they are ; don't you think so, Mrs. Tipper ?'

Mrs. Tipper did think so ; and to prove that her views exactly coincided with those of her somewhat discontented neighbour, whose mangle, as on the present occasion, she was engaged at the munificent salary of eighteen pence a week to turn when needed, she stopped turning for a moment so that she might lean upon the machine and thus be able to give with her husky voice a more complete deliverance.

"Think so ?" she remarked. "I should say I do." Why hasn't Providence ordered it that foaks who desarn to get on should get on, instead of 'em coming to the workhouse as I've known 'em do often ? There,

for instance, was poor Mr. Jakes, who used to live in Peel Street, an' whom I knew for a matter o' thirty odd years ; why, that poor fellow seemed to be born to nothin' but misfortune ! What with his poor wife dyin' an' leaving him with nine childer to look after hisself, and then him breakin' his leg and havin' to stop in the hospital for three months, an' then losin' three of his childer with scarlet fever, an' his eldest son, that he used to thrash so, a turnin' out a thief an' gettin' sent for five years to a reformatory, an' his daughter, who should have been a comfort to him, a runnin' away with a scamp as ruined her, why, it wur enough to make him go mad an' commit suicide twice over. An' yet, after all this trouble, when in his owd age he should have had a bit o' comfort, there's his home broken up, his goods sold by his creditors, an' he hisself is taken off to the workhouse. Now, I say it's really shockin', an' I can't understand why Providence orders it so, an' lets a lot o' born gentlemen an' ladies, like this Miss Archer, drop in for gowden sovereigns, as if they'd fallen from the skies. Mrs. McDoodle may indeed say it's a mystery. Only take my own case now. See how I've slaved nearly all my life to be decent an' respectable, an' to pay my way, an' yet that skinflint landlord o' mine actually threatened me, only last week, to put the bailiffs into my house, just because I owe him a matter o' three months' rent, as if that small sum wur anything to him, a man as owns streets, an' has no end o' money. Well, Mrs. Swallow, I suppose we can't alter it, do what we will ; so, as the proverb says, 'What can't be cured must be endured,' an' there, I suppose, is the end on't."

With this pre-eminently philosophic and consolatory reflection Mrs. Tipper once more began most industriously to turn the handle of the machine, doubtless feeling more able to perform that gymnastic exercise after her slight rest, and the timely opportunity afforded her of thus giving vent to her views on Providence in particular, and of the sad state of things in general. So, while these two amiable and industrious, but evidently badly used workwomen are thus interchanging thoughts for their mutual pleasure and profit, we will take the opportunity of leaving them alone for a while, to give the reader a little information relative to the young lady whose large fortune evidently roused their not unnatural envy.

Miss Archer was the niece of a wealthy uncle, of Whalley Range, Manchester, recently deceased. Being the only child of a brother whom he dearly loved, he watched her growth with interest until she was developing into her teens ; and as he had no other heir, he gave her parents to understand that whenever he died it would be found that his will was made in her favour. As he was a member of a banking firm in the City, without either wife or family of his own, it was natural that his affection should centre in an interesting and lovely girl so closely allied to him by the ties of nature. To have her at his mansion after banking hours was his delight, and whatever would contribute to her enjoyment was procured regardless of cost. Her father occupied a good position as a chemist in Oxford Road, and was supposed to be doing well. But just as his daughter was about to leave home for a boarding-school in the South he was suddenly taken away with some affection of the heart, and in less than twelve months after his decease

his sorrowful widow was also carried to the grave. Thus left an orphan at the age of thirteen, she was cast upon her uncle's care, and, as may be surmised, he gladly took her to his own home, henceforth to treat her rather as an adopted daughter than as a niece.

The business being sold, the proceeds were strictly invested for Miss Archer in Government funds, in order, should she need it, to give her a moderate annuity for life. Unable to bear her long from his sight, the project of sending the young lady to a boarding-school was abandoned by her uncle, and the most talented and accomplished teachers, both male and female, were employed to impart to her instruction in all scholastic branches at home. Thus as she bloomed into womanhood she was regarded by all who knew her as being a highly educated lady, fit to move in the best circles of society, and able with her conversational powers to interest all with whom she came in contact.

If she had felt inclined to be proud or frivolous, or to be led away into scenes of gaiety and vanity with the money which she ever had at command, she was sure to be checked by the remembrance of her dear departed parents, and these early bereavements served in a measure to give at times a sorrowful tinge to a buoyant nature that might otherwise have been constantly joyous. Then, such was her devotion to her uncle that she seemed to care for little else but what would please him and promote his comfort and happiness. So much indeed was this the case that she soon gave all would-be suitors—and they were not a few—distinctly to understand that while her dear uncle lived it was her intention to preside alone at his table, and therefore that all

their overtures, whether influenced by love or money, would prove in vain.

And most nobly she kept her vow. Until she was twenty-eight years of age she was the comfort of her uncle's declining days, and when at the age of sixty-five years he departed this life, his last act was to give her a warm and loving pressure of the hand and a parting blessing. Shortly after the interment the will was read, and then it was found that, with the exception of a few bequests to distant relatives, servants, and charities, Miss Archer was left sole heiress and the mistress of Swan Villa. Three months afterwards the will was proved, and then it was made known through the Press that a clear income of one thousand a year was placed at Miss Archer's disposal. It was doubtless from this source that Mrs. Swallow obtained this valuable piece of information; and as she happened to be employed by Miss Archer's laundress, it was not at all surprising that she made the published fact the subject of envious comment.

Could Mrs. Swallow, however, have been privileged to take a glance into the drawing-room of Swan Villa at the very hour she was indulging in these sombre reflections, it is possible that she might have been induced to look at things in a somewhat different light. What would she have seen? She would have seen a beautiful young woman seated alone, in a room sumptuously furnished, and brilliantly lighted up with an ornamental chandelier, with one elbow resting on a small work-table, and the hand pressed to her brow, while hot tears were coursing down her cheeks, which ever and anon she wiped away. That she was in deep sorrow was evident. She did not speak, but if she had given utterance to her

thoughts they would doubtless have been expressed in this form :

"And now they are all gone ! I have no earthly father, no loving mother, no dear uncle. How lonely I feel ! Scripture truly says 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and I alone know mine. No doubt lots of people think that I am to be greatly envied ! Have I not this fine villa with all that pertains to it ? Have I not all the temporal benefits that this world can bestow ? Is not one thousand a year an ample income for a single lady in my position ? In other words, have I not every comfort and luxury that the heart can wish for ? Yes, all this is true, and I am thankful for it ; but is this alone calculated to make me happy ? Oh ! what would I not give if I could but once more see my dear departed mother's face and hear her soothing voice ? That itself would be heaven to me compared with all these elegant surroundings. Surely it is the presence of the living person that makes the happy home, not the fine house and its furniture. My dear precious mother with me in a cottage would give me greater delight than I could obtain in dwelling in a palace without her. What did I see the other day in a bookseller's shop ? I saw a splendidly-painted floral card with this motto, '*What is home without a Mother ?*' and as I looked at it I felt as if my heart would break. Suppose it were possible to put my dear mother into this home now, what a change it would make ! What would money be to me compared with that ? Why, I feel now that if I could but have my dear loving mother with me again, I should be willing to give

all this wordly grandeur up, and, if necessary, work with mind and hands to contribute towards our mutual support. But she is gone, and will not come back to me, and the only being on earth on whom I could lovingly lean has now been deposited in the cold and dreary tomb. What am I to do now ? To whom am I to go for counsel ? How shall I spend or use this wealth of which I am supposed to be the happy possessor ? Four hundred a year will certainly supply all my needs, and there will be six hundred at least to spare. This I might save, and invest in Government securities, and so add to my capital ; but what a mean, sordid, selfish life this would be to live ! Fancy people dubbing Nellie Archer a miser ! In spite of my loneliness and sorrow I can hardly help smiling at that—it is so absurd. No : in many things I may be faulty, but, thank God, a covetous, grasping disposition is not part of Nellie Archer's nature. Truly I might, as some would perhaps advise, allow this surplus to accumulate, and then leave a vast sum to somebody or something when I am dead. But what pleasure would that be to me ? Is not wealth a talent given by God to its possessor to use ? Are we not required with what we possess, be it little or much, to act as His stewards ? Certainly I see a ray of light there. And that gleam of light I will strive follow. How it is to be done at present I know not, but perhaps the Lord will, in His own good way and in His own time, send someone to guide me : and, if so, the world shall know that Nellie Archer intends to be "her own executrix."

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

SERVING AND FOLLOWING CHRIST.

(A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.)

"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me."—John xii. 26.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I am spared once more to address you. I am particularly anxious to address you at this special season of the year. I have addressed you many times. How soon time passes away, never more to be recalled ! I have taken a short text for our consideration. I always like to take a text for a New Year's address ; you will observe that Jesus is our teacher ; the language of the text is the Saviour's words. He says, "If any man, *i.e.*, *any person*, you or I, wishes to serve Him, we must follow Him ; *i.e.*, we cannot obey the calls of the world, conform to the fashions of this life, and at the same time try to serve Him. Bear in mind, dear young Friends, we cannot serve God and Mammon. "Ye cannot serve God and Satan," therefore you will observe that if you are willing to serve the Lord, you must follow Him. You know, no doubt, what it means to serve an earthly master : you are anxious to please him and do what he tells you, and especially if he is a good master ; surely, in a higher sense, it should be your aim to serve and follow Jesus, the best Friend, the best Master, one who laid down His life for our sakes. He wants your service, your love, and your heart. "My son, give Me thine heart." "I love them that love Me, and those that seek Me early shall find Me." There are

many enticements and temptations to draw you away from doing what is good. But Jesus will help you if you try by prayer to serve and follow Him. Do not be beaten. He that is for you is stronger than he that is against you. He says, "I will guide thee with Mine eye," Psalm xxxii. 8.

Following Christ means that we must have Christ as our close companion, our Guide, our Friend. If we keep near Him, He will help us over every thorny road. We shall be enabled to surmount greater difficulties, we shall be able to beat Satan under our feet. You see, dear young Friends, this text demands your consideration very seriously now at the threshold of another year, whether you have thought anything about serving and following Christ. It is a very solemn question, and one which you should consider in your own hearts, for time is passing away, and life very uncertain, therefore it behoves you all the more to give the more earnest heed to the solemn considerations of your never-dying soul. I hope you will delay no longer the Gospel invitation. "Come unto Me," our our Saviour says, "and I will give you rest"

It is far better to serve the Lord Jesus when we are young. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." There are many examples in Holy Scripture of those who served the Lord in their youth ; early piety is highly commendable. Yes—

"It will save you from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young."

My dear young Friends, I trust the Lord will in His great mercy turn your heart to serve and follow Him, and then, indeed, it will be in the truest sense of the word, "A Happy New Year."

THOMAS HEATH,
Sunday School Superintendent.
Plymouth.

DIVINE LIGHT DIFFUSED.

BY THE REV. G. PHILLIPS.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

THE Great Teacher often employed figures to represent spiritual truths. The grace of God in the heart is set forth as the good seed of the kingdom, the living water, and the light from above, intended to be increased and diffused—the seed to spring up and grow, the water to stream forth, and the light to be exhibited before men. One great purpose in God's communicating His Light to us is, that we should communicate it to others.

To all Christians in every department of Christian work is our Lord's mandate imperative, "Let your light so shine before men"; or, as rendered by Dean Alford, "Even so let your light shine before men."

Let us, in the first place, study the text as illustrating the Christian's duty; and, secondly, point out the reasons by which it may be enforced.

I.—The Christian's duty—to make the light manifest. Personal piety is to be made visible. We notice—

1. *The Implied truth.* Light received from above. True religion

must be possessed ere it can be made conspicuous. The true light is not innate in man's depraved nature, neither is it brought into existence by education, or the skillful appliances which science and philosophy may invent. It is not obtained by virtue of ceremonial observances, or contact with religious ordinances. Contact with the Divine Spirit alone can give life and light to the dark soul dead in sin. The same Power that moved on the vast abyss to bring order out of chaos and cause light to shine forth, must illuminate and restore the benighted mind. Through the mediation of Christ mercy takes down the light "from off the everlasting throne," and with gracious beams dispels the gloom. "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. iv. 6). Till this great work is effected there can be no spiritual increase, no dispensing of true light to others. The dead tree cannot flourish, the stunted tree may, if it has life; the weak, puny child may revive, but the dead child cannot under the most skilful treatment. The weakest spark may be fanned into a flame, but where no spark exists it cannot be manifested. Some are utterly destitute of the light of Divine grace, and such are earnestly urged by the apostle, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light" (Eph. v. 14). All who are partakers of the light should cause it to shine forth.

2. *Let your light shine.* Let it become bright, let it appear in its strength and lustre. We should aim at a high standard of piety, press forward, go on towards perfection. The need of more spiritual

life is often felt by Christians. That true piety may be deepened and intensified, the right means must be used to increase the light and remove the obstructions of its brightness.

Constant communion with God is essential to an increase of piety. Contact with the Father of lights increases the light within. Whither shall we resort for more spiritual life but to Him who hath the words of eternal life? Communion with God in the works of nature is salutary to the devout mind. God is seen in all things, from the atom to the planet, from the animalcule to the mammoth, in the revolving seasons, and in the bounties of the Divine hand. The ascent is ever easy from nature to nature's God. The vast complicated machinery of Providence is also a means of devout contemplation, inspiring the soul with a sense of God's power, wisdom, goodness and love.

"I cannot go

Where universal love smiles not
around,

Sustaining all yon orbs and all their
suns,

From seeming evil still educing
good,

And better thence again, and better
still,

In infinite progression; but I lose

Myself in Him, in light ineffable!

Come, then, expressive silence, muse
His praise."

The wonders of redeeming grace and dying love especially inspire the soul with adoration, and make the communion sweet. The soul is thus led to muse till the fire burns within, as in the case of the psalmist, and the disciples on their way to Emmaus. Enoch walked with God and became Godlike. Jacob at Bethel and Peniel was lifted heavenwards. When the windows of the soul are open towards Jeru-

salem light shines in, the blessing is obtained; when, like Peter, communing on the mount, the glory is seen and the soul feels it good to be there. Moses, after communing with God for forty days, retained a lustre so that the Israelites could not behold his countenance without a veil. So the Christian in secret prayer and communion with God becomes a burning and shining light. The heavenly oil descends from the olive trees of life to feed the flame. That the Christian light may shine brightly *all obstructions must also be removed*. The bushel must be removed; the glass may be too deeply iced or darkened by pollution, or the excrescence of the wick may need to be removed. Is there not much to weep over in relation to the many obstructions which prevent the light of God's grace from shining forth—the indwelling corruption of the heart, worldliness, the lusts of the flesh the pride of life, conformity to the world? How much in the general temper, thoughts, words, and actions, tends to obstruct the light in a *twofold sense*, from God shining upon our souls, and from our souls reflecting the light upon the world. It is said that Alexander once visited Diogenes while he was basking in the sunbeams. The great monarch was so delighted with the serenity of the philosopher that he said, "Diogenes! I am so charmed with you, that you need but ask and I will give you anything, to the half of my kingdom." The philosopher replied "Please your majesty, I have only one favour to ask, and that is that you stand aside from between me and the sun, in whose beams I am now enjoying myself." So may the Christian say in relation to all obstructions of an internal or external character, all error in *creed* or *life*, "Stand aside from between

my soul and the Sun of Righteousness, let me bask in the beams of His truth and love." "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound, they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance."—Ps. lxi. 15.

3. *The order of shining is defined.* So let your light shine. There is a prescribed order according to which the Christian must manifest the light. The little word *so* connects the passage with the preceding, in which the Saviour makes use of the metaphors.

The Christian is to shine forth like the *sun*. Ye are "the light of the world." This beautiful metaphor may set forth the *extent* of the circle, which is wide as the world. The Christian is a citizen of the world, a member of the human family, which is extended over the globe. The great commission has been given, "Goe into all the world," etc. As the sun shines over the two hemispheres, so the Christian, as a miniature sun, should cause the light to bear upon all the human family. Many have gone forth like the sun, shining first on the eastern hemisphere, then on the western, as Roger Williams and the Pilgrim Fathers, Whitefield, and Wesley, who said the world was his parish. True, all cannot go forth like Carey, Judson, Knibb, or John Williams to shine in heathen lands, yet all may feel deep sympathy for the whole of the human race, and pray earnestly for the down-trodden slaves of Africa, the deluded Brahmin of India, the multitudes who adhere to Confucius in China, and the many millions who embrace Buddhism in various parts of the world. All may unite in fervent petition to Almighty God that His kingdom may come, and that His will may "be done on earth as it is in heaven." The

chilling apathy and resentful cruelty of the uncivilised must not hinder the Christian from disseminating the sweet rays of Gospel light. Amidst the dark clouds, dense fogs, cold vapours, rugged and frowning mountains, the sun at the appointed hour comes forth from his oriental chambers like a giant, and joyfully shines forth, dispelling the darkness, absorbing the mist, transforming the dewdrops into pearls, painting the mountain-tops like pillars of gold, and causing nature to rejoice in beauty and fruitfulness. Under the Divine influence *so* let the Christian shine, and cause the moral desert of the world to be turned into a paradise.

The Christian is to render his light conspicuous, like a *city set upon a hill which cannot be hid*. Probably, our Saviour had specially in view the City of Jerusalem. Doubtless His audience would at once have their thoughts centred upon the city of their fathers. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion on the sides of the north, the city of the great king" (Ps. xlviii. 2). Jerusalem was the metropolis of Palestine, and the centre to which the tribes resorted. Its lofty situation, beautiful structures and magnificent temple rendered it the glory of the land. Josephus describes the distant view of the city, crowned with the splendour of its temple, and the rays of the sun reflected from its marble towers, as striking the beholder with peculiar admiration. So ought the individual Christian to shine in the beauty of holiness, and reflect the heavenly light in the sphere in which he moves; and the church collectively, composed of living stones brought from the quarry of nature, polished by the Holy Spirit, and united together in love, should

be the glory of the land in which it is planted.

"Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most."

The other metaphor is that of a house lamp. The candle lit *not to be put under a bushel, but on a candlestick, or lampstand*. Allusion is doubtless made to the Oriental custom of having the large family lamp lit in the evening in the common apartment of the house, fixed on a stand and kept burning during the whole of the night, from which other smaller lamps were lighted to be used in the other apartments. An apt picture of *religion in the domestic circle*. How many have lit their lamps at the parental stand?

It is an important truth, that the Church has sprung from the family. The members of the family have been taught to kneel at the family altar in early life, and the Divine flame has been enkindled, which has shone brightly in wide and important spheres when the parent lamp has been extinguished by the cold winds and raging billows of death.

Christian mothers here have a sphere of great importance as they come more in contact with the young. Who can tell the power exerted upon St. Augustine by his pious mother Monica? Or the influence upon the after life of Dr. Doddridge through her who taught him Scripture characters by medium of the Dutch tiles? Dr. Judson, during his sceptical career, while able to refute his father in argument, could not stand the entreaties of his mother, who wept and warned, and her warnings followed him wherever he went, till he ultimately yielded himself to God, and consecrated his genius and noble

life to the great cause of missions. How many are there who can testify of the power of vital religion in the family circle—yea, who bless God that their lamps were lit through the Holy Spirit's influence by coming in close contact with pious parents who are now in Heaven. The domestic circle being the most confined, the light should be more constant and intense. Though in the order given we have gone from the circumference to the centre, yet the rule is *vice versd*. When God lights up the heart with His grace our sympathies are drawn out towards our relatives, our country, and the world.

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name."

II. *We notice the reasons by which the duty may be enforced.*

1. *Our personal happiness and safety would thereby be secured.* This is a subordinate motive, yet important. The higher our Christian attainment the more vigorous our spiritual life, and the more our light is developed, the more secure and happy we are. Our doubts would be removed, our evidence would be clear. The running stream is pure, but the stagnant water becomes impure, and the used key remains bright. Teaching, we learn; giving, we receive. Blessing others we are blessed. The man philanthropically engaged in trying to resuscitate his fellow amidst the inclemency of the elements feels his own system invigorated in the act. The higher the light shines the better is the soul prepared for active service or

patient suffering, for a peaceful death and for heaven itself.

2. *The good influence upon others would prove salutary.* The Christian religion would become a felt reality, giving clear demonstration of its heavenly origin and beauty. The works of Bishop Butler and Dr. Paley would cease to be read for the purpose of conviction of a future state and the truth of Christianity. They would be superseded by living evidences manifest in the burning and shining lights of the people of God, before which "bold infidelity" would "turn pale and die." The undecided would confess "the Lord He is God," and the backslider would again return in penitence to the foot of the cross. If all the branches of the candlestick of the Church were filled with Divine light, every individual Christian dispensing the light in their respective spheres, darkness would soon vanish away. The influence exerted by the feeblest, under God, is incalculable. The earnest word, the tract, the silent example. The efforts of Harland Page, how blessed! and Panyale, the African slave, when he had found Christ, pointed Him out to his associates. It is said that a tract left at the door of Richard Baxter's father was blessed to his son; his heart was moved, his pen influenced; othersthrough him were blessed. Doddridge, Wilberforce, Leigh Richmond, and thousands

besides may have been influenced directly or indirectly through the little tract, under the blessing of God. Such influence lives and expands—lives in the saved in heaven, lives in the work and lives of many upon earth.

3. *God's glory will be greatly promoted thereby.* Whilst God's essential glory cannot be enhanced or diminished, yet He is glorified in the praise of our hearts, and the obedience of our lives, which is the highest end of our being. God would be doubly glorified *in us*, and *through us upon others*. The united gratitude of immortal spirits saved through the blood of His dear Son would constitute praise of the highest kind. The shining orbs above declare His glory, but are *unconscious*, and shall *cease* to shine. Angels adore Him for His goodness, and shall unceasingly pay their homage to Him; while the redeemed will also praise Him for ever, they will have an element *sweeter and higher* even than angels. The basis of the doxology of the redeemed will be, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. i. 5).

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,

"To be exalted thus."

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,

"For He was slain for us."

Evenjobb, Radnor.

WHEN we are ready to resign all hope of the amelioration of our race, how consolatory is the thought of that "residue of the spirit," that Almighty power in *reserve* as the expression implies, whose energies may yet be put forth for quieting the most rebellious, and for invigorating the most feeble! We bless God for inspired truth; we bless God for holy feeling; we bless Him no less for the promise of that Comforter who is to convince the world of sin, and who is to dwell a sacred guest with the Church for ever.—DR. ANGUS.

Reviews.

The Story of Isaac Levinsohn, a Polish Jew; Told by Himself.
Alfred Holmes, 14, Paternoster Row.

EVERYONE who has been privileged to hear Mr. Levinsohn preach the Gospel, or in addresses advocate the cause of Christ our Saviour, amongst the Jews, will be much edified in reading this remarkable little volume. It contains fourteen chapters, the first treating with the question, What must I do to be saved? and the last with the writer becoming a preacher of Christ the Son of God; and in this age of religious novelties we are right glad to find that he stands fast by the old truths of Jesus and His love. The incidents of this life show in a most thrilling way how the hand of Divine Providence was with him, keeping his footsteps, until at last the weary seeker found rest in the green pastures of the Gospel, and slaked his thirst in the still waters of God's love.

The Romance of the Ranks. Reminiscences of Army Work. By M. S. S. HERDMAN, with commendatory prefaces by Major-General SYNGE, and Lieut.-Colonel PLUMMER. Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling; and S. W. Partridge and Co., London.

THE personal experiences of a large heart throbbing with deep Christian emotion for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, in thirteen chapters, giving many of the conditions of soul presenting themselves in the lives of men devoted to a military life. *Some are sad, some are joyous, some are very touching,* and it will be nearly impossible to read this work without having our hearts awakened

with the deepest yearning for the salvation of those who from their calling are always face to face with death, and to those who know what a soldiers' life means are constantly exposed to temptation. Two things we desire to advise our readers—prayerfully go through this book, then send a subscription to the Army Scripture Readers' Society, 4, Trafalgar Square. This Society has for years entirely devoted itself to religious work in the army, and is at the present time much crippled for the want of funds.

The Life of William Carey, D.D., Shoemaker and Missionary, Professor of Sanskrit, Bengali and Marathi, in the College of Fort William, Calcutta. By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D., C.I.E. Second edition, with portraits and illustrations. John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

THIS is a charming book. Its subject is especially full of attraction to the Baptist, but not to him alone. Every one interested in the history of foreign missions, every Christian who wishes to know what God wrought through the instrumentality of William Carey, will devour these pages with delight. It is true much has been already written on the subject. Some years since we had the pleasure of being presented by J. C. Marshman, Esq., with his two large volumes on Carey, Marshman and Ward, and they are truly valuable. Some years after this the Bunyan Library Committee published a volume on the subject. We have also read Dr. Culross's very telling sketch, &c., and yet it is clear that something remained to be done, and

the author has taken up the work, and done it admirably. The indices are well arranged, the illustrations are very good, and we believe this volume to be the most complete life yet published of our own William Carey.

We call attention to two enamelled-cover Tracts, by Mrs. EVA TRAVERS EVERED POOLE. The letterpress is in colours. Each page has an illustration. The subjects, *Missing* and *Jewels*. Of the matter, many of our readers well know the valuable manner and matter of the writer. They may be had of S. W. Partridge and Co., at one shilling per dozen.

Diamond's Tract Depot, or of S. W. Partridge and Co., the annual volume of the *British Messenger*, price one shilling. The messages are sound and good; brimful of Gospel. Capital illustrations. Just the thing for a New Year's gift to our young people.

Almanacks: *The Baptist Almanack*. London: Robert Banks & Son. Good as ever. It contains a vast mass of information which makes it of great value to all Baptists. The *Daily Bread Almanack*, by Rev. JAMES SMITH, Minister of the Gospel, Dufftown, N.B. Elliot Stock. Contains a daily portion on a distinct topic for every month, with other short Biblical articles. The *Seeking and Finding Almanack* gives daily texts for each month arranged as an acrostic, it is very pretty and very neat. *The Soldier's Almanack* is always acceptable to us, but must be doubly welcome to the soldier. We regret to find the funds of the Army Scripture Readers' Society more than exhausted, we hope and pray that streams of benevolence may set in.

Lease and Re-lease. A seasonable book. By SEA VERDURE. The Chiswick Press, Took's Court, Chancery Lane. Contains five well-written chapters

on "Life, Endurance, Abnegation, Satisfaction, Eternity." They are written in prose and verse, and illustrate Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter and Eternity.

Believe: Whom, What, How, Why, When. Helpful words for the anxious and the doubting. Elliot Stock.—We urge all soul winners to distribute this precious little tract.

The Religious Tract Society's monthlies:—*The Boys' Own* for December is accompanied with a Christmas number with seasonable articles by well-known contributors, and edited by our friend, G. A. HUTCHISON. *The Girls' Own* also comes to us with a beautiful extra number called the *Evergreen*. The new series of the *Tract Magazine* for January will contain opening chapters of a serial tale entitled, "A City without Walls," by Mr. NUGENT JACKSON. A coloured plate will be given with *The Child's Companion* for January, and with the New Year's issue of *Our Little Dots* there will be presented a coloured picture entitled, "Here Comes Papa," from the painting by Mr. Hobson. *The Leisure Hour* will recommence with a number of improvements. The January part will commence with a new story, "Great Grandmother Severn," by LESLIE KEITH. We thank the Society for No. 50 of *New Biographical Series*, which contains the life of the eminently good Bishop Hooper.

The General Baptist comes to us with a copy of a very complete *Almanack*, edited by our worthy brother, J. FLETCHER. *The Sword and Trowel* has a leader by Mr. C. H. SPURGEON, on "Restoration of Truth and Revival." No one can fail to observe how tremendously earnest he is in the cause he is pursuing. Much has been written to show how much better it would have been if he had done what he has done in someone else's way. Mr. Spurgeon has his own convictions, and his own methods

and courses of action, and, much as we may regret the step he has taken, we fail to see with his convictions and beliefs what else he could have done. The *Baptist Magazine* has contributed to its subscribers a very striking likeness of Dr. Trestrail.

Our yearly volume is now ready, and may be had of our publishers, or by order from any bookseller. If it is desired to make a present of sermons, Bible instruction, and Baptist information the volume stands second to none.

"GIVE EAR, O SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL," &c.—Psalm lxxx. 1.

O Thou who didst of old,
With Thy Almighty hand,
Thy people safely bring
Into the promised land :
Though oft from Thee they turned aside
For all their wants Thou didst provide.

Thy chosen people then,
Defence and safety found,
Thou wert their strength and shield,
When foes did them surround.
Through all the dangers of the way,
Thou didst protect them night and day.

Still, Lord, a refuge Thou,
When cast down by the way,
Thy people look to Thee
To be their strength and stay.
Thus Lord, in faith I look to Thee,
My guide and present help to be.

Whene'er my faith is weak,
And prone to yield to fear,
Then let me hear Thee say
"To thee I'm always near.
Nor will I leave thee in the way,
But ever be thy help and stay."

Thus, Lord, to Thee I come,
That Thou wouldst be my Guide,
Help me to trust in Thee,
Whatever ills betide.
Until I gain that peaceful shore,
Where earthly cares are known no more.

A Greek poet has a sentence worthy of being treasured up. It is this : "No wise man will be taken a second time in an error he hath suffered for." The proverb tells us that "a burnt dog dreads the fire." A bird caught in a snare and delivered will not be caught very easily in that same snare again. Let us therefore watch against those sins that have led us into suffering, and be caught no more.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. L. R. Foskett, of Shepton Mallett, has accepted the pastorate at New Mill, Tring.

Rev. W. T. Adey has accepted the pastorate at Haven Green, Ealing.

Rev. H. Trotman, of Blisworth, has accepted a call to the church at John Street, Edgware Road, London.

Rev. William Dore is leaving Chenies, near Rickmansworth.

Rev. J. Morgan Houston, of the Theological Hall, Glasgow University, has accepted a call to become the first pastor of the Church meeting in the Temperance Hall, Southport.

Rev. T. A. Carver has resigned the pastorate of East Street Chapel, Walworth.

Rev. H. Bailey has preached farewell sermons at Bulwick Lodges, Northampton, having undertaken the charge of a mission church at Worth, in connection with Albert Street Church, Keighley.

Rev. John C. Hewson, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the call from Irvine Church.

Rev. J. M. Hamilton, of Belgrave, Leicester, has accepted the pastorate at Lowestoft, in succession to Rev. E. Mason.

Rev. G. W. Roberts, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate at Weston, near Towcester.

Rev. W. W. B. Emery, of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate at Harborne Chapel, near Birmingham.

Rev. H. G. Stembridge has accepted the pastorate of the Old Meeting, Biggleswade.

Rev. Robert A. Bellman, of the Homestead, St. Kilda's Road, N., who has supplied the pulpit of Bouverie Road Chapel, Stoke Newington,

for the past six months, has accepted the pastorate.

Rev. C. J. Fowler, late of Sandown, Isle of Wight, has accepted the ministerial oversight of Commercial Street Chapel, London, for a period of six months.

Rev. Walter Walsh, of Bridlington, has accepted the pastorate of Rye Hill Church, Newcastle, vacant by the resignation of Rev. H. J. Betts.

Rev. James Fenwick, of Manchester College, has accepted the pastoral charge at Millgate, near Rochdale.

Rev. James Roach, of Blakeney, Forest of Dean, has accepted the pastorate at Fownhope, Herefordshire.

PRESENTATIONS.

MR. ARTHUR T. WALKER, who has been an energetic worker in the Sunday school at York (Rev. W. Turner, pastor), and was, for some time, organist of the chapel, having decided to enter Rawdon College, to study for the ministry, has been presented by the Sunday school and choir, with a writing-desk.

Mr. John Nesbitt, on leaving Wolsingham, has been presented by the pastor, Rev. R. Scott, with a copy of the Revised Version, as a mark of esteem from the teachers and scholars of the Sunday school of which he was superintendent.

Rev. T. G. Atkinson, on retiring from the pastorate at Dunstable, has been presented by the Young Women's Bible class with a maple-wood inkstand and stationery cabinet.

Mr. John Watson, on leaving Harston, where he has been superintendent of the Sunday school for twenty years, has been presented by the church with a purse of gold and

Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul," and by the teachers and scholars with a marble timepiece.

Rev. Walter H. Purchase has been presented by the church at Leominster with an electro-plated five o'clock tea service, a china tea service, an epergne, and several other articles. Mrs. Purchase has also received from the teachers of the Sunday school an Oxford Teacher's Bible, and two volumes of poems from the senior classes. Mr. Purchase commenced his ministry at Birmingham on the 20th of November.

Miss Alice Ward, before leaving Darlington, in consequence of her approaching marriage, has been presented with valuable testimonials of regard from the teachers of Grange Road Church Sunday school, the members of her Bible Class, and students at the Training College. The superintendent mentioned that during Miss Ward's connection with it, 200 young women had passed through the class, 40 had become Sunday school teachers, and 65 church members.

Mr. Thomas Hobbs, on leaving Winterslow, has been presented with an illuminated address, bearing testimony to his "earnest self-denying labours rendered gratuitously to the church for over thirty years." Mr. Hobbs has removed to Malshanger Farm, Oakley, Basingstoke.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. R. Wood has been recognised as pastor of Tetley Street Church, Bradford, from which he withdrew about three years ago, after a pastorate of twenty-eight years.

Rev. James Alderson was recognised on the 8th of November as pastor of Albert Street Church, Keighley. Revs. F. J. Benskin, R. Howarth, J. Aldis, F. E. Cossey, F. Harper, and E. Pringle delivered addresses.

Rev. J. W. Varley has been recognised as pastor of the Church at Latchfield, Warrington.

Rev. A. T. Prout, formerly of Birmingham, has received public recognition as pastor of Gosford Street Chapel, Coventry, in succession to Rev. Carey Hood. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Clifford. At the evening meeting Rev. J. R. Parker presided; Revs. E. W. Cantrell, G. Bainton, T. Goodman, H. E. Bottomley, W. T. Rosevear, and H. J. Hodson were among the speakers.

Rev. A. V. Shaw has been recognised as pastor of the Church at Bulwell, Nottingham. An ordination service was conducted by Rev. James Madox in the afternoon, at which Revs. O. D. Campbell, W. R. Stevenson, and H. Bull assisted. The charge to the pastor was given by Professor Goadby. In the evening Rev. W. Bishop gave a charge to the church and congregation, and addresses followed by Revs. A. C. Carter, of Queensbury (fellow-student of the new pastor), R. Silby, A. W. Ward (Wesleyan), and A. O. Shaw. Mr. W. H. Mallett presided.

Mr. Bell Johnston, who has for some time been connected with Dublin Street Church, Edinburgh, has been inducted to the pastoral charge at Stirling Street, Galashiels.

Rev. Jas. Hands received public recognition as pastor of Zoar Church, Wellingborough, on the 15th Nov. Rev. C. Cornwall preached in the afternoon, and Rev. W. H. Lee in the evening.

Rev. W. Julian, formerly of Bournemouth, has received public recognition as pastor of Back Street Church, Trowbridge. Mr. W. H. Hayward presided, and Revs. T. Mann, A. English, T. Wood, C. B. Sawday, J. Hanson, W. Burton, T. J. Hazzard, J. A. Webb, W. Doel, and J. Clarke took part in the proceedings.

Rev. J. J. Knight, late of Circus Street Church, Birmingham, received public recognition as pastor at Wotton-under-Edge, on the 23rd of November. Revs. J. Hardyman, W. Davy, W. Petman, and J. Jenkyn Brown took part in the proceedings,

the latter delivering the charge to the church.

NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW village chapel has been opened at West Ilsley. It has been erected by the Church at King's Road, Reading, at a cost of £360, and is the fifth village chapel in Berkshire built by that Church, which maintains ten village stations. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown, of Birmingham. After tea the public meeting was presided over by Mr. W. I. Palmer, of Reading, and addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Jenkyn Brown, C. A. Davis, pastor of the King's Road, and Messrs. Josey, P. Davis, Cooper, Collier, and others. £335 had been received in cash and promises.

A new chapel has been opened at a hamlet near Horsell, Surrey, where there is a mission station belonging to the Woking Church. The opening sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. E. W. Tarbox. The chapel is the gift of a member of the Woking Church, Mr. J. H. Smith, as a thank-offering for his conversion. It is an elegant brick building, with sittings or 100 persons. A local clergyman, Rev. C. R. Higham, B.A., of Woking, took part in the proceedings.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LUTON.—The Rev. George Wilson, of High Wycombe, has been conducting a successful nine days' services at Park Street Chapel. The services were well attended, and have resulted in much spiritual good.

The Rev. J. H. Blake, on Dec. 1st gave his popular lecture on "Famous Men and Famous Places," at Sandy, Bedfordshire, for the funds of the new Baptist Chapel, now in course of erection.

RECENT DEATHS.

BLUNHAM, BEDS.

MR. THOMAS LIGHTFOOT, a native of the village and a member at the

Old Meeting, having joined in 1884, removed some ten years since, and died at his son's at Shefford on Nov. 8th, aged 76. "There remains therefore a rest to the people of God."

Mrs. Ann Hill became a member at the Old Meeting, Blunham, in 1860; she lived to the age of 86, and died, in London, at her daughter's, November 2nd. She had been very deaf and feeble for some years. She was a constant and thoughtful reader of her Bible. This text had been much upon her mind, "There is therefore now no condemnation for them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

BAPTISMS.

- Aberdeen.*—Nov. 27 Academy-street, One, by S. Garrioch.
Bacup.—Nov. 27, Eleven, by E. A. Tydeman.
Barmonth.—Nov. 21, Three, by E. T. Davies.
Barnoldswick.—Nov. 15, Eight; Nov. 16, Two, by C. N. Lewiss.
Bethel.—Nantyglo, Mon.—Sept. 22, Ten Nov. 20, Four, by J. C. Roberts.
Braunston.—Dec. 4, Two, by J. Brimley.
Briercliffe.—Nov. 6, Seven, by J. Lee.
Bristol. Buckingham Hall.—Nov. 30, Seven, by W. Tucker.
Cascob.—Nov. 27, Three, by G. Phillips.
Chadlington.—Nov. 16, Two, by W. Kelsey.
Chatham.—Nov. 23, Four, by T. Hancocks.
Chesham. Bucks.—Nov. 25, Zion Chapel, Eleven, by R. Hughes.
Crews. Union-street.—Nov. 6, Four, by E. T. Dunstan.
Crickhowell.—Nov. 18, Two, by J. Jenkins.
Coventry.—Nov. 20, Garford-street, Four, by A. J. Prout.
Dartmouth.—Nov. 13, Four, by F. J. Greening.
Earby. Manchester.—Nov. 5, Six, by E. R. Lewis.
Evenjobb.—Dec. 4, Three, by G. Phillips.
Gladestry.—Sept. 25, One, by G. Phillips.
Golear. Huddersfield.—Dec. 4, Eleven, by W. Gny.
Great Grimsby. Victoria-street.—Dec. 1, Six, by E. Lauderdale.
Holyhead. New Park-street.—Dec. 1, Two by W. L. Crathern.
Kington.—Nov. 27, Two, by H. V. Thomas.
Langton. Haverfordwest.—Nov. 20, One, by W. Davies.
Ledbury. Herefordshire.—Dec. 4, Four, by H. D. Brown.
Leigh. Lancashire.—Nov. 29, Nine, by J. W. Wise.
Lumb-in-Rossendale.—Nov. 27, Eleven, by D. Muxworthy.

London, Park-street.—Nov. 27, Eleven, by J. H. Blake.
Marlborough, South Devon.—Nov. 22, Two, by G. F. Owen.
Merthyr Tydfil, High-street.—Sept. 11, Two; Oct. 2, Three; Nov. 27, Five, by D. J. Hiley.
Metropolitan District—
Penge Tabernacle.—Nov. 30, Three, by J. W. Boud.
Westminster.—Nov. 27, Seven, by G. Davies.
Woolwich.—Nov. 30, Queen-street, Four, by T. Jones.
Morrison (English Chapel).—Dec. 4, Two, by W. John.
Nash, near Newport, Mon.—Nov. 27, Nine, by T. Delahaye.
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Westgate-road.—Nov. 27, Two, by J. Emery.
Norbiton.—Nov. 27, Ten, by J. Clark.
Oldham, King-street.—Nov. 27, Seven, by W. F. Egerton.
Pendleton.—Four, by J. C. Skemp, M.A.
Penrhynceiber, Bethesda.—Nov. 20, Three, by J. Jones.
Pennythol, Glasbury.—Nov. 6, One; 20, One, by D. Howell.
Rhymney, Beulah.—Nov. 6, One, by H. Phillips.

Ridgmount.—Nov. 30, Eight, by W. J. Juniper.
Salendine Nook, Huddersfield.—Nov. 6, One; Dec. 4, One, by J. Thomas, B.A.
South Stockton.—Nov. 13, Westbury-street, Two, by H. Winsor.
Southend.—Nov. 20, Clarence-road, Two, by F. A. Hogbin.
Southsea, Elm Grove.—Nov. 27, Six, by J. P. Williams.
Speen, Bucks.—Nov. 30, Three, by C. Saville.
Stanningley, Leeds.—Dec. 3, Five, by J. A. Yeadon.
Sunnyside, Rawtenstall.—Nov. 16, Three, by J. H. Jenkins.
Swansea.—Nov. 27, Three, by W. S. Jones.
Tonypandy, Rhondda Valley.—Dec. 4, Eight, by D. Davies.
Tunbridge Wells.—Nov. 30, Nine, by J. Smith.
Uxbridge.—Nov. 27, Three, by J. P. Chalmers.
Wisbeck, Hill-street.—Dec. 4, Four, by J. W. Campbell.
Witton Park.—Nov. 20, One, by G. Barton.
Wigan, King-street.—Nov. 16, Nine, by J. J. Berry.

AN ETERNAL EXCELLENCY.

"Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated. . . I will make thee an eternal excellency."—Isaiah lx. 15.

There are many and excellent things
 In this beautiful world of ours;
 But the excellent beauty of excellent wings,
 And the excellent beautiful flowers,
 And the excellent earth, with its excellent sky,
 Are fading, and fleeting, and hurrying by.

But thou, oh! thou excellent one,
 Thou child of the excellent King,
 Eternal thy beauty as God's holy throne,
 All beauty He o'er thee doth fling.
 And the excellent grace that He giveth to thee
 Enduring, eternal, for ever shall be.

Forsaken! Ah, such thou hast been!
 Forsaken and spoiled by all:
 Thine excellence gone, as the sheen
 That glitters where bright waters fall.
 But, soul, He has given new excellent grace,
 Eternal and changeless as Heaven's holy place.

In His excellent purity thou
 Shalt stand in His excellent Home.
 With an excellent crown on thy brow,
 Where the excellent only shall come:
 But for ever remember He maketh thee this,
 Eternal in excellence, beauty, and bliss.

WILLIAM LUFF.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."—Psalm xci. 3.

IF Moses wrote this psalm, he might represent the fowler as being in his case the king of Egypt, who sought to slay him, or the Amalekites, who pounced upon Israel in the plain, when they little expected it. If David penned it, he might have compared Saul to the fowler, for he himself says, he was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains. But we believe, if the verse be applicable to either of those cases, it was intended by the psalmist, not to have a private interpretation, but to be applicable to all time; and we believe it is spoken concerning that arch-enemy of souls, the great deceiver, Satan, of whom we just now sang—

"Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways."

"The prince of the power of this world, the spirit which still worketh in the children of disobedience," is like a fowler, always attempting to destroy us. It was once said by a talented writer, that the old devil was dead, and that there was a new devil now; by which he meant to say, that the devil of old times was a rather different devil from the deceiver of these times. We believe that it is the same evil spirit; but there is a difference in his mode of attack. The devil of five hundred years ago was a black and grimy thing, well portrayed in our old pictures of that evil spirit. He was a persecutor, who cast men into the furnace, and put them to death for serving Christ. The devil of this day is a well-spoken gentleman: he does not persecute—he rather attempts to persuade and to beguile. He is not now the furious Romanist, so much as the insinuating unbeliever, attempting to overturn our religion, whilst at the same time he pretends he would but make it more rational, and so more triumphant. He would only link worldliness with religion; and so he would really make religion void, under the cover of developing the great power of the gospel, and bringing out secrets which our forefathers had never discovered. Satan is always a fowler. Whatever his tactics may be, his object is still the same—to catch men in his net. Men are here compared to silly, weak birds, that have not skill enough to avoid the snare, and have not strength enough to escape from it. Satan is the fowler; he has been so and is so still; and if he does not now attack us as the roaring lion, roaring against us in persecution, he attacks us as the adder, creeping silently along the path, endeavouring to bite our heel with his poisoned fangs, and weaken the power of grace and ruin the life of godliness within us. Our text is a very comforting one to all believers, when they are beset by temptation. "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

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First, *a few words concerning the snare of the fowler*; secondly, *the deliverance*; and thirdly, *the certainty of it*; dwelling upon that word *surely*, for it seems to be the diamond wherewith this precious golden promise is embellished. "*Surely* He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

I. First, then, THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER. It is an illustration too suggestive for me to thoroughly unravel. I must leave it for your meditations at home to enumerate the divers ways in which a fowler attempts to take his birds, and then you will have suggested to you the divers means which the evil spirit employs for the destruction of souls. Allow me, however, just to begin, and pass over two or three points connected with the fowler and with the evil one.

1. First, *the fowler's snare is intimately connected with secrecy*. "*Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.*" Therefore the fowler carefully covers up his trap; or if the trap itself be uncovered, he doth well beguile the bird, so that it is utterly ignorant of his intention to take it in the trap, little thinking that the food laid there for its banqueting is really placed there for its enticement and destruction. The fowler when he goes after his birds is very careful lest they should discover him. We hear, for instance, that in the taking of wild ducks, in Lincolnshire, a man will hold before his mouth a piece of turf, in order that the smell of his breath may not be perceived by the birds, who are exceedingly wary. The temptations of the world are of this secret sort to a Christian, though not to the wicked man, for the wicked man sins with his eyes wide open; dashing into the net knowing it is a net, laying hold of iniquity with both his hands, even when destruction stareth him in the face. He will commit a sin that he knows is condemned even by the law of the land: he will rush into a crime, concerning the guilt of which no doubt can be entertained. Not so the Christian: he is taken by secrecy. "Ah!" says one, "if I thought such-and-such a thing were really wrong; if I were perfectly convinced of its wrongfulness, I would give it up." It is just there the difficulty lies. So would the bird say: "If I thought that really were a trap, I would not enter it; if I were perfectly persuaded that net would entangle me, I would not fly to such-and-such a spot; I would not approach there at all, if I were sure it would be my destruction." How many a professor there is who asks the question, "May I go to this place? May I go to that place?" and some of us answer, "No," and we are called Puritans for it; but let those who have attempted to keep their goodness intact, whilst they pursue the pleasures of this world, stand up and make the mournful confession, that the healthiness of the two things can never exist together. We must either serve God wholly, or serve the evil one wholly. "If God be God, serve Him; if Baal be God, serve Him." One, or else the other. Many a man has been entrapped into sin by Satan, not knowing that it was evil! Some one has hinted to him in business, for instance—"You may very safely do such-and-such a thing; all the shopkeepers in the street have done it; it is not actually dishonest; it improves the article, it really does; and although you can thus sell an article at a dearer rate than you ought to sell it, yet you need not tell the public; and if the article is all the better for it, it is quite fair and safe that you should adulterate it." And so the good easy man, not opening both his eyes, I think, but shutting one of

them a little, lest he should see too well to be able to fill his pockets in the dark, is a little taken aside ; and by-and-bye he is led to discover that the act which he has done is the taking of him in the snare of the fowler, for he has been sinning against his God, and his God therefore punishes him for it with many stripes, and lays His rod upon him. I do not think that a Christian is so often betrayed into a sin that is palpable and known, as he is into a sin that is secret. If the devil comes to my door with his horns visible, I will never let him in ; but if he comes with his hat on as a respectable gentleman he is at once admitted. The metaphor may be very quaint, but it is quite true. Many a man has taken in an evil thing, because it has been varnished and glossed over, and not apparently an evil ; and he has thought in his heart, there is not much harm in it ; so he has let in the little thing, and it has been like the breaking forth of water—the first drop has brought after it a torrent. The beginning has been but the beginning of a fearful end. Take care, Christian, of things that are secret ; take care of the common doings of the world, which are well enough for them, perhaps. We would not deny them their pleasures, for they have no others ; but they are not good for you, for you have a finer life—a life of a finer texture and order than can exist in the haunts of ungodly persons. Remember, you are not to be a judge for others. Some men, especially those who are unconverted, can, without being led into sin, indulge in many gaieties and merriments ; but the Christian is like the Englishman, who cannot hope to survive long where the jungle fever reigns. The native can live there, but he cannot. And so you who are twice-born men will find your piety ruined, by that which to a worldly man does not lead him into greater evil than that which he would naturally commit. You are to have a stricter rule on yourselves than others, and are to be more stern in your piety than the world would have you be ; for sin is usually hidden, and the snare is not often made apparent. “Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler.”

2. In the second place, *the snare of the fowler is generally noted for its adaptation*. You do not find a fowler setting the same snare for one bird as for another ; he knows his bird, and he adapts his bait to it. He would be an unwise fowler who should go to work with the same machinery to catch the lark that flies on high, as the duck that swims along the stream. The fowler is wiser than that ; he adapts his snare to the condition of the bird which he desires to take. Satan the fowler does just the same. There is one man here ; he tempts him to drunkenness. Perhaps that would naturally be his sin, if left without grace in his heart ; and Satan knowing it to be his weak point, attempts to overcome him by surfeiting, gluttony, and drunkenness. Another man is utterly impervious to any temptation to that bestial habit ; but, it may be, he is easily taken in another snare—the snare of lust ; therefore Satan adapts his temptation to the hot blood of the man who naturally would be inclined to live a life of sin. Another one perhaps eschews every lascivious and sensual habit ; then Satan comes to him, and adapts his temptation to the shape of pride. The man is naturally a melancholy man, fond of solitude ; Satan gets him, if he can, to wrap himself up in a solitary dignity, to say, “I am holy.” “Lord, I thank Thee, I am not as other men are.” Or if a man is not naturally inclined to a very high degree of pride, Satan takes him with sloth. The man likes an easy life ; Satan

therefore adapts his bait to him by letting him sit still, fold his arms, and so perish by slothfulness ; and mark this, he who sitteth still in the frost, when the snow is on the ground, in the depths of the wild regions of the frozen zone, must as surely perish by his idleness, as if he drove a dagger to his heart. Satan knows that, and so adapts his bait accordingly. Oh ! how often it happens, beloved, that you and I condemn a thing in another person which we allow in ourselves, perhaps without knowing it. We say of such an one, How proud he is ! Well, our pride is not exactly of that shape : we have got another shaped pride, but the same article ; labelled differently, but the same thing. Satan adapts the pride to each particular case. We are rich ; he does not perhaps tempt us to the pride of riches, but he tempts us to the pride of mastership, and makes us harsh masters to our servants. Or if he does not tempt us to that pride, he perhaps enchants us with the pride of generosity, and we are apt to boast of our kindness, and of what we have given away. He will always adapt his trap to his man, and his bait to his bird. He will not tempt you all with the same temptation he would tempt me with ; nor me with the temptation with which he would naturally assail another. "The snare of the fowler." A cunning enemy we have to deal with ; he knows our weak points ; he has been dealing with men for these last six thousand years ; he knows all about them. He is possessed of a gigantic intellect, though he be a fallen spirit ; and he is easily able to discover where our sore places are, and there it is he immediately attacks us. If we be like Achilles, and cannot be wounded anywhere but in our heel, then at the heel he will send his dart, and nowhere else. He will find out our easily besetting sin, and there, if he can, he will attempt to work our ruin and our destruction. Let us bless God that it is written, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

3. In the next place, *the fowler's snare is frequently connected with pleasure, profit, and advantage.* In the bird's case it is for the seed scattered on the ground that he flies to the snare. It is some tempting bait which allures him to his death. And usually Satan, the fowler, uses a temptation wherewith to beguile us. "Oh !" says one, "I cannot give up such-and-such a thing, it is so pleasant. Sir, you never knew the charms of such and such a pursuit, otherwise you could never advise me to relinquish it." Yes, my friend, but it is just the sweetness of it to you that makes it the more dangerous. Satan never sells his poisons naked ; he always gilds them before he vends them. He knows very well that men will buy them and swallow them, if he does but gild them beforehand. Take care of pleasures ; mind what you are at when you are at them. Many of them are innocent and healthful, but many of them are destructive. It is said that where the most beautiful cacti grow, there the most venomous serpents are to be found at the root of every plant. And it is so with sin. Your fairest pleasures will harbour your grossest sins. Take care ; take care of your pleasures. Cleopatra's asp was introduced in a basket of flowers ; so are sins often brought to us in the flowers of our pleasures. Satan offers to the drunkard the sweetness of the intoxicating cup, which rejoices him, when his brain is rioting in frolic, and when his soul is lifted up within him. He offers to the lustful man the scenes and pleasures of carnal mirth, and merriment, and delight, and so he leadeth him astray with the bait, concealing the hook which afterwards shall pain him. He

gives to you and to me, each of us, the offer of our peculiar joy ; he tickleth us with pleasures, that he may lay hold upon us, and so have us in his power. I would have every Christian be especially on his guard against the very thing that is most pleasing to his human nature. I would not have him avoid everything that pleases him, but I would have him be on his guard against it. Just like Job, when his sons had been feasting in their houses. He did not forbid them doing it, but he said, "I will offer a sacrifice, lest my sons should have sinned in their hearts, and should have cursed God foolishly." He was more careful over them at the time of their feasting than at any other season. Let us do the same. Let us remember that the snare of the fowler is generally connected with some pretended pleasure or profit, but that Satan's end is not our pleasing, but our destruction.

4. In the next place, *sometimes the fowler very wisely employs the force of example.* We all know the influence of the decoy-duck, in endeavouring to bring others into the snare. How very often Satan, the fowler, employs a decoy to lead God's people into sin ! You get with a man ; you think him to be a true Christian ; you have some respect for his character ; he is a high professor, can talk religion by the yard, and can give you any quantity of theology you like to ask for. You see him commit a sin : ten to one but you will do the same, if you have much respect for him ; and so he will lead you on. And mark, Satan is very careful in the men whom he chooses to be decoys. He never employs a wicked man to be a decoy for a good man. It is very seldom, when Satan would decoy a Christian into a snare, that he makes use of an open reprobate. No ; he makes use of the man who is pretendedly religious, and who looks to be of the same quality as yourself, and therefore entices you astray. Let a bad man meet me in the street, and ask me to commit sin ! The devil knows better than to set him at any such work as that, because he knows I should pass by directly. If he wants his errand well done, he sends one to me whom I call brother ; and so through the brotherhood of profession I am apt to give him credence and pay him respect ; and then if he goeth astray the force of example is very powerful, and so I may easily be led into the net too. Take care of your best friends ; be careful of your companions. Choose the best you can ; then follow them no farther than they follow Christ. Let your course be entirely independent of every one else. Say with Joshua, let others do what they will, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

5. Note, once more, that *sometimes the fowler, when he faileth to take his bird by deceit or craft, will go a-hawking after it*—will send his hawk into the air, to bring down his prey. It often happens, when the devil cannot ruin a man by getting him to commit a sin, he attempts to slander him ; he sends a hawk after him, and tries to bring him down by slandering his good name. I will give you a piece of advice. I know a good minister, now in venerable old age, who was once most villainously lied against and slandered by a man who hated him only for the truth's sake. The good man was grieved ; he threatened the slanderer with a law-suit, unless he apologised. He did apologise. The slander was printed in the papers in a public apology ; and you know what was the consequence. The slander was more believed than if he had said nothing about it. And I have learned this lesson—to do with the slanderous hawk what the

little birds do, *just fly up*. The hawk cannot do them any hurt while they keep above him—it is only when they come down that he can injure them. It is only when by mounting he gets above the birds, that the hawk comes sweeping down upon them, and destroys them. If any slander you, do not come down to them; let them slander on. Say, as David said concerning Shimei, "If the Lord hath given him commandment to curse, let him curse;" and if the sons of Zeruiah say, "Let us go and take this dead dog's head," you say, "Nay, let him curse;" and in that way you will live down slander. If some of us turned aside to notice every bit of a sparrow that began chirping at us, we should have nothing to do but to answer them. If I were to fight people on every doctrine I preach, I should do nothing else but just amuse the devil, and indulge the combative principles of certain religionists who like nothing better than quarrelling. By the grace of God, say what you please against me, I will never answer you, but go straight on. All shall end well, if the character be but kept clean; the more dirt that is thrown on it by slander, the more it shall glisten, and the more brightly it shall shine. Have you never felt your fingers itch sometimes to be at a man who slanders you? I have. I have sometimes thought, "I cannot hold my tongue now; I must answer that fellow;" but I have asked of God grace to imitate Jesus, who, "when He was reviled, reviled not again," and by His strength let them go straight on. The surest way in the world to get rid of a slander is just to let it alone and say nothing about it, for if you prosecute the rascal who utters it, or if you threaten him with an action, and he has to apologise, you will be no better off—some fools will still believe it. Let it alone—let it keep as it is; and so God will help you to fulfil by your wisdom His own promise, "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

And now, ere, I close this point, let me observe once more, the fowler when he is determined to take his birds uses all these arts at once perhaps, and *besets the bird on every side*. So you will remember, beloved, it is with you. Satan will not leave a stone unturned to ruin your soul for ever.

"Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand."

Old Master Quarles says,—

"The close pursuer's busy hands do plant
Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; snares in thy disgrace;
Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base;
Snares tuck thy bed; and snares surround thy board;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy resolves, snares in thy doubt;
Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without;
Snares are above thy head, and snares beneath;
Snares in thy sickness, snares are in thy death."

There is not a place beneath which a believer walks that is free from snares. Behind every tree there is the Indian with his barbed arrow; behind every bush there is the lion seeking to devour; under every piece of grass there lieth the adder. Everywhere they are. Let us be careful;

let us gird ourselves with the might of God's omnipotence, and then shall His Holy Spirit keep us, so that we shall tread on the lion and adder, the young lion and the dragon shall we trample under our feet, and we shall be "delivered from the snare of the fowler."

II. Now we pass on to the second point—THE DELIVERANCE. God delivers His people from the snare of the fowler. Two thoughts here: *from—out of*. First, He delivers them *from* the snare—does not let them get in it; secondly, when they do get in it He delivers them *out of* it. The first promise is the most precious to some of us; the second is the best to others.

He shall deliver thee from the snare. How does He do that?

Very often by *trouble*. Trouble is often the means whereby God delivers us from snares. You have all heard of the old story of the celebrated painter who was painting in St. Paul's, and who, looking at his work, went gradually back inch by inch to get a view of it, so that he might see the excellence of its proportions, until his feet were just on the edge of the platform upon which he stood; and he would have fallen down and been dashed in pieces upon the pavement beneath, but just at that moment a workman who stood there, desirous to save his life, and not knowing how to do it, hit upon an expedient, which proved to be a very wise one. Instead of shouting out to his master, "Sir, you are in danger," which would most certainly have sent him backward, he took up a brush, and dipping it in a pot of paint, dashed it at the picture. The good man rushed forward in anger to chastise him; but when it was explained, he clearly saw that his servant had acted wisely. Just so with God. You and I have often painted a fine picture, and we have been walking backwards admiring it. God knows that our backsliding will soon end in our destruction; and He by a sad providence, blasts our prospect, takes away our child from us, buries our wife, removes some darling object of our pleasures; and we rush forward and say, "Lord, why this?"—utterly unconscious that if it had not been for trouble we might have been dashed in pieces, and our lives would have been ended in destruction. I doubt not, many of you have been saved from ruin by your sorrows, your griefs, your troubles, your woes, your losses, and your crosses. All these have been the breaking of the net that set you free from the snare of the fowler.

At other times God keeps His people from the snare of the fowler *by giving them great spiritual strength, a spirit of great courage*; so that when they are tempted to do evil they say, with decision, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" Oh! that was a noble escape of Joseph, when his mistress laid hold of his garment; that was a noble escape of his, when his soul escaped like a bird out of the snare of the fowler; and I doubt not there are many here who have done deeds almost as noble as that of Joseph, who have had grace within their hearts, so that they have turned away their eyes from beholding folly, and when they have been tempted to evil they have put their foot upon it, and said, "I cannot, I cannot; I am a child of God; I cannot and I must not;" and though the thing was pleasing to themselves yet they have abjured it. You remember the case of Mr. Standfast in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Madame Bubble had greatly enticed poor Mr. Standfast with her offers. He says, "There was one in very pleasant

attire, but old, who presented herself to me, and offered me three things, to wit, her body, her purse, and her bed. Now the truth is, I was both weary and sleepy : I am also as poor as an owlet, and that perhaps the witch knew. Well, I repulsed her once and again, but she put by my repulses, and smiled. Then I began to be angry ; but she mattered that nothing at all. Then she made offers again, and said if I would be ruled by her, she would make me great and happy ; for, said she, I am the mistress of the world, and men are made happy by me. Then I asked her name, and she told me it was Madame Bubble. This set me further from her ; but she still followed me with enticements. Then I betook me, as you saw, to my knees, and with hands lifted up, and cries, I prayed to Him that had said He would help. So just as you came up the gentlewoman went her way. Then I continued to give thanks for this my great deliverance ; for I verily believe she intended no good, but rather sought to make stop of me in my journey." That is how God delivers His people from the snare of the fowler, by giving them the spirit of prayer as well as the spirit of courage, so that they call upon God in the day of trouble, and He delivers them.

And I have noticed one more very singular thing. Sometimes I, myself, have been saved from the snare of the fowler (I cannot tell how exactly), in this way. I have felt that if the temptation had come a week before, my mind was in that peculiar condition that I should almost inevitably have been led away by it ; but when it came, the mind, by passing through some process, had become in such a condition, that the temptation was no temptation at all. We were just brought to such a state, that what might have ruined us before, we would not then look at. "No," we have said ; "if you had offered me this some time ago it might have been accepted ; but now God has, by some mysterious influence of His Spirit, turned my heart in another direction, and it is not even a temptation to me at all—not worthy of a moment's thought." So God delivers His people from the snare of the fowler.

But the second thought was, that *God delivers His people, even when they get into the snare*. Alas ! my hearers, you and I know something about the net ; we have been inside it, we have ; we have not only seen it spread, we have been in its folds. We know something about the cage, for we have, unfortunately, been in the cage ourselves, even since we have known the Lord. The fowler's hand has been upon our neck ; it has only been the sovereign grace of God that has prevented Him from utterly destroying us. What a blessed thing it is, that if the believer shall, in an evil hour, come into the net, yet God will bring him out of it ! Poor Christian and Hopeful got into the fowler's net when they entered into the castle of Giant Despair ; but the key of promise picked the lock, and they escaped. They were in the fowler's net, too, when Flatterer cast a net over them, and left them in the lane ; but there came one who, after he had beaten them full sore, took the net off, and they went on their way, better men than they were before they were in the net. I know one who is in the net now. Some bird, one of God's own ones too, has been taken in the snare, and is now groaning and crying out because, alas ! alas ! he has sinned. I have a person here, a good man, a professor of religion, and a truly worthy one ! but alas ! he has sinned, and at this hour the tears are in his eyes, and he is saying,

"The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but increase my woe ;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

"Turn, turn Thee to my soul ;
Bring Thy salvation near ;
When will Thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare ? "

O backslider, be cast down, but do not despair ; God will restore thee yet. Wanderer though thou hast been, hear what He says ! "Return, O backsliding children ; I will have mercy upon you." But you say you cannot return. Then, here is still a promise—"surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." Thou shalt yet be brought out from all the evil into which thou hast fallen, and though thou shalt never cease to repent thy ways even to thy dying day, yet He that hath loved thee will not cast thee away ; He will receive thee, He will admit thee into His dwelling-place, and will even now restore thee to the number of His people, and give thee joy and gladness, that the bones which He has broken may rejoice. "Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler."

There have been very remarkable instances of God delivering His people out of the snare of the fowler, as the following illustration will show :

"A young lady who belonged to a church in the city of New York, married a young man who was not a Christian. He was a merchant engaged in a lucrative business, and the golden stream of wealth flowed in upon him till he had amassed a large fortune. He accordingly retired from business, and went into the country. He purchased a splendid residence ; fine trees waved their luxuriant foliage around it ; here was a lake filled with fish, and there a garden full of rare shrubbery and flowers. Their house was fashionably and expensively furnished ; and they seemed to possess all of earth that mortal could desire. Thus prospered and plied with an interchange of civilities among her gay and fashionable neighbours, the piety of the lady declined, and her heart became wedded to the world. And it is not to be wondered at, that her three children, as they grew up, imbibed her spirit and copied her example. 'A severe disease,' it is said, 'demands a severe remedy ;' and that God soon applied. One morning intelligence came that her little son had fallen into the fish-lake and was drowned. The mother's heart was pierced with the affliction, and she wept and murmured against the providence of God. Soon afterwards, her only daughter, a blooming girl of sixteen, was taken sick of a fever, and died. It seemed then as if the mother's heart would have broken. But this new stroke of the rod of a chastening Father seemed but to increase her displeasure against His will. The only remaining child, her eldest son, who had come home from college to attend his sister's funeral, went out into the fields soon afterwards, for the purpose of hunting. In getting over a fence, he put his gun over first to assist himself in springing to the ground, when it accidentally discharged itself and killed him ! What then were that mother's feelings ? In the extravagance of her grief, she fell down, tore her hair, and raved like a maniac against the providence of God. The father, whose grief was already almost insupportable, when he looked upon the

shocking spectacle, and heard her frenzied ravings, could endure his misery no longer. The iron entered into his soul and he fell a speedy victim to his accumulated afflictions. From the wife and mother, her husband and all her children were now taken away. Reason returned, and she was led to reflection. She saw her dreadful backslidings, her pride, her rebellion; and she wept with the tears of a deep repentance. Peace was restored to her soul. Then would she lift up her hands to Heaven, exclaiming, 'I thank thee, O Father!—the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.' Thus did her afflictions yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness, and her heavenly Father chasten her, 'not for His pleasure, but for her profit, that she might become partaker of His holiness.'

So God delivered her soul out of the snare of the fowler. She started afresh in the ways of righteousness, serving God with diligence and zeal, and growing up in His fear. By trouble and trial, by some means or another, God will surely deliver His people out of the snare of the fowler even when they are in it.

III. And now, to conclude, I am to dwell for a moment or two upon that word "SURELY." The assurance of every truth of Scripture is just the beauty of it. If it were not sure, it were not precious; and it is precious just because it is sure.

Now, it says, "surely He shall deliver thee." Why? First because He has promised to do it; and God's promises are bonds that never yet were dishonoured. If He hath said He will, He will. Secondly, because Christ Jesus hath taken an oath that He will do it. In ages long gone by Christ Jesus became the Shepherd of the sheep, and the Surety of them too. "If any of them perish," said He, "at My hand thou shalt require it;" and, therefore, because Christ is responsible, because He is the heavenly sponsor for all God's people, they must be kept: for otherwise Christ's bond were forfeited, and His oath were null and void. They must be kept again, because otherwise the union that there is between all of them and Christ would not be a real one. Christ and His Church are one—one body; but if any of the members of my body were cut off, I should be maimed, and if Christ could lose one of His children He would be a maimed Christ. "We are His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." If, then, the whole Church were not gathered in, Christ would be an incomplete Christ, seeing He would want His fulness. They must all be saved, for God the Father has determined that they shall be; nay, the Son has sworn they shall be; and God the Holy Spirit vouches for it they shall be. None of God's people shall be cast away, or else the Bible is not true. The whole stability of the covenant rests on their final perseverance. The whole covenant of grace rests on this:—

"He shall present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of His face,
With joys divinely great."

And therefore they must be preserved out of the snare of the fowler, because otherwise the covenant would be null and void. If one should perish the oath would be broken; if one should be cast away the covenant would be void; and therefore they must be kept secure.

" His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of His sheep ;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

I have no time to enlarge upon that subject, which is big with glory, and might afford a topic for many discourses. I now close up by saying, Men and brethren, is this promise yours? "Surely He shall deliver thee." Are you the man? "How can I tell?" you say. Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you, as a guilty sinner, cast yourself wholly on the blood and righteousness of the immaculate Redeemer! I do not ask you whether you are a Wesleyan, a Churchman, a Baptist, an Independent, or a Presbyterian; my only question is, Are you born again? Have you passed from death unto life? Are you "a new creature in Christ Jesus?" Is all your trust put in the Lord Jesus Christ? Has His life become your model, and does His spirit dwell in your mortal body? If so, peace be unto you: this promise is yours. You may have been the worst of men; but if you have faith in Christ those sins are all forgiven, and you may take this promise to be yours for ever. But if you are self-righteous, self-sufficient, ungodly, careless, worldly, there is no such promise for you: you are in the snare, you shall be there, and you shall perish, unless you repent; for it is written, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." May God save you from perishing, by giving you an interest in the blood of Christ! and to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be glory for ever and ever.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER II.—NEEDY APPLICANTS.

FROM what has been recorded, the sagacious reader will have drawn the conclusion that Miss Archer was religiously inclined. But was she more than this? Was she a professor of religion, or a member of any Christian Church? To be honest, we are bound to confess that she was nothing of the kind. It is true that she went once on each Lord's-day to a somewhat fashionable church; that she frequently read her Bible, and was thus tolerably acquainted with the letter of Scripture; that she said her formal morning and evening prayers, and that she would have passed currently in the world as being "a

good, religious sort of body," but when this is said we have said all. As yet there was no reason to believe that she had ever experienced a change of heart, had ever felt herself to be a lost, perishing sinner, or had cast herself as such at the feet of the Saviour.

To understand Miss Archer's real state and position, we must call to mind the manner in which she had been brought up. Her father was a thorough business man, who, being, as a chemist, confined to a large extent in his shop on the Lord's-day, rarely went to any place of worship at all; while her mother, who was constitutionally delicate, was just as frequently absent from the church they professed to attend

as present in their own family pew. Thus neither of them professing to be anything else but occasional church-goers, their daughter learnt but little of the essentials of religion save what she could gather from the preacher's statements, which, we regret to say, were not of a very distinct or lucid character. Finely read, learned, moral, and critical essays usurped the place of Gospel teaching, and a fashionable congregation was thus fed upon "husks" rather than with solid food. After her parents' decease, and her subsequent transference to her uncle's abode, Miss Archer still continued to go to the same church on most Sunday mornings, being now and then accompanied by her uncle, but generally going alone. Like his brother James, Mr. Edward Archer was so given up to the pursuit of business that he rarely gave himself a single thought about the concerns of his soul; and when he did, he comforted himself with the reflection that, as a strictly moral, generous, and upright person, he was certain after death to find favour with his Maker. So he lived and so he died, and it is therefore not at all surprising that Miss Archer, thus trained, conscientiously walked in her departed relative's footsteps, and adhered rigidly to the same creed.

It will be seen, therefore, that Miss Archer's determination to be her own executrix did not spring from any other feeling but that of mere benevolence. There is a great deal in hereditary influence, and probably more from this cause than from any other this humane and well-meaning young heiress derived the disposition to spend her surplus wealth for the benefit of mankind. Not only were her parents noted for their generous gifts to the poor and needy; not only was her revered

uncle one of the best subscribers in Manchester to most of its philanthropic institutions, but, so far as she could trace back her family pedigree, she found that this honourable trait was characteristic of the race. In view of the varied and multitudinous sorrows of poor humanity, one cannot help but wish that, apart even from the question of the possession of religion, there were more donors of the same kind. Unfortunately, the opposite race predominate. To get, to grasp, to accumulate is the aim of most, for any purpose but that of giving. Thomas Hood puts it well when he says :—

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and
rolled ;
Heavy to get and light to hold ;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled ;
Spurned by the young, but hugged
by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard
mould :
Price of many a crime untold ;
Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Good or bad a thousand-fold !
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless
As even its minted coins express.
Now stamped with the image of
good (?) Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.

Those who use it to bless are evidently now, as they ever have been, in a minority, and it is therefore refreshing to come in contact with any one who, actuated even like Miss Archer, from an instinctive feeling of mere benevolence, uses it only for the purpose of ameliorating the woes of suffering humanity.

It being generally known that the Archer family were good givers,

it is not surprising to learn that as soon as the Press published and propagated the amount left to the fortunate heiress, she found herself overwhelmed with applications for aid. Not to speak of the abundance of proposals that were made to her by disinterested newly-formed companies and enterprising tradesmen to invest her money in schemes that were certain to return ten, fifteen, and even twenty per cent. on the capital laid out—and these were so numerous that if Miss Archer had had ten thousand a year, rather than one thousand, she would hardly have been able to have speculated in one-half of them—every post nearly brought some application from some needy adventurers or impostors who generally took it for granted that their cases not only deserved her immediate attention, but also assumed that she would prove herself to be a selfish, sordid, covetous monster if she did not respond either partially or fully to the appeals that were thus made. As, of course, all these appeals for aid came from total strangers but little heed was paid to them, the majority of these missives being favoured with simply a hasty glance, previously to being destroyed. Lest, however, the reader should think that in thus acting, Miss Archer was not true to herself as “her own executrix,” we will take the liberty of recording a few of these singular applications, the mere perusal of which we are certain will serve to prove the young lady's best defence. To give any of these epistles in full, would, we fear, occupy too much space: condensed, therefore, here are a few specimens.

Mr. Twickum, after years of patient toil, has perfected a flying machine which would enable any courageous person to fly with the

greatest safety from the top of the London Monument to the ground, or even enjoy a short aerial voyage. All that he humbly presumes to ask of Miss Archer—to whom, of course, such an item can be but a mere trifle!—is the loan of a hundred pounds to enable him to take out a patent; and the young lady might rest assured of this, that so soon as the first successful attempt had been made her money would be returned, with fifty per cent. interest, without fail! A favourable answer per return of post, enclosing cheque for the amount, would much oblige.

Mr. Coghill is also an inventor, but of another kind. He has after many arduous experiments and defeats, and at the sacrifice of nearly a fortune, at last, he believes, succeeded in producing a machine which, with the introduction of the raw material, will in the course of a few minutes turn out a silk hat beautifully finished, and guaranteed to fit any sized head for which may be ordered. But now, just as he has achieved the desired success, his last shilling has been spent and he has not a single penny to spare with which to get either a patent from the Crown or to introduce the machine to the public. He feels confident that Miss Archer, possessing as she fortunately does so much wealth, would never deprive the public of so great a boon when all that lies between the clever inventor and its introduction is the loan of one fifth part of her annual income. If Miss Archer, however, has the least lingering doubt about the undertaking he will be most happy to call upon her at her convenience, and explain the diagrams, the result of which he is certain will prove most satisfactory.

Mr. Metcalf, who writes a fine copper-plate hand in flourishing

style, represents himself as an author. He has written a novel, which he feels persuaded is equal to, if it will not even surpass any that have been produced by Charles Dickens, George Eliot, or even Sir Walter Scott. To be candid, he is willing to confess—and this shows his sterling honesty—that he has offered the MS. to several publishers, both in the metropolis and in the provinces, but, like many other popular works that were at first rejected, it has invariably been returned with thanks. Being of an independent turn of mind, he has come to the conclusion that he will trouble them no more, but at once publish the MS. himself, and thus show by the enormous circulation that it is sure to have, how blind these publishers are to their own interest. As no printer, however, or book-binder will accept the offer without a guaranteed sum, and he cannot pay in advance, he generously offers Miss Archer the possession of the copyright after the first edition of five thousand copies has been sold, with the reservation that he receives a royalty of ten per cent. on any subsequent editions that may be called for. Should Miss Archer be prepared to give the guarantee, he will gladly send the MS. for her perusal, or—as time is precious—do what would serve his purpose far better, send it at once to the Press.

Mr. Doneup regrets very much to say that he has a most unfortunate tale to tell. Born a gentleman, he was heir to large property. But rogues—of which, alas! there are too many everywhere—deprived his family of their patrimony, and thus at an early age he was thrown upon the mercies of a hard-hearted, unfeeling, uncharitable world. But nothing daunted, he stooped to toil, and in order to earn an honest liv-

ing, set up in a small way, first in one business and then in another, until six had been heroically tried. He was sorry, however, to confess that in all of them, owing to competition or want of the requisite capital, he had unbappily failed, his last venture landing his exasperated creditors in for twopence halfpenny in the pound. Still wishing perseveringly to try again in some other line of business, and hoping to profit by his past experiences, he trusted that a lady like Miss Archer, with so much money at her command, would willingly lend, or rather give him a small sum sufficient to set him once more on his legs. He would not name the sum, but modestly leave it to her well-known generosity to supply sufficient to meet such a deserving case!

Mr. Crokinton was ashamed to make his confession to so pure a lady, but wished respectfully to inform Miss Archer that he was the youngest son of a clergyman in Sheffield, who having been led astray by bad company, had run away from home, and given way to a life of dissipation. But after much mental and physical suffering he had come to the virtuous determination to turn over a new leaf and let his well-nigh broken-hearted parents know of the change by his return home. He knew well that they would be only too willing to receive the returning prodigal with open arms, and bury the past in oblivion. But—and he blushed deeply at being compelled to make such a humbling revelation—his deep poverty forced him to stay at present at a lodging house, and his clothes were little else but a bundle of rags. Rather than show himself at the parsonage in such a condition he would prefer to die. But was such a calamitous fate a necessity?

Surely not, when a lady possessing so much of this world's good had only to pull out her cheque book and send him in the hour of his deep need a couple of guineas! Such a small sum would at least enable him to purchase a second-hand suit of clothes, in which to present himself once more to his beloved parents, who he felt sure would from that hour never cease to pray for so benevolent a benefactress.

What the reader may think of these specimens of needy applicants we know not. It may perhaps be thought by many that they are gross exaggerations. But if those who think so were permitted only to see one quarter of the number that well-known philanthropic persons receive in a year, they would be of a different opinion. As it was not only from men, but from the female sex as well, most of

whom represented themselves as widows, forsaken wives and mothers, or parents with large families on the very verge of starvation, such applications came thick and fast. But about nearly all of them there was something in the style or matter, and in the quarters from whence they came, that indicated to any person possessed of a fair share of common sense, that they were the production of either crack-brained fools or impostors; a few casual inquiries on the part of an agent employed by Miss Archer served in every case to strengthen the impression; and thus she came to the wise conclusion that, so far as such characters as these were concerned, the best piece of service she could render to society was to thrust their applications into the fire, and transfer her surplus wealth to worthier channels.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE COMPLAINING TOOLS AND THE SIDBOARD.

A PRESENT-DAY PARABLE.

By REV. W. PARRY.

ONE day, in my rambles through a large city, and happening to walk through a long, narrow, dark street, I saw a large cabinet-makers workshop, into which, after some little hesitation, I determined to enter. It was the workmen's dinner-hour; all had left, and, just for one hour, labour was suspended in that place of busy toil. Entering very quietly, I thought I heard the dying murmurs of certain subdued and indistinct

whispers. As I entered the building for the purpose of acquainting myself with the thoughts and feelings of the present occupants of the place, I wished to be, if possible unobserved. Seeing a very handsome piece of furniture near a large bench well stocked with tools, I drew up beside it, and so placed myself as to be able to overlook the bench and overhear whatever might be said by the tools. I had not long to wait. A whisper, faint and weak at first, broke from one of the oldest of the company. Soon all the tools joined in the talk. I discovered that I was in the presence of a company of grumblers. All

had one common complaint. The saw was the first to speak. "Fellow workmen," said the saw, "I perceive that we are animated by a common sentiment, and that is deep dissatisfaction with our destiny. I have two causes of complaint; first, against my maker, next against my employer. It is evident to every body that I was made for a purpose which appears odious, even to myself. I was made to be a divider and destroyer of almost everything I touch. Unfortunately I always show my teeth at everybody, and woe betide the poor object I rub against. The ruin I have occasioned is evident to you all, as it lies all about us. I am quite ashamed of the destiny to which I am doomed, and the cruel necessity I am under of sundering, daily and hourly, that which nature had united. Mr. Plane, what have you to say?"

The plane at once responded to the call and said, "Mr. Saw, I deeply sympathise with your complaints, because my fate is similar to yours, and our sufferings are very near akin. I have long been conscious of the odious light in which I must appear to a very large section of the world in which I am made to move. I know I am looked upon in the light of an oppressor. I weigh heavily upon every object I come into contact with; besides, I move with open mouth always, and, like some hungry monster, am always devouring something or other."

"Well, Mr. Chisel, what have you to say?"

"I also am one of the complaining ones," said the chisel. "My ways are cutting ways I know. I seem, both to myself and others, most unmerciful. My destiny is to inflict deep cuts upon even the harmless and inoffensive. My employer, I hear, often praises my sharp

practices and keen ways; but for myself, I must believe that my maker must have been unkind, if not even cruel, to have made me thus, a bright, keen, sharp instrument to pierce the sides and plunge into the very hearts of so many harmless objects that never gave me the slightest cause of offence."

"Mr. Hammer, will you give us the benefit of your experience?"

"My experience is very unpleasant," said the hammer. "You know I never rise but to knock something down. I am guilty of having given more blows than I can number. How many sore heads must be attributed to my unreasonable violence! Many fine well-made members of society I have driven into everlasting obscurity, never to be seen again. No doubt you all look upon me as a hard, low, incorrigible bully, determined at all risks to fight my way through the world. Believe me, I am more sinned against than sinning; my faults must be traced to another, a higher source than myself."

Similar complaints were urged by other members of the community, such as the pincers, bradawl, gimlet, screw, &c. At last the sideboard spoke. "Gentlemen," said the sideboard, "I have listened with profound interest to your complaints. I have been struck with their unanimity, their depth and their apparently reasonableness. But I am convinced that they rise from a mistaken view of things. Your personal complaints should be silenced by a profounder philosophy. You are what you are from the necessity of things. If you were not, or otherwise than you are, how much would be wanting in our vast industrial economy? Besides, nothing could fill up your places, or accomplish that for which you are so exactly and admirably fitted.

Nor should you consider yourselves individually, each one apart from the rest, but in combination, both as to your labour and its result. Permit me very humbly and respectfully for a moment to refer to myself. Here, I should just like to ask what you think of me?"

After some hesitation, the chief speaker among them said: "Well, your honour, it is our unanimous opinion that your make and appearance commends you to our highest esteem; to us you seem almost princely, an object most substantial, refined, and polished."

"Well, permit me to say that I owe my very existence largely to you. Without you, I could not be what I am. Whether it be my substantial and solid position in the world; or, as you are pleased to say, my refinement and polish, I must consider you as having essentially

contributed thereto. Please accept my profoundest and most sincere acknowledgments and gratitude. I shall always be your debtor, and continue your friend. May I add just a few words more? Try to be reconciled to the superior wisdom of your makers, and submit patiently to a destiny which at least has the merit of being one of usefulness. Banish the spirit of rebellion, and be grateful that you have contributed each in his own way, and in some humble degree, to the comfort and adornment of society." So spake the sideboard. A respectful silence was followed by a murmur of applause. In a few moments all was activity again. The deserted shop was again filled by a small army of busy toilers, to whom I bowed and went on my way, I hope a wiser and a better man.

Pontypridd.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

A YOUNG lady in Belfast was dressing for a public ball, and singing a worldly song. A Christian friend heard her, and said, "Ah! if I had such a splendid voice as you have, I should be singing the praises of Jesus all the day long." The remark struck the young lady and followed her up. She altered her mind, and went to an Evangelistic meeting instead. There she was converted, and from that time she gave her voice as well as her heart to Jesus, and feels it to be a thousand times better to sing for Christ than for Satan.

MR. SPURGEON tells us that "a prodigal is like a candle burning at both ends; he burns himself up as fast as he can." And so he does. As fast as he can he burns up his health, he burns up his life's comforts, he burns up his prospects, he burns up his body, and he burns up his soul. He is thus the candle burning at both ends.

MR. MACCOLL, during a revival one evening, found two young women in a pew, one weeping, the other trying to comfort her. He overheard one say to the other, "O lassie, jist dae as I did, grip a promise and haud tillt." This is good counsel for enquirers, and for all who are in trouble. They cannot do better than just grip a promise and hold on to it. The promises of the Lord will never fail and those who hold on to them with a death-like grip—just such a grip as a man nearly drowned would give a floating plank—shall find that they have grasped salvation.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

THE beauties of nature everywhere spring from her boundless variety. In morals minds are not cast in one mould. The consciousness of responsibility precludes anything like uniformity. Essential unity, religion will ever secure. Beyond that her range is entirely free and limitless.

A SEWING girl in Germany was one day sewing in a person's house, when she found in it a piece of a tract which had been torn, but on which she read these words: "If one reads only one verse of the Bible each day that makes in a year 365 verses, and what a great treasure this would be." From that day she commenced to read her hitherto neglected Bible, the more she read, the more she liked to read, and that was the beginning of her conversion.

THE Waldenses were splendid colporteurs. They would go abroad as hawkers with merchandise, and sell their rings and robes to lords and ladies. When they had sold a few of their jewels, they would be asked if they had anything more to sell? "Yes," they would reply, "We have far more precious jewels than these, which we will give you if you will not betray us. The promise being given, they would say, "We have a gem shining from God so radiant that it kindles the love of God in the hearts of those who possess it." They would then pull out from a secret recess some manuscript copy of the Gospels or Epistles, and read extracts to the wondering listeners, and, if they found it necessary, leave a manuscript behind. In this way they carried the Word of God into many a noble's castle, many a lord's mansion, and many a peasant's cot. We want such colporteurs in our days, specially in the agricultural districts; but what would be better still would be for each of us in our own localities to take copies of God's Word to the people, and read portions of them as we do so. Some cannot read, and would thankfully hail our advent among them as bible readers. Let us try the experiment, and see if the Lord will not bless it.

A NEW Methodist church which has a cross on the steeple drew this remark from an old Methodist the other day. "Do you see that long cross on that church? Well I remember when the Methodists were poor, each member bore his own cross, but now they have become rich they have stuck their cross on the top of their church!" Will not this apply to some other denominations besides the Methodist.

"COME AND SEE.—We shall do more by arousing the conscience than by answering objections. Nor is the method unscientific. It is strictly, literally, an appeal to fact; our method is induction from facts—only, they are the facts of the spiritual world. Then beyond, even the appeal to conscience is the setting forth of Christ. It is He who makes our faith so sure in every glimpse we can gain of the infinite beauty of His character, the sublimity and tenderness of His love. It is that sight which conquers unbelief, if only men can be brought to behold it—

"He is His own best evidence,
The witness is within."

"And to every true inquirer we would say, as Philip said to the honest doubter, Nathanael, come and see."—DR. S. GREEN.

WHEN Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood in the shape of denying his handwriting, he said, "When God has brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood.

Reviews.

A History of the Baptists, traced by their Vital Principles and Practices from the time of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to the year 1886. By THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D., LL.D., Pastor of Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York. With an introduction by J. L. M. CURRY, D.D., American Minister-Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain. Illustrated by 175 Engravings. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE whole Baptist world is greatly indebted to Dr. Armitage for this thorough and exhaustive Baptist history, and also to the enterprising spirit of Mr. Stock in bringing so valuable a work within touch of English readers. On this subject we have had "Crosby's History of English Baptists," from the Reformation to the beginning of the Reign of George the 1st, published 1738; "Dr. Evan's History of the English Baptists," published in 1862; "Jeremy's History of the English Baptists," published in 1811; "Taylor's History of the English General Baptists," published 1818; "J. H. Wood's History of the New Connexion of General Baptists," published 1847; and "Dr. Cramp's Baptist History from the foundation of the Christian Church," published in 1871. With the exception of the latter, none of the above compass the intentions and objects of Dr. Armitage's work. In modern days we have the "English Baptist," edited by Dr. Clifford; "The Principles of the Baptists," by Charles Williams; and the two volumes on "Baptist Worthies" by Dr. Landells; but these do not travel in the range of the present volume. We, therefore, anticipate for it a hearty welcome

and a large circulation. It divides its 900 pages into five sections, giving the New Testament Period eleven chapters; Apostolic Times, eleven; the Era of the Reformation, seven; the Baptists of Great Britain, eleven; American Baptists, etc., eighteen. The Baptists of Bedford and Bedfordshire will be delighted with the attention they have received, no less than sixty-six full pages being given to this section. We observe one inaccuracy in the statement that the church at Park Street, Luton, was founded by John Bunyan. It was founded by Thomas Marsom, with whom Bunyan was very intimate, and who was fellow-prisoner of Bunyan's for a considerable time. Bunyan was a frequent visitor in the neighbourhood, and the church at Park Street have a vestry chair presented to them by Bunyan. But Thomas Marsom, the Luton ironmonger, was the founder of the church; its first preacher holding the pastorate over fifty years. The space devoted to the examination of the supposition that Bunyan had, or his wife had, their child sprinkled at the Parish Church, is here, we think, fairly exploded. It seems to us that this will in future be THE BAPTIST HISTORY. No minister's library will be complete without it, and we should like to hear of every village pastor being presented with a copy. Of its get-up, we may say the paper is bright, the letter-press sharp and distinct, the engravings admirable, and the indexes most complete.

A Memorial Sermon. By the REV. G. HAWKER, delivered at Camden Road Chapel, Marlborough & Co., London.

A WORTHY tribute to a noble man.

Advice to a Young Christian. By JOHN STOCK, LL.D. Tract Society, Castle Street, Holborn.

WE are pleased to call attention again to this valuable contribution of the late Dr. Stock. For sixpence a copy of this work may be put in the way of the young mind, to whom it may be of most lasting benefit.

The Private Note-book Opened; or, A Broken Heart Bound Up, and other pieces. By F. M. MACRAE. Drummond's Tract Depot, Stirling; London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

THIS book contains several pages which are well calculated to bind up the broken heart. They are truly melodious songs in the night, and we hope, that, if the author's Private Note-book is not exhausted, it may soon be opened again. "I Think not of him in the Tomb" and "I have a Mother in the Skies" are beautiful, and call forth our best and tenderest emotion.

Sketch of the Life of C. H. Spurgeon, price 2d; *Spurgeon's Illustrated Almanack,* 1888, price 1d; *John Ploughman's Almanack,* 1888, price 1d. Passmore & Alabaster.

HERE is a little tract of thirty pages in paper covers of about the same size as *The Sword and Trowel*, which comprises a popular biography of the Pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, embellished with six portraits—that of himself, of his grandfather, of his father, of his brother, and of his two sons—and seven engravings of several buildings associated with his history. It answers nearly every question which curiosity can prompt respecting a man whose movements and utterances the secular press never loses sight of or fails to report. For more than thirty years his name has been thus prominently before the public. As his peerless patronymic

does not appear in Dodd's *Peerage*, it needs a brief pamphlet, well and wisely written, to answer questions constantly occurring. We are rather behind time in announcing the two almanacks. But the highly artistic arrangement of the daily texts in *The Illustrated Almanack*, due to the diligence of "The Pastor's Wife," would not be out of date next December; and we can only say of homely "John" that his broadsheet is racy as usual.

Elijah, and the Secret of His Powers. By REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Author of "Israel a Prince with God," etc., etc. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

WE like everything about this book. Its very pretty exterior and its thoughtful, instructive pictures are all that can be desired; but of the work itself we cannot speak too highly. We have heard our brother, and we have read our brother before, but never with more interest and profit than in the present volume. Happy and privileged were the people who heard these discourses, and no doubt their memory will help deep regret that their pastor is leaving for another sphere. The work is divided into twenty chapters, the first opening with the "Source of Elijah's Strength," and leading to the "Drying of the Brooks," and closing with the "Transfiguration," and filled with the Holy Ghost. The reader may say we have read Krummacher and Taylor, and others. Yes, that may be, but you have not read all on this subject by a long way until you have read this instructive and profitable work.

The Structure of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles in the Light of the Kingdom of Israel. By ZELOTES. Dedicated to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United Kingdom, Australia and America. Elliot Stock.

THE writer styles himself Zelotes, or investigator, and says that whilst good and excellent things have been written, the main design and structure of the Book of the Acts have, in his judgment, not been dealt with, which has consequently tended to obscure the Gospels on the one hand, and the Epistles on the other. We commend this as a well-written and thoughtful essay on the subject, and should command an attentive reading.

Watchwords for the Campaign: or, the Christian Soldier's Manual. Compiled and illustrated with original verse. By M. M. POLLARD. Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row.

THIS book, though intended by the writer for soldiers, will be found suitable for all who are engaged in the Christian warfare, and helpful to all the soldiers of our Lord. The Scriptures for each day are carefully selected, and the poetry, all of which is original, is apt and good.

Songs in the Night, and Go and Tell Jesus. John S. Shaw and Co., Paternoster Row.

IT has often been said after reading some favourite author, "It wants the living voice." We heard Dr. Octavius Winslow deliver *Songs in the Night*, and their plaintive sweetness rings in our ear, and breathes still soothing music in our soul. We have often taken a copy to the room of the invalid, and have always found the effect the same as on us. "He giveth songs in the Night," "Go and tell Jesus," is composed in the best strain of our revered departed friend, and we are right glad to see these smaller and cheaper issues from the pen and heart of one who has to glory gone, and desire that they may have a widespread circulation. For one shilling each these precious treasures may be obtained.

Fifty Years in the Church of Rome. By FATHER CHINIQUEY, the Apostle of Temperance of Canada. Author of "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional," "Papal Idolatry," "Rome and Education," etc. Robert Banks & Son, Raquet Court, Fleet Street.

WE are glad to see a new and complete edition of this work, and at a price which will command for it a much larger circle of readers, this complete and authorised edition being published at five shillings. It consists of 580 pages. The matter is closely printed, and the book strongly bound. As we have read, we have thought of Martin Luther and the Reformation in Germany again and again. The subject might be called, "From Darkness unto Light." The opening chapters describe the gentle falling of the first seeds of truth in the mind of the child, sown by a loving Christian mother, who, though at this time with the Roman Catholics, was unconsciously not one of them. It is most touchingly described, and it is evident right through that this was the beginning of God's work in the mind of the writer. We cannot find words of sufficient force to express our thorough disgust with the system the author exposes—the Confessional, its impurities and wickednesses influencing the young and old. *The Priest and his Victims*, and even little children, leave us nothing else than to pronounce this part of Roman Catholicism the Devil's masterpiece. The struggles of Pastor Chiniquy to free himself from this demoralising so-called religious system, whilst his educational surroundings made him cling to it contrary to his better feelings, remind us again of the struggles of Luther before he severed himself from the Romish Church. The fearless exposure of the corrupt lives of many of the priests; the cowardly manner in which they rob the poor for masses for the dead;—the instances in

which the mother of Jesus is placed on a pinnacle above our Lord; the idolatry of the priests, nuns, and people are laid bare; and we believe it is only for Protestant Christians to read, and Christian men will keep their wives and children from this worst of all churches known in Christendom.

Our limited space prevents us this month from doing more than acknowledge the various magazines forwarded to us. *The Philanthropist, Evangelical Christendom, The British Messenger*, No. 1, *Rest and Reaping*, No. 1 vol. II. *The Voice of Warning, Life and Light, The British Flag, The Silent Messengers, The Silver Moon, The London City Mission Magazine, The Boys' Own and Girls' Own Papers, The Sunday at Home, The Leisure Hour*, with its new and improved cover; *Friendly Greetings*, with its always good reading, and this month a splendid frontispiece;

The Cottager and Artizan, Biographical Series, No. 51, Philip Henry; *The Child's Companion* and its marvellous child's pictures, "Defence not Defiance." *Our Little Dots* we consider the incomparable magazine for little ones, and its picture this month, "Here Comes Papa," we must pronounce as elegant. *The Baptist Magazine, The General Baptist, The Sword and Trowel*, all richly laden with golden treasures. We could, if space would allow, say a good word for all these, but reserve ourselves the privilege till another time.

Just as we go to press we have received a Sermon by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, delivered to the members of the Open-Air Mission at the Tabernacle. We can only say we wish the Mission God-speed, and that every worker who would win souls for Christ should read this address.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. F. B. MEYER, of Leicester, has accepted the unanimous invitation to Regent's Park Chapel.

Rev. J. G. Williams, of Nottingham, has accepted the pastorate at Attercliffe, Sheffield.

Rev. Frederick Wynne, of Wensley, and formerly of King William's Town, South Africa, has accepted the pastorate of Abbey Road Church, Barrow-in-Furness.

Rev. John C. Hewson, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate at Irvine.

Rev. Thomas Wittle, Madeley, Salop, has resigned the Churches of the "Madeley Group," owing to

the chronic depression in the neighbourhood.

Rev. J. G. Scott has resigned the pastorate at Guilsborough, Northampton, having undertaken home mission work in the neighbourhood of Bridgwater, in connection with the Baptist Union.

Rev. James Collinson, formerly of Rawdon College, has commenced his duties as pastor at Rotherham.

Rev. J. Roach, of Blakeney, has accepted the pastorate at Fownhope.

Rev. J. O. Fellowes has closed his ministry at Trinity Chapel, John Street, Edgware Road, London.

Rev. W. Steadman Davis has resigned the pastorate of the Church at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

Rev. W. V. Robinson, B.A., late of

Stretford, Manchester, has accepted the pastorate of the Lansdowne Church, Bournemouth.

Rev. E. R. Evans, of Pontypool College, Wales, has accepted the pastorate at Adulam, Pontardawe.

LIVERPOOL.—Rev. W. Pratt, B.A. (West Haddon, Rugby), has accepted the pastorate of Pembroke Chapel.

MIDDLETON, LANCASHIRE.—Under the auspices of the County Home Mission Rev. H. Watts, of Hyde, has accepted the unanimous call of this Church to the pastorate. At present the friends worship in an inconvenient building, but a new site has been purchased in a better part of the town, on which shortly a new chapel will be erected. Mr. Watts commenced his labours on the first Sunday in January.

LONDON: HENRIETTA STREET.—Rev. W. Smith (late of Arthur Street Chapel) commenced his ministry here on January 1st in response to a call from the Church.

SHOULDHAM STREET, W.—Rev. J. B. Warren has resigned the pastorate of Shouldham Street, Bryanston Square, W., and is now at liberty to supply vacant Churches with a view to the pastorate. His address is 1, Victoria Terrace, Wellesley Road, Gunnersbury, W.

ABERCARN, MON.—Rev. E. E. Probert, after more than ten years' successful ministry at Abercarn, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Carmel Church, Pontypridd.

GLOUCESTER.—Rev. J. E. Barton, of Burnley, Lancashire, has accepted the invitation of the Church at Brunswick Road, to become their pastor.

ILKESTON.—The Rev. J. K. Chappelle closed his ministry at Queen Street, on the 18th of December. All communications as to preaching, etc., to be addressed to 39, Market Street, Ilkeston.

RECOGNITIONS.

CHISWICK BAPTIST CHAPEL.—On Wednesday, January 19th, a recogni-

tion service was held to welcome the Rev. J. Simmance as pastor. J. T. Olney, Esq., presided. Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, W. Thomas, of Putney, and others took part in the meeting.

Rev. Joseph Wilkins received public recognition on the 28th of December as pastor to the Church at Newport Pagnel. In the afternoon, Rev. T. Bradbury, of Camberwell, preached, and the evening meeting was presided over by Mr. Crutcher, of London.

CANADA, WOODSTOCK.—Rev. A. F. Brown, late of Enfield, has received a hearty welcome as pastor of the Church in Albert Street. He enters on his labours with encouraging prospects.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. G. W. HUMPHREYS has completed twenty-five years' pastorate at South Street, Wellington, during which time the number of Church members has increased from 170 to 350, nearly 400 having been admitted; the Sunday School has increased more than a third, the Chapel has been doubled in size, the school-rooms have been enlarged, and a village Chapel built, the total cost of this special work being £3,400. At a public meeting he was presented with an illuminated address and a purse of money. Mrs. Humphreys received a dressing-case. Prebendary Knowling, vicar of Wellington, and Rev. J. A. Hervey, vicar of Nynehead, each spoke to the brotherly spirit exhibited by Mr. Humphreys, while faithful to his convictions. At the evening meeting Dr. Trestrail presided. Revs. J. P. Tetley, Evan Edwards, S. Newnam, and J. Davis delivered addresses.

Rev. Stephen Dunn has been presented with £54 on resigning the pastorate at Dunnington and Atch Lench, where he has laboured thirty-four years.

Rev. J. M. Logan, previous to leaving Egrement, has been pre-

sented by the Church with an illuminated address and a purse containing £30, and by the Liverpool Fraternity of Baptist Ministers with two volumes of a theological work and Browning's poems.

Rev. R. Rogers, on the completion of his seventh year of his pastorate at Abingdon, has been presented with a purse containing £25, Mrs. Rogers at the same time receiving a sewing machine. During this pastorate £900 has been raised to defray the cost of restoring the Chapel.

Mr. W. Shaddock, of Saltash, has been presented by the teachers and senior scholars of the Sunday School, on his 60th birthday, with an inkstand, in recognition of the twenty-three years' services as superintendent.

Rev. H. G. Stembridge, on leaving for Biggleswade, has been presented by the Church at Caxton with a purse of gold. Rev. H. Milledge presided at the farewell meeting.

Rev. H. Trotman, on leaving Blisworth for London, has been presented by the members with a purse containing eleven guineas, and Mrs. Trotman with a copy of the Revised Bible. During Mr. Trotman's five years' ministry between forty and fifty members have been added to the Church roll.

Rev. J. Dodwell has been presented with a cheque for £15 as a New Year's gift from the congregation at Middleton Cheney.

The Mayor of Longton presided at a farewell meeting to Rev. G. T. Johnson, who is leaving after nine years' labour at Trentham Road Church, during which the membership has been raised from 100 to 300. Mr. Johnson was presented with a purse containing £20 as a testimonial of regard from members of the Church and other inhabitants.

Rev. R. B. Wallace has been presented by the Church at Melbourne with £150 on resigning the pastorate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PROGRESS OF THE BAPTIST UNION. — The approximate returns issued show that there are now in England, 2,026 churches, and 2,852 chapels connected with the Baptist denomination. The sittings provided in these total 917,439. There are no fewer than 1,384 pastors in charge, 3,643 local preachers, and 36,904 Sunday-school teachers, the scholars numbering 368,624. In Wales there are 367 pastors, 315 local preachers, 8,535 Sunday-school teachers, 616 churches, and 701 chapels. The church membership is 75,443, and there are sittings provided for 240,992. Scotland has 91 pastors and 81 local preachers, 1,139 Sunday-school teachers, and 9,952 scholars, 99 churches, and 110 chapels, with a membership of 11,581, and sitting accommodation for 31,546. In Ireland 15 pastors and 55 local preachers are settled. There are 18 churches, and 32 chapels, with sitting accommodation for 6,225, and a membership of 1,579. The Channel Islands have 3 pastors and 24 local preachers, 79 Sunday-school teachers, 5 churches, and 6 chapels. The grand totals are, 1,860 pastors, 4,118 local preachers, 458,200 scholars, 46,786 Sunday-school teachers, 2,764 churches, 3,701 chapels, a church membership of 304,385, and sitting accommodation for 1,139,027. Last year the totals were, churches 2,742; chapels, 3,737; chapel seats, 1,192,274; members, 302,615; Sunday-school teachers, 47,170; Sunday-school scholars, 456,694; local preachers, 4,041; and 1,868 pastors in charge. In some cases associated churches with the Union have failed to report. A rough estimate of the members and scholars in non-reporting churches is estimated at 10,000 members, and 20,000 scholars, in addition to the figures given for this year. The actual increase, as compared with 1886, in membership is about 1,700. The Union also includes 13 associations in Germany, Austria, Switzerland,

Holland, Russia, Denmark, Roumania, Bulgaria, and South Africa. There are now 1,289 places where meetings are held, 168 churches, 157 chapels, 33,451 members, 1,398 Sunday-school teachers, and 19,259 scholars. Since last year the churches have increased by six, the chapels by five, the members by 1,207, the Sunday-school teachers by 105, and the scholars by 1,002. The ministerial membership of the Total Abstinence Society is 1,285, and 211 students have also joined.

THE WELSH BAPTISTS.—The yearly statistics of the Baptist denomination in the Principality of Wales show considerable increase, being comparatively larger than that of any other denomination. The number of chapels in Wales alone (Monmouthshire being excluded) is 701, and of churches 616. The former provide accommodation for 240,992 persons, and evidently the attendance is large, as the number of communicants is set down at 75,443. There are 8,535 Welsh Sunday-school teachers, who have 77,877 scholars. The ordained pastors number 367, and there are 316 recognised lay preachers. If to these be added the returns from Monmouthshire, in the Western valleys of which this body has a strong hold, the figures are largely increased. In that county there are 113 places of worship, with 103 churches. These afford accommodation for 48,957 persons, and have a membership of 12,595. There are 1,611 teachers, and 16,477 scholars, in the county of Monmouth, with 80 ordained ministers, and 65 recognised local preachers. During 1887 these churches contributed £9,903, for the removal of chapel debts, while new buildings were erected at a cost of £4,868. There are three theological colleges in Wales, viz., Pontypool, Haverfordwest, and Llangollen, in which 63 students are preparing for home or foreign service. There are three monthly periodicals and one weekly newspaper published in the vernacular, in addition to the yearly Hand-

book. The smallest church membership is at Newburgh, in Anglesey, and the largest at Moriah, Llanelly, which has 699 communicants. The Rev. J. Rowlands, D.D., minister of the latter church, is Vice-President of the Baptist Union of Wales. The progress of the Baptist body in the Principality may be estimated from a touching narrative of the condition of the Principality given by Vavasor Powell, and prefixed to the "Bird in the Cage," published in 1662, wherein he says that at the beginning of the Civil War there were but one or two gathered congregations in all Wales, and in some countries scarce any that made profession of godliness.

One hundred years ago, the 20th January, ult., the first coloured Baptist church was organised in Georgia (U.S.). The centennial celebration will not take place until next June, so that the weather will permit a great open-air meeting in Savannah. The work of the century has resulted in 1,400 coloured Baptist churches, 500 ministers, 2,000 licentiates, and 160,000 members.

STATISTICS just published show that in the United States there are now 29,953 Baptist churches, with a membership of 2,572,238, an increase during the year of 345 churches, and 64,485 members.

PENGE (Surrey).—On December 7th the sixth anniversary of Rev. J. W. Boud's pastorate at the Tabernacle was celebrated. Mr. W. Willis, Q.C., occupied the chair, Mr. Ashley (secretary) read the annual report. During the year sixty-seven candidates have sought admission to the church for membership. During Mr. Boud's ministry a total of 450 members have been received into the church. The various branches of Christian work are progressing favourably. The chairman, in the course of a long address, dwelt upon the necessity of looking to Christ for guidance in everything. The churches should always select pastors whose hearts were full of Christ. He concluded by asking that the blessing of God might attend their labours.

throughout the coming year. Addresses were also given by Revs. G. D. Hooper (Hendon), G. Seymour (Mile End), W. W. Haynes (Wood Green), J. Woodward (Norwich, Ontario, Canada), and J. W. Boud.

CARDIFF.—A lecture was delivered at the Baptist Chapel, Whitechurch, near Cardiff, on Thursday, December 8th, by Mr. Watts, of Hereford. Subject, "The Life and Labours of Mr. Gladstone." Notwithstanding the stormy evening, a goodly number attended. Mr. J. H. Jones (solicitor) presided. The lecturer reviewed the remarkable life of Mr. Gladstone, and pointed out many of the beneficial measures passed by the great and good man, and in conclusion stated that the time had not arrived for an estimate to be formed of the greatness of Mr. Gladstone, but when prejudices had died out it would undoubtedly be found that he was the greatest statesman of the Victorian era. A collection was made in behalf of the new chapel fund. The usual votes of thanks concluded the proceedings.

PORTSMOUTH.—Rev. T. W. Medhurst, pastor of Lake Road Baptist Church, has been unanimously elected Vice-President of the Portsmouth School Board for the ensuing year.

ANNIVERSARY AT UXBRIDGE.—The Uxbridge Baptists celebrated on Wednesday, December 21st, their second anniversary, since being re-suscitated in the town. A tea was held in the Montague Hall, at which upwards of 100 sat down. This was followed by a public meeting at seven o'clock, at which there was a good attendance. The Rev. J. T. Dunn presided, and he was supported on the platform by the Rev. J. H. Grant, Rev. C. Pearson, Rev. J. Chalmers, Mr. Webb, Messrs. Goldston and Llewellyn, from the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and Mr. Sparkes. The platform was adorned with some fine cut flowers, and above it was the motto, "Welcome to our anniversary" The proceedings commenced

with a hymn and prayer, after which the chairman called upon Mr. Sparkes to read the report, which was very encouraging. The Chairman then gave a short address, after which he called upon the Rev. J. H. Grant, who addressed the meeting on "Christian Devotedness." The Rev. J. Chalmers, after a few preliminary remarks, said he only trusted they might work out in their lives what they had heard that night. Taking the retrospective and prospective view of their church's life, they had good cause to be thankful and grateful for that which they had received from God in the past, and they also had much encouragement with respect to the future. But how could they best show their thankfulness for God's presence at their prayer meetings and the Lord's supper, for God's presence with them in the Sunday-school work, in the teaching of the cross of Christ, in the teaching of baptism, as laid down by Christ himself, and for His help and guidance in everything which they undertook? He thought as a church they could best show their thankfulness by heart searching, and by cultivating a humble spirit. Let them search their hearts as a people, and realise what they were as a church. They should be attractive as a church, and aggressive as a church, the attractiveness as a power by which they might serve Him, and the aggressiveness by being active and giving no quarter to sinners or Satan.

RECENT DEATHS.

MR. JOHN HOWLETT died at Offord d'Arcy, aged ninety-four. He was trained as a farmer, being a farmer's son, and was so engaged many years. When a young man he sought and found Christ, and became a member of the Baptist Church at Great Gransden, Cambridgeshire. At that time he used to walk from his home

to that village, some ten miles out, and return once a fortnight. The other Sunday he spent at Blunham or Staughton. He was chosen deacon at Gransden; and when he removed near to Cambridge, he was chosen deacon of Zion Chapel. At both places he was honoured and useful in his office. After he retired from farming some years since, he eventually came to live at Offord, Huntingdonshire. Here he was bereaved of his wife, whose cheerful society was a great loss. For some years he was very deaf, so that it was difficult to converse with him. He was a thoughtful reader of the Bible, had clear views of the vital truths of the Gospel, and was capable of placing his views with good reasoning before his friends. His Christian life was useful in many ways, and to many persons. He was spared to a great age, but became very feeble during his last years. "For him to live was Christ, and to die gain, having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

CARDIFF.—It is with much regret we record the death of "our sister," Mrs. Smart. This excellent lady had only just arrived in Madeira, when she was attacked with inflammation, which brought to a close her quiet, trustful life. She entered into her rest Nov. 1st, 1887, "To be for ever with the Lord."

Also the somewhat sudden death of Mrs. Tilly, the loving, faithful, and devoted wife of Rev. A. Tilly, of Cardiff, which took place at her home, Nov. 28th, 1887. This good sister was of quiet and retiring disposition, a careful and tender mother, and a true-hearted Christian. "So He giveth His beloved sleep. They are gone for a season to be restored for ever."

BAPTISMS.

Aberaman.—Dec. 21, Gwawr English Chapel, Six, by W. Williams.
Aberavon.—Dec. 25, Two, by T. Richards.
Abergavenny. The Priory.—Dec. 14, Seven, by H. Brown.

Abergavenny.—Dec. 22, Two, by E. E. Lovel.
Ayr, N.B.—Dec. 22, Five, by J. Horne.
Bacup.—Dec. 25, Five, by E. A. Tydeman.
Bangor.—Dec. 7, Two, by W. R. Saunders.
Bargoed, Cardiff.—Dec. 25, Four, by J. Parrish.
Bethel, Nantyglo, Mon.—Dec. 18, Four, by J. C. Roberts.
Bishop's Stortford.—December 18, Four, by G. H. Kilby.
Blakeney, Gloucester.—Dec. 18, Eight, by J. Roach.
Bourton, Shrivenham.—Dec. 1, Two, by R. W. Mansfield.
Braunston.—One, by T. Brimley.
Briercliffe, near Burnley.—Dec. 13, Four, by J. Lee.
Builth Wells.—Jan. 1, Ebenezer, Five, by W. H. Prosser.
Camrose, near Haverfordwest.—Dec. 4, One; Jan. 1, Two, by J. J. Williams.
Coleford, Glos.—Dec. 21, Ten; Dec. 23, Eight, by T. Williams.
Chatteris.—Dec. 29, Seven, by T. Henry Smith.
Chesham, Bury.—Jan. 1, one, by J. Harper.
Clayton-le-Moors.—Dec. 13, Six, by S. Caldwell.
Crickhowell.—Dec. 16, One, by J. Jenkins.
Dartmouth.—Dec. 25, Three; Dec. 29, One, by F. J. Greening.
Dunfermline.—Dec. 14, Two, by J. T. Hagen.
Esher.—Dec. 18, Two, by J. E. Perrin.
Evenjobb, Radnor.—Jan. 1, Five, by G. Phillips.
Falmouth.—Dec. 29, Two, by C. T. Johnson.
Finehead and Isle Abbots.—Dec. 7, Four, by J. Compston.
Glasbury, Brecon.—Jan. 8, One, by D. Howell.
Gladestry, Radnor.—Jan. 1, Five, by G. Phillips.
Grangetown, Cardiff.—Dec. 25, Three, by J. Berryman.
Gravel, Radnor.—Dec. 25, Six, by J. Williams.
Hephzibah: Neyland.—Jan. 1, Two, by J. Johns.
Hoy.—Dec. 25, Five, by I. H. James.
Huddersfield: Primrose Hill.—Jan. 1, Thirteen, by J. Longson.
Hull: St. Luke's-street.—Dec. 23, Five, by F. Russell.
Kington.—Dec. 25, Three, by H. F. Thomas.
Knighton.—Jan. 1, Five, by W. Williams.
Latchford, Cheshire.—Dec. 18, Two, by J. W. Varley.
London District, Clapham.—Grafton square, Dec. 29, Four, by T. Hanger.
Leytonstone.—Dec. 25, Five, by J. Bradford.
Putney.—Dec. 25, Three, by W. Thomas.
Whitechapel: Little Alie-street.—Dec. 25, One, by K. E. Sears.
Longton.—Dec. 18, Eight, by C. T. Johnson.
Luton, Park Street.—Jan. 5, Eleven; 12, Nine, by J. H. Blake.
North Curry, Somerset.—Jan. 1, One, by W. Fry.
Newport, Mon.—Dec. 11, Two, by C. Harris; Dec. 13, Seven, by A. T. Jones; Dec. 25, Six, by A. T. Jones.

Oldham: King-street.—Dec. 25, Five, by W. F. Edgerton.
Pearthoecber.—Dec. 18, One by S. K. Williams.
Penalt, Mon.—Dec. 4, One, by T. C. Powell.
Portsmouth.—Dec. 25, at Lake Road, Sixteen by T. W. Medhurst, making a total of 922, during his eighteen years ministry at Portsmouth, and of 1,619 since his ministry first commenced in 1856.
Portsea.—Dec. 25, at Kent Street Chapel, Five, by J. Kemp.
Porth.—Nov. 13, Three; December 11, One, by O. Owens.
Pulham.—Dec. 18, Ten, by W. H. Bishop.
Ramoth, Cowbridge.—Dec. 3, Two, by O. Jones.
Ridgmount.—Dec. 29, Ten, by W. J. Juniper.
Salcombe, Devon.—Dec. 25, Three, by G. Frankling Owen.
Saundersfoot.—Dec. 18, Four, by W. Harries.
Southampton; Carlton.—Dec. 11, Two by E. Osborne.

South Stockton.—Dec. 25, Westbury-street, One, by H. Winsor.
Southsea: Elm-grove.—Dec. 25, Four, by J. P. Williams.
Speen, Bucks.—Dec. 28, Three, by C. Saville.
Stanningley.—Jan. 1, Four, by J. A. Yeadon.
St. Andrew's, N.B.—Dec. 11, One, by J. George Gibson.
St. Helier, Jersey.—Dec. 25, Twelve, by C. A. Fellowes.
Swansea.—Two, by D. Davies.
Torquay; Upton Vale.—Dec. 25, Four, by C. Emery.
Tirphill, Cardiff.—Dec. 25, One, by B. Davies.
Tonypandy, Rhondda Valley.—Jan. 1, Three, by D. Davies.
Usk, Mon.—Nov. 27, Six, by F. Johnson.
Walsail.—Dec. 21, Stafford-street, Eleven, by G. Barrans.
West Malling.—Dec. 28, One, by A. C. Chambers.

THE JOYS THAT ARE COMING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Oh, the joys that are coming I know not!
 I hear the glad beat of the drum,
 I see their plumes shine
 With a glory Divine,
 But I know not the joys that must come.

We talk of dark sorrow to-morrow,
 We talk of the shadow and shade,
 But the path may be bright
 With a heavenly light,
 For shadows by sunshine are made.

Oh, the joys that are coming I know not!
 I only hear Hope's whispered dream,
 And I fancy the seer
 Has an eye true and clear,
 To catch the first uprising beam.

My Father delights to surprise me:
 And when I am fearing and sad,
 He always prepares,
 When my spirit despairs,
 A blessing to make my heart glad.

Perhaps just the joy I have fancied
 Will never, no, never be mine,
 Like a star in the dark,
 May be hiding its spark,
 Till the cloud of His love bids it shine.

Oh, the joys that are coming I know not!
 But the dove-cote is open to-day:
 And I know the swift wings
 Of a thousand glad things
 Are speeding through heaven this way.

WILLIAM LUFF.

THE USES OF THE LAW.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Wherefore then serveth the law?"—Galatians iii. 19.

THE apostle, by a highly ingenious and powerful argument, had proved that the law was never intended by God for the justification and salvation of man. He declares that God made a covenant of grace with Abraham long before the law was given on Mount Sinai; that Abraham was not present at Mount Sinai, and that, therefore, there could have been no alteration of the covenant made there by his consent; that, moreover, Abraham's consent was never asked as to any alteration of the covenant, without which consent the covenant could not have been lawfully changed; and, besides that, that the covenant stands fast and firm, seeing it was made to Abraham's seed, as well as to Abraham himself. "This I say, that the covenant, that was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, cannot disannul, that it should make the promise of none effect. For if the inheritance be of the law, it is no more of promise: but God gave it to Abraham by promise." Therefore no inheritance and no salvation ever can be obtained by the law. Now, extremes are the error of ignorance. Generally, when men believe one truth, they carry it so far as to deny another; and, very frequently, the assertion of a cardinal truth leads men to generalise on other particulars, and so to make falsehoods out of truth. The objection supposed may be worded thus: "You say, O Paul, that the law cannot justify; surely then the law is good for nothing at all; 'Wherefore then serveth the law?' If it will not save a man, what is the good of it? If of itself it will never take a man to heaven, why was it written? Is it not a useless thing?" The apostle might have replied to his opponent with a sneer—he must have said to him, "Oh, fool, and slow of heart to understand! Is it proved that a thing is utterly useless because it is not intended for every purpose in the world? Will you say that, because iron cannot be eaten, therefore iron is not useful? And because gold cannot be the food of man, will you, therefore, cast gold away, and call it worthless dross? Yet on your foolish supposition you must do so. For, because I have said the law cannot save, you have foolishly asked me what is the use of it? and you foolishly suppose God's law is good for nothing, and can be of no value whatever." This objection is generally brought forward by two sorts of people. First, by mere

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cavillers, who do not like the gospel, and wish to pick all sorts of holes in it. They can tell us what they do not believe ; but they do not tell us what they do believe. They would fight with everybody's doctrines and sentiments ; but they would be at a loss if they were asked to sit down and write their own opinions. They do not seem to have got much further than the genius of the monkey, which can pull everything to pieces, but can put nothing together. Then, on the other hand, there is the Antinomian, who says, "Yes, I know I am saved by grace alone ;" and then breaks the law—says, it is not binding on him, even as a rule of life ; and asks, "Wherefore then serveth the law ?" throwing it out of his door as an old piece of furniture only fit for the fire, because, forsooth, it is not adapted to save his soul. Why a thing may have many uses, if not a particular one. It is true that the law cannot save ; and yet it is equally true that the law is one of the highest works of God, and is deserving of all reverence, and extremely useful when applied by God to the purposes for which it was intended.

Yet, pardon me, my friends, if I just observe that this is a very natural question too. If you read the doctrine of the apostle Paul you find him declaring that the law condemns all mankind. Now, just let us for one single moment take a bird's-eye view of the works of the law in this world. Lo ! I see the law given upon Mount Sinai. The very hill doth quake with fear. Lightnings and thunders are the attendants of those dreadful syllables which make the hearts of Israel to melt. Sinai seemeth altogether on the smoke. The Lord came from Paran, and the Holy One from Mount Sinai ; "He came with ten thousand of His saints." Out of His mouth went a fiery law for them. It was a dread law even when it was given ; and since then from that Mount of Sinai an awful lava of vengeance has run down, to deluge, to destroy, to burn, and to consume the whole human race, if it had not been that Jesus Christ had stemmed its awful torrent, and bidden waves of fire be still. If you could see the world without Christ in it, simply under the law, you would see a world in ruins, a world with God's black seal put upon it, stamped and sealed for condemnation ; you would see men who, if they knew their condition, would have their hands on their loins and be groaning all their days—you would see men and women condemned, lost, and ruined ; and in the uttermost regions you would see the pit that is digged for the wicked, into which the whole earth must have been cast if the law had its way, apart from the Gospel of Jesus Christ our Redeemer. Ay, beloved, the law is a great deluge which would have drowned the world with worse than the water of Noah's flood ; it is a great fire which would have burned the earth with a destruction worse than that which fell on Sodom ; it is a stern angel with a sword, athirst for blood, and winged to slay ; it is a great destroyer sweeping down the nations ; it is the great messenger of God's vengeance sent into the world. Apart from the gospel of Jesus Christ, the law is nothing but the condemning voice of God thundering against mankind. "Wherefore then serveth the law ?" seems a very natural question. Can the law be of any benefit to man ? Can that Judge who puts on a black cap and condemns us all, this Lord Chief Justice Law, can he help in salvation ? Yes, he can ; and you shall see how he does it, if God shall help us while we preach. "Wherefore then serveth the law ?"

I. The first use of the law is to *manifest to man his guilt*. When God intends to save a man, the first thing He does with him is to send the law to him, to show him how guilty, how vile, how ruined he is, and in how dangerous a position. You see that man lying there on the edge of the precipice ; he is sound asleep, and just on the perilous verge of the cliff. One single movement, and he will roll over and be broken in pieces on the jagged rocks beneath, and nothing more shall be heard of him. How is he to be saved ? What shall be done for him—what shall be done ? It is our position ; we, too, are lying on the brink of ruin, but we are insensible of it. God, when He begins to save us from such an imminent danger, sendeth His law, which, with a stout kick, rouses us up, makes us open our eyes ; we look down on our terrible danger, discover our miseries ; and then it is we are in a right position to cry out for salvation, and our salvation comes to us. The law acts with man as the physician does when he takes the film from the eye of the blind. Self-righteous men are blind men, though they think themselves good and excellent. The law takes that film away, and lets them discover how vile they are, and how utterly ruined and condemned if they are to abide under the sentence of the law.

Instead, however, of treating this doctrinally, I shall treat it practically, and come home to each of your consciences. My hearer, does not the law of God convince you of sin this morning ? Under the hand of God's Spirit does it not make you feel that you have been guilty, that you deserve to be lost, that you have incurred the fierce anger of God ? Look ye here ; have you not broken these commandments ? even in the letter have ye not broken them ? Who is there among you who hath always honoured his father and mother ? Who is there among us who hath always spoken the truth ? Have we not sometimes borne false witness against our neighbour ? Is there one person here who has not made unto himself another God, and loved himself, or his business, or his friends, more than he has Jehovah, the God of the whole earth ? Which of you hath not coveted your neighbour's house, or his man-servant, or his ox, or his ass ? We are all guilty with regard to every letter of the law ; we have all of us transgressed the commandments. And if we really understood these commandments, and felt that they condemn us, they would have this useful influence on us of showing us our danger, and so leading us to fly to Christ. But, my hearers, does not this law condemn you, because even if you should say you have not broken the letter of it, yet you have violated the spirit of it. What, though you have never killed, yet we are told he that is angry with his brother is a murderer. As a negro said once, "Sir, I thought me no kill—me innocent there ; but when I heard that he that hateth his brother is a murderer, then me cry guilty, for me have killed twenty men before breakfast very often, for I have been angry with many of them very often." This law does not only mean what it says in words, but it has deep things hidden in its bowels. It says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery ;" but it means, as Jesus has it, "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." It says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ;" it meaneth that we should reverence God in every place, and have His fear before our eyes, and should always pay respect unto His ordinances, and evermore walk in His fear and love.

Ay, my brethren, surely there is not one here so fool-hardy in self-righteousness as to say, "I am innocent." The spirit of the law condemns us. And this is its useful property: it humbles us, makes us know we are guilty, and so we are led to receive the Saviour.

Mark this, moreover, my dear hearers, *one breach of this law is enough to condemn us for ever.* He that breaketh the law in one point is guilty of the whole. The law demands that we should obey every command; and one of them broken, the whole of them are injured. It is like a vase of surpassing workmanship; in order to destroy it you need not shiver it to atoms; make but the smallest fracture in it, and you have destroyed its perfection. As it is a perfect law which we are commanded to obey, and to obey perfectly, make but one breach thereof, and, though we be ever so innocent, we can hope for nothing from the law except the voice, "Ye are condemned, ye are condemned, ye are condemned." Under this aspect of the matter ought not the law to strip many of us of all our boasting? Who is there that shall rise in his place and say, "Lord, I thank Thee, I am not as other men are?" Surely there cannot be one among you who can go home and say, "I have tithed mint and cummin; I have kept all the commandments from my youth?" Nay, if this law be brought home to the conscience and the heart, we shall stand with the publican saying, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." The only reason why a man thinks he is righteous is because he does not know the law. You think you have never broken it because you do not understand it. There are some of you most respectable people; you think you have been so good that you can go to heaven by your own works. You would not exactly say so, but you secretly think so; you have devoutly taken the sacrament, you have been mightily pious in attending your church or chapel regularly, you are good to the poor, generous and upright, and you say, "I shall be saved by my works." Nay, sir; look to the flame that Moses saw, and shrink, and tremble, and despair. The law can do nothing for us except condemn us. The utmost it can do is to whip us out of our boasted self-righteousness and drive us to Christ. It puts a burden on our backs and makes us ask Christ to take it off. It is like a lancet, it probes the wound. It is, to use a parable, as when some dark cellar has not been opened for years and is full of all kinds of loathsome creatures; we may walk through it not knowing they are there. But the law comes, takes the shutters down, lets light in, and then we discover what a vile heart we have, and how unholty our lives have been; and, then, instead of boasting, we are made to fall on our faces and cry, "Lord, save or I perish. Oh, save me, for Thy mercy's sake, or else I shall be cast away." Oh, ye self-righteous ones now present, who think yourselves so good that ye can mount to heaven by your works—blind horses, perpetually going round the mill and making not one inch of progress—do you think to take the law upon your shoulders as Sampson did the gates of Gaza? Do you imagine that you can perfectly keep this law of God? Will you dare to say you have not broken it? Nay, surely, you will confess, though it be in but an undertone, "I have revolted." Then, this know: the law can do nothing for you in the matter of forgiveness. All it can do is just this: it can make you feel you are nothing at all; it can strip you; it can bruise you, it can kill you; but it can neither quicken, nor clothe, nor cleanse—it was never meant to do that. Oh, art thou this morning, my hearer,

sad because of sin? Dost thou feel that thou hast been guilty? Dost thou acknowledge thy transgressions? Dost thou confess thy wanderings? Hear me, then, as God's ambassador, God hath mercy upon sinners. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. And though you have broken the law, He has kept it. Take His righteousness to be yours. Cast yourself upon Him, come to Him now, stripped and naked, and take His robe as your covering. Come to Him, black and filthy, and wash yourself in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness; and then you shall know "wherefore then serveth the law?" That is the first point.

II. Now, the second. *The law serves to slay all hope of salvation by a reformed life.* Most men, when they discover themselves to be guilty, avow that they will reform. They say, "I have been guilty and have deserved God's wrath, but for the future I will seek to win a stock of merits which shall counterbalance all my old sins." In steps the law, puts its hand on the sinner's mouth, and says, "Stop, you cannot do that; it is impossible." I will show you how the law does this. It does it partly thus, by reminding the man that *future obedience can be no atonement for past guilt.* To use a common metaphor, that the poor may thoroughly understand me, may have run up a score at your shop. Well, you cannot pay it. You go off to Mrs. Brown, your shopkeeper, and you say to her, "Well, I am sorry, ma'am, that through my husband being out of work," and all that, "I know I shall never be able to pay you. It is a very great debt I owe you, but, if you please, ma'am, if you forgive me this debt I will never get into your debt any more; I will always pay for all I have." "Yes," she would say, "but that will not square our accounts. If you do pay for all you have, it would be no more than you ought to. But what about the old bills? How are they to be receipted? They won't be receipted by all your fresh payments." That is just what men do towards God. "True," they say, "I have gone far astray I know; but then I won't do so any more." Ah, it was time you threw away such child's talk. You do but manifest your rampant folly by such a hope. Can you wipe away your transgressions by future obedience? Ah, no. The old debt must be paid somehow. God's justice is inflexible, and the law tells you all your acquirements can make no atonement for the past. You must have an atonement through Christ Jesus the Lord. "But," says the man, "I will try and be better, and then I think I shall have mercy given to me." Then the law steps in and says, "You are going to try and keep me, are you? Why, man, you cannot do it." *Perfect obedience in the future is impossible.* And the ten commandments are held up, and if any awakened sinner will but look at them, he will turn away and say, "It is impossible for me to keep them. 'Why, man, you say you will be obedient in the future. You have not been obedient in the past, and there is no likelihood that you will keep God's commandments in time to come. You say you will avoid the evils of the past. You cannot. 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil.'" But you say, "I will take greater heed to my ways." "Sir, you will not; the temptation that overcame you yesterday will overcome you to-morrow. But, mark this, if you would, you could not win salvation by it." The law tells you that unless you perfectly obey you cannot be saved

by your doings ; it tells you that one sin will make a flaw in it all, that one transgression will spoil your whole obedience. It is a spotless garment that you must wear in heaven ; it is only an unbroken law which God can accept. So, then, the law answers this purpose, to tell men that their acquirements, their amendings, and their doings, are of no use whatever in the matter of salvation. It is theirs to come to Christ, to get a new heart and a right spirit ; to get the evangelical repentance which needeth not to be repented of, that so they may put their trust in Jesus and receive pardon through His blood. "Wherefore then serveth the law ?" It serveth this purpose, as Luther hath it, the purpose of a hammer. Luther, you know, is very strong on the subject of the law. He says : "For if any be not a murderer, an adulterer, a thief, and outwardly refrain from sin, as the Pharisee did, which is mentioned in the gospel, he would swear that he is righteous, and therefore he conceiveth an opinion of righteousness, and presumeth of his good works and merits. Such a one God cannot otherwise mollify and humble, that he may acknowledge his misery and damnation, but by the law ; for that is the hammer of death, the thundering of hell, and the lightning of God's wrath that beateth to powder the obstinate and senseless hypocrites. For as long as the opinion of righteousness abideth in man, so long there abideth also in Him incomprehensible pride, presumption, security, hatred of God, contempt of His grace and mercy, ignorance of the promises and of Christ. The preaching of free remission of sins, through Christ, cannot enter into the heart of such a one, neither can he feel any taste or savour thereof ; for that mighty rock and adamant wall, to wit, the opinion of righteousness, wherewith the heart is environed, doth resist it. Wherefore the law is that hammer, that fire, that mighty strong wind, and that terrible earthquake rending the mountains, and breaking the rocks (1 Kings xix. 11, 12, 13), that is to say, the proud and obstinate hypocrites. Elijah, not being able to abide these terrors of the law, which by these things are signified, covered his face with his mantle. Notwithstanding, when the tempest ceased, of which he was a beholder, there came a soft and a gracious wind, in the which the Lord was ; but it behoved that the tempest of fire, of wind, and the earthquake should pass before the Lord should reveal Himself in that gracious wind."

III. And, now, a step further. You that know the grace of God can follow me in this next step. *The law is intended to show man the misery which will fall upon him through his sin.* I speak from experience, and many of you who hear me will hear this with ears of attention, because you have felt the same. There was a time with me, when but young in years, I felt with much sorrow the evil of sin. My bones waxed old with my roaring all day long. Day and night God's hand was heavy upon me. There was a time when He scared me with visions, and affrighted me by dreams ; when by day I hungered for deliverance, for my soul fasted within me. I feared lest the very skies should fall upon me, and crush my guilty soul. God's law had got hold upon me, and was showing me my misery. If I slept at night I dreamed of the bottomless pit, and when I awoke I seemed to feel the misery I had dreamed. Up to God's house I went ; my song was but a groan. To my chamber I retired, and there with tears and groans I offered up my prayer, without a hope and without a refuge. I could then say with

David, "The owl is my partner and the bittern is my companion;" for God's law was flogging me with its ten-thonged whip, and then rubbing me with brine afterwards, so that I did shake and quiver with pain and anguish, and my soul chose strangling rather than life, for I was exceeding sorrowful. Some of you have had the same. The law was sent on purpose to do that. But you will ask, "Why that misery?" I answer that misery was sent for this reason: that I might then be made to cry to Jesus. Our heavenly Father does not usually make us seek Jesus till He has whipped us clean out of all our confidence; He cannot make us in earnest after heaven till He has made us feel something of the intolerable tortures of an aching conscience, which is a foretaste of hell. Do you not remember, my hearer, when you used to awake in the morning, and the first thing you took up was *Alleine's Alarm*, or *Baxter's Call to the Unconverted*? Oh! those books, those books! In my childhood days I read and devoured them when under a sense of guilt, but they were like sitting at the foot of Sinai. When I turned to Baxter, I found him saying some such things as these:—"Sinner, bethink thee; within an hour thou mayest be in hell. Bethink thee; thou mayest soon be dying—death is even now gnawing at thy cheek. What wilt thou do when thou standest before the bar of God without a Saviour? Wilt thou tell Him thou hadst no time to spend on religion? Will not that empty excuse melt into thin air? Oh! sinner, wilt thou, then, dare to insult thy Maker? Wilt thou, then, dare to scoff at Him? Ah! you have not forgotten the days when no hymn seemed suitable to you but the one that began,

"Stoop down, my soul that used to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath."

Or else,

"That awful day shall surely come,
The 'pointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test."

Ay, that was why the law was sent—to convince us of sin, to make us shake and shiver before God. Oh! you that are self-righteous, let me speak to you this morning with just a word or two of terrible and burning earnestness. Remember, sirs, the day is coming when a crowd more vast than this shall be assembled on the plains of earth; when on a great white throne the Saviour, Judge of men, shall sit. Now He is come; the book is opened; the glory of heaven is displayed, rich with triumphant love, and burning with unquenchable vengeance; ten thousand angels are on either hand; and you are standing to be tried. Now, self-righteous man, tell me now that you went to church three times a day! Come, man, tell me now that you kept all the commandments! Tell me now that you are not guilty! Come before Him with a receipt of your mint, and you anise, and you cummin! Come along with you! Where are you? Oh! you are fleeing. You are crying, "Rocks hide us; mountains on us fall." What are you after, man? Why, you were so fair on earth that none dare to speak to you; you were so good and so comely, why do you run away? Come, man, pluck up courage; come before thy

Maker ; tell Him that thou wert honest, sober, excellent, and that thou deservest to be saved ! Why dost thou delay to repeat thy boastings ? Out with it—come, say it ! No, you will not. I see you still flying, with shrieks, away from your Maker's presence. There will be none found to stand before Him, then, in their own righteousness. But look ! look ! look ! I see a man coming forward out of that motley throng ; he marches forward with a steady step, and with a smiling eye. What ! is there any man found who shall dare to approach the dread tribunal of God ? What ! is there one who dares to stand before his Maker ! Yes, there is one ; he comes forward and he cries, " Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect ? " Do you not shudder ? Will not the mountains of wrath swallow him ? Will not God launch that dreadful thunderbolt against him ? No, listen while he confidently proceeds : " Who is He that condemneth ! It is Christ that died ; yea, rather, that hath risen again." And I see the right hand of God outstretched—" Come, ye blessed, enter the kingdom prepared for you." Now is fulfilled the verse which you once sweetly sang :—

" Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay ?
While, through Thy blood, absolv'd I am
From sin's tremendous curse and shame."

IV. And now, my dear friends, I am afraid of wearying you ; therefore, let me briefly hint at one other thought. " Wherefore then serveth the law." *It was sent into the world to show the value of a Saviour.* Just as foils set off jewels, and as dark spots make bright tints more bright, so doth the law make Christ appear the fairer and more heavenly. I hear the law of God curse, but how harsh its voice. Jesus says, " Come unto Me," oh, what music ! all the more musical after the discord of the law. I see the law condemns ; I behold Christ obeying it. Oh ! how ponderous that price—when I know how weighty was the demand ! I read the commandments, and I find them strict and awfully severe—oh ! how holy must Christ have been to obey all these for me ! Nothing makes me value my Saviour more than seeing the law condemn me. When I know this law stands in my way, and like a flaming cherubim will not let me enter paradise, then I can tell how sweetly precious must Jesus Christ's righteousness be, which is a passport to heaven, and gives me grace to enter there.

V. And, lastly, " Wherefore serveth the law." *It was sent into the world to keep Christian men from self-righteousness.* Christian men—do they ever get self-righteous ? Yes, that they do. The best Christian man in the world will find it hard work to keep himself from boasting, and from being self-righteous. John Knox on his death-bed was attacked with self-righteousness. " The last night of his life on earth he slept some hours together, during which he uttered many deep and heavy moans. Being asked why he moaned so deeply, he replied, ' I have during my life sustained many assaults of Satan ; but at present he has assaulted me most fearfully, and put forth all his strength to make an end of me at once. The cunning Serpent has laboured to persuade me that I have merited heaven and eternal blessedness by the faithful discharge of my ministry. But blessed be God, who has enabled me to quench this fiery dart by suggesting to me such passages as these : ' What hast thou that

thou hast not received?" and 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' " Yes, and each of us have felt the same. I have often felt myself rather amused at some of my brethren, who have come to me and said, "I trust the Lord will keep you humble," when they themselves were not only as proud as they were high, but a few inches over. They have been most sincere in prayer that I should be humble, unwittingly nursing their own pride by their own imaginary reputation for humility. I have long since given up entreating people to be humble, because it naturally tends to make them proud. A man is apt to say, "Dear me, these people are afraid I shall be proud; I must have something to be proud of." Then we say to ourselves, "I will not let them see it;" and we try to keep our pride down, but, after all, are as proud as Lucifer within. I find that the proudest and most self-righteous people are those who do nothing at all, and have no shadow of pretence for any opinion of their own goodness. The old truth in the book of Job is true now. You know in the beginning of the book of Job it is said, "The oxen were ploughing, and the asses were feeding beside them." That is generally the way in this world. The oxen are ploughing in the Church—we have some who are labouring hard for Christ—and the asses are feeding beside them, on the finest livings and the fattest of the land. These are the people who have so much to say about self-righteousness. What do they do? They do not do enough to earn a living, and yet they think they are going to earn heaven. They sit down and fold their hands, and yet they are so reverently righteous, because, forsooth, they sometimes dole out a little in charity. They do nothing, and yet boast of self-righteousness. And with Christian people it is the same. If God makes you laborious, and keeps you constantly engaged in His service, you are less likely to be proud of your self-righteousness than you are if you do nothing. But at all times there is a natural tendency to it. Therefore, God has written the law, that when we read it we may see our faults; that when we look into it, as into a looking-glass, we may see the impurities in our flesh, and have reason to abhor ourselves in sackcloth and ashes, and still cry to Jesus for mercy. Use the law in this fashion, and in no other.

And now, says one, "Sir, are there any here that you have been preaching at?" Yes! I like to preach *at* people. I do not believe it is of any avail to preach *to* people; preach *right into* them and *right at* them. I find in every circle a class who say, in plain English, "Well, I am as good a father as is to be found in the parish; I am a good tradesman; I pay twenty shillings in the pound; I go to church, or I go to chapel, and that is more than everybody does; I pay my subscriptions; I subscribe to the infirmary; I say my prayers; therefore I believe I stand as good a chance of heaven as anybody in the world." I do believe that three out of four of the people of London think something of that sort. Now, if that be the ground of your trust, you have a rotten hope; you have a plank to stand upon that will not bear your weight on the day of God's account. As the Lord my God liveth, before whom I stand, "Unless your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." And if ye think the best performance of your hands can save you, this know, that "Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness." Those who sought not after it have attained it:

Wherefore? Because the one hath sought it by faith, the other hath sought it by the deeds of the law, where justification never was to be found. Hear now the gospel, men and women; down with that boasting form of your righteousness; away with your hopes, with all your trusts that spring from this—

“Could your tears for ever flow,
Could your zeal no respite know,
All for sin could not atone;
Christ must save, and save alone.”

If ye would know how we must be saved, hear this—ye must come with nothing of your own to Christ. Christ has kept the law. You are to have His righteousness to be your righteousness. Christ has suffered in the stead of all who repent. His punishment is to stand instead of your being punished. And through faith in the sanctification and atonement of Christ you are to be saved. Come, then, ye weary and heavily laden, bruised and mangled by the Fall; come, then, ye sinners; come, then, ye moralists; come, then, all ye that have broken God's law and feel it; leave your own trusts and come to Jesus, He will take you in; give you a spotless robe of righteousness, and make you His for ever. “But how can I come?” says one. “Must I go home and pray?” Nay, sir, nay. Where thou art standing now thou mayest come to the Cross. Oh! if thou knowest thyself to be a sinner, now—I beseech you, ere thy foot shall leave the floor on which thou standest—now, say this—

“Myself into Thy arms I cast,
Lord, save my guilty soul at last.”

Now, down with you, away with your self-righteousness. Look to me—look now; say not, “Must I mount to heaven and bring Christ down?” “The word is nigh thee, on thy mouth and in thy heart; if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe with thy heart, thou shalt be saved.” Yes, thou—thou—thou. Oh! I bless God we have heard of hundreds who have in this place believed on Christ. Some of the blackest of the human race have come to me but even lately, and told me what God has done for them. Oh, that you, too, would now come to Jesus. Remember, he that believeth shall be saved, be his sins never so many; and he that believeth not must perish, be his sins never so few. Oh, that the Holy Spirit would lead you to believe; so should ye escape the wrath to come, and have a place in paradise among the redeemed!

CHRIST TO BE THE SUM OF ALL OUR ACTIONS.

THERE is mention made of one in the primitive times who, being asked what he was, answered, “A Christian.” “What is thy name?” He answered, “Christian.” “What is thy profession?” He answered, “Christian.” “What are thy thoughts?” He answered, “Christian.” “Thy words and deeds, what are they?” He answered, “Christian.” “What life leadest thou?” He answered still, “Christian.” He had so digested Christ into his soul by faith, that he could speak nothing but “Christian.” And thus it is that Christ is to be made the sum and ultimate of all our actions.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER III.—THE CITY MISSIONARY'S CALL.

"A GENTLEMAN wishes to see you, ma'am. Here is his card."

Miss Archer glanced at it, and read, "Mr. Luke Briton, Manchester City Mission."

"You can show him in, Sarah."

The gentleman thus ushered into Miss Archer's presence was a stout, broadly-built man, slightly under the middle height, with a round, rosy, cheerful face, on which a slight smile seemed constantly to linger, and who possessed an affable bearing that at once produced a favourable impression.

"Kindly take a seat, sir," said Miss Archer, "and then let me know what is your business. I presume your errand has some charitable purpose?"

"Thank you, ma'am ; you have judged rightly. As my card indicates, I am an agent of the Manchester City Mission, and have sought to see you on its behalf. I have, permit me to say, two objects in view, and as one of them certainly necessitated a personal interview, that must be my apology for troubling you with my presence."

"You need make no apology at all, Mr. Briton, for calling upon me. What is it you want?"

"Are you aware, Miss Archer, that your uncle used to subscribe annually to our mission?"

"No, sir, I was not. Really, dear man, he subscribed to so many philanthropic institutions that I hardly know what he did not give

to. Pray what was the amount he paid yearly to you?"

"Here, ma'am, is our Annual Report, with the list of subscribers. You will see his name put down in this column for two guineas."

"And I suppose you want to know whether I intend to continue the subscription?"

"That is one object for which I ventured to call, ma'am."

"Yes, I will do so willingly. I do not know much of your work, but it must evidently be a very good one, worthy of support. When do you wish to have the money?"

"If you are good enough to subscribe, it will be due now, ma'am. These subscriptions are generally given in advance, and your esteemed uncle invariably paid his at the proper time, when I called at the bank. So, if it is convenient to you, ma'am, I can take it now."

"Here it is, then. Now what is your second object?"

"This, ma'am, will need a little explanation. It is my duty to ask you for more than this. We want your personal help."

"My personal help! What do you mean? Am I not giving it you now?"

"Not exactly, ma'am, in the sense to which I refer. I am sure you will pardon my presumption, but, plainly speaking, we want you to give the mission yourself as well as your subscription."

"Surely," said Miss Archer, smiling at the absurdity of the idea, "you do not want me to become a female missionary?"

"No, ma'am, certainly not," said Mr. Briton, smiling in return ; "but we wish you to aid us in a manner in which ladies in your station alone can. If you will therefore now kindly permit me, I will state our case. From this Annual Report, which you will please keep, you will see that we do various kinds of work. Fifty male and female missionaries are employed, who do mission work in the city and its suburbs. Each missionary has his or her appointed district in which to visit the people's homes, read God's word, pray, give counsel, and afford any needful help. Then we have workshop and evangelistic meetings, ragged schools and mission halls ; and, last but not least, we engage in rescue work among the fallen outcasts of the streets. Now, ma'am, you will see that when working all these branches we need as much voluntary personal aid as we can obtain, and several ladies in the city, constrained by the love of Christ and of humanity, render it cheerfully in various forms. For instance, some visit special cases and take them in hand ; others teach in the ragged schools and mission halls ; some attend the evangelistic and refuge meetings, and preside at the harmonium or piano, and sing ; while several give most efficient aid in rescuing the fallen. Can you not, Miss Archer, in some such way assist us ? I do hope you will pardon me for daring to be so bold as to ask you to make the sacrifice, but rest assured that I do not venture to make the proposal on my own responsibility. The fact is your name was mentioned to the committee by one of its members, who said he felt confident that if we appealed to you, the appeal would not be made in vain."

"May I ask you, Mr. Briton, who this gentleman was that possessed this great faith ?"

"You may, ma'am, for it is no secret. It was Mr. Butterfield, of Blenheim Lodge."

"Oh, I know him very well. He was a personal friend of my dear uncle, and he keeps in account at the bank. Is he, then, one of your committee ?"

"He is, ma'am. Now, what do you say ? Can you, please, help us ? Don't say no if you can in any way."

"Well, Mr. Briton, your appeal has been made so suddenly that you place me in a fix. To give you a subscription, or to double or treble it, would be comparatively easy, but to do work for you is quite another thing. Really, I am at a loss to know what I could do if I even felt inclined. It seems to me that you need special training for this kind of work, of which I know absolutely nothing. Nearly all my life I have been, in a measure, isolated from the busy world, and for the last few years, when attending exclusively to my dear uncle, I have been a perfect recluse. Naturally somewhat shy, and totally disinclined to mix with what is called 'Society,' on account of my bereavements, I feel certain that I should feel anything but at home in the kind of work you have described. I never spoke, so far as I am aware, to a single person except my servants about self-reformation. Such meetings as those you have referred to I never attended in my life. Rags, dirt and disease I shrink from as I should from a plague. I could no more creep into your foul hovels and dens and courts than I could fly. Now take all this into consideration, and you will see that Mr. Butterfield has poor

ground on which to base his faith."

"I do not see that yet, ma'am. Grant all that you say, still, I think you may be of great personal service to us."

"Well, how? Let me hear please."

"Thank you very much, Miss Archer, for the encouragement you give me in allowing me to offer my humble suggestion. To a large extent I go with you. You do need training, and most efficient training too, to engage in such work as our committee would delight to see you enter upon. You could do nothing alone, but you might do a great deal if you had a partner in the shape of an experienced lady in your own station, who would show you the best way of working. To show you what I mean, I will give you an illustration. Have you ever heard, ma'am, of Miss Morrison, of Rusholme?"

"No, I cannot say that I have."

"Well, then, you will kindly allow me to tell you about her. Like yourself, she is possessed of a measure of this world's wealth. A few years ago she was left an orphan with an only sister, who is a confirmed invalid. She was when a child injured in the spine of her back by a fall downstairs, and has through it lost the use of her lower limbs. At times also she suffers fearfully in her head, and has then to be kept in great quietness. But she is a sterling Christian, and her patience is most remarkable. Though sometimes her sufferings in her head amount to agony, no one, her sister tells me, has ever heard her utter a murmuring word. In fact, ma'am, I have come across many invalids in my day, but I never came in contact with one that has such a sweet, loving dis-

position as Miss Abigail Morrison. She has a beautiful voice, and to hear her sing is a treat. When she is better fashioned she will have the young people connected with the chapel and school to which her sister goes come and see her and talk with her, and she gives them such good counsel and sings so sweetly for them, while her sister plays the piano and accompanies her, that the young folks think a visit to her a rare treat, and the good it has done them can hardly be calculated. Now, when her sister saw what good Miss Abigail was doing, and yet an invalid, it struck her that, as her elder sister in the enjoyment of health and strength, her responsibility as a Christian lady for doing good was far greater. So one day she came to our superintendent and volunteered to do what she could, and she soon found out her work. At first she shrank, as you say, ma'am, you should do, from coming in contact with so much sin and misery; but there is not a lady worker on our staff now that exerts such an influence for good on poor fallen creatures as she does. Now, my idea, ma'am, is this: that if you could only have some talk with Miss Morrison, your path would soon be made clear to you. Shall I ask Miss Morrison to give you a call? I am sure she would be delighted to pay you a visit, if for no other purpose than just to give you her experiences. Like John Ashworth, of Rochdale, she can tell some 'strange tales,' and some of them would quite thrill you."

For a moment or two Miss Archer was silent. As we have seen, for some time past her mind had been deeply exercised as to the mode in which she should dispose of her surplus wealth. For light on this point she had inwardly prayed,

and it now suddenly struck her that the visit of this earnest city missionary was the Divine answer. A visit from Miss Morrison might, at any rate, lead to a personal acquaintance that would tend to comfort her in her loneliness, and she could not fail but be deeply interested in her personal narrations. With a spirit of decision that invariably characterised her when she felt it to be her duty to act, she determined to fall in with the good city missionary's suggestion, and therefore asked:

"Do you think that Miss Morrison would like to give me a call? Might she not think it too much trouble?"

"Trouble, ma'am! No, I am sure she would not. She is delighted to do anything in the service of the Master; and if she could secure such a lady as yourself to engage in this work with her, I know she would be willing to travel to the end of the kingdom."

"What master do you refer to?" asked Miss Archer. "Do you mean the superintendent?"

"No, ma'am: I mean Christ. Its the name above all others that I love to give Him; and I thought you would understand me, being a Christian lady. You know, ma'am, it is said in the gospel of Matthew, 'One is your Master, even Christ;' in fact, it's the Master's own words."

"Yes, I know that," said Miss Archer, blushing slightly at the mistake she had made; "it was stupid of me not to think of it; but, to tell you the truth, I have not been accustomed much to the various modes of expression used

by Christian people. I am a churchwoman, acquainted to some extent with the Church's ritual and practice, and that is all. Of the usages of other denominations I know comparatively nothing; but I suppose we are all going the same way and hope to meet at last in the same place. Your mission, I apprehend, is purely unsectarian?"

"It is an Evangelical mission, ma'am, embracing all who love and serve Christ, and own Him as their Saviour and Master. In this respect it knows no difference between Church and Dissent."

"Then in that respect it commends itself to my judgment," said Miss Archer. "Will you then oblige me by telling Miss Morrison that I should feel honoured by her giving me a call?"

"I will, ma'am, most readily," said the missionary, his face beaming with joy at the success which had attended his appeals. "And I have no doubt she will write and ask you to fix a convenient time for the interview."

"Thank you, that will do very nicely. But what are you going to do now with that book?"

"I am simply going to write out a receipt for the subscription you have so kindly given."

"Well, then, make it out for five guineas instead of two, and here is the balance you will require."

With hearty thanks the worthy missionary did so, and then politely took his leave, to return to the office to make known to equally grateful hearts how the Lord had prospered him in his way.

(To be continued.)

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS (TO YOUNG MEN).

By REV. W. EDWARDS, OF BRENT-
FORD.

How to succeed? This is a question frequently asked, and is answered in almost as many ways. To get on is the great aim of all men, particularly those who are worthy of the name. The desire to succeed "runs through all ages, and explains half the phenomena of the world's history." It has been the inspiration of reformers, and the supporting and stimulating genius of inventors and explorers.

The first principle of progress is independency. A youth of independent spirit and self-relying disposition will scorn the idea of being dependent upon others for help to do what he can accomplish for himself.

Nothing is more degrading and injurious to a youth, than to depend upon others to do everything for him. It enervates his strength, deprives him of the noblest trait of character, self-reliance, and tends to make him indolent and careless; a lounging, lazy, good-for-nothing member of society.

When Moschelles submitted his score of *Fidelio* for the pianoforte to Beethoven, the latter found written at the bottom of the last page: "Finis, with God's help." Beethoven immediately wrote underneath: "O man, help thyself."

The independent, self-relying youth will cultivate his own powers, use his own muscles. He will work for himself. Work is the law of our being, the living principle that car-

ries men and nations onward to prosperity. The greater number of men have to work with their hands for a living. All must work in some way or other if they would succeed, and enjoy life as it might be enjoyed. Labour may be a burden and an infliction, but it is also an honour and a glory. Only after slaves became extensively employed in all departments of industry that labour came to be regarded as dishonourable and servile. All that is great and noble in man is cultivated by work. All the advances made in the arts and sciences, in civilization and literature, have been accomplished by industry and hard work. Sir Richard Arkwright, the establisher of cotton manufacture in Great Britain, was a tremendous worker, and a man of marvellous application to business. At one period of his life, he was engaged from four in the morning until nine at night, in the hard and continuous labours involved in the organization and management of his numerous factories. Joseph Wedgwood, the founder of the Staffordshire potteries, matured his plans and founded his lucrative trade by careful observation and unflinching industry. Youths of our land! if you would succeed in life, remember that an essential element of success is work; therefore, let your motto be, Work! work! work!

Work methodically. We have much more faith in the success of an enterprise carried on according to a wise and well-arranged plan than we have of the success of a scheme worked at random. Some men have plenty of power and

energy to work, but they have no method. Everything seems to be a chance work with them. The consequence is that seldom or ever they succeed in their undertakings. Others, again, have less spirit and strength to work, but they do everything systematically. They, therefore, do a great deal of work with very little exertion, and their enterprises almost invariably turn out successful. "Method," said the Rev. Richard Cecil, "is like packing things in a box. A good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Cecil's despatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do one thing at once."

Through work methodically done, facility is acquired to do more. Hence a man gets on. Having done a thing once, it might be more easily done the second time. And not only that, but a taste is acquired with practice for work. "Habit," said Thomas Carlyle, "is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength. Let me go once scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footsteps are invited a second time to go by the same way; it is easier than any other way."

The youth who begins to learn music finds the theory very dry and difficult to master. As, however, one difficulty is surmounted a power is acquired to overcome the next; and as one difficulty after another is got over, a facility for learning music is acquired, and a taste for music is gained as well. Through practice and perseverance, what was at first a drudgery has become a source of amusement, and the pupil gets on. It is the same in mathematics, arts, sciences, and theology. Having solved one difficulty, strength is acquired to cope

with the next. If it were not so, no progress would be made in the arts and the sciences, no improvement in trade, no advancement in civilization.

Those engaged in manual labour are not the only men who work. There is an idea prevailing among the working classes that no man works unless he toils with his hands. That is a very erroneous notion. The men who have done most for their fellow-men have been those who thought, studied, and diligently observed men and things. Successful men have not got on by manual labour, nor by studying books merely, but by thought, industry, and careful observation. William Smith, the father of English geology, travelled for several years in different parts of England and Ireland, to the extent of upwards of ten thousand miles yearly; and it was amid this incessant travelling that he contrived to commit to paper his fast growing generalisations on what he rightly regarded as a new science. No observation, however trivial it might have appeared, was neglected, and no opportunity of collecting fresh facts was overlooked.

Of the keenness of his observation take the following illustration. When making one of his geological excursions about the country, as he was drawing near the foot of Dunstable chalk-hills, he said to his companion: "If there be any broken ground about the foot of these hills we may find sharks' teeth." And they did not go far before they picked up six from the white of a new fence-ditch. He said of himself: "The habit of observation crept on me, gained a settlement in my mind, became a constant associate of my life, and started up in activity at the first thought of a journey; so I generally went off well prepared

with maps, and sometimes with contemplations on the object of the journey reduced to writing before it commenced. My mind was, therefore, like the canvas of a painter, well prepared for the first and best impressions.*

After twenty years' incessant labour and careful observation, he published a map of the strata of England and Wales. It was said of this map: "It was a work so masterly in conception, and so correct in general outline, that in principle it serves as a basis, not only for the production of later maps of the British Islands, but for geological maps of all other parts of the world, whenever they have been undertaken." If William Smith had depended upon books only, he would never have been able to discover a new science and make such a correct map of the strata of England and Wales as would serve as a basis for geological maps of all parts of the world.

The man who would succeed must observe men and things as well as read books; for there are facts to be collected, knowledge to be obtained, and experience to be acquired, which can never be had in books. A man must think and observe for himself to get on. A certain author gave this advice to those who would be men: "Think wrongly if you please, but think for yourselves." There are, comparatively speaking, very few who really think for themselves. They read books and accept the opinions contained in them, without searching whether those things were so. A keen, clever man, without much time for systematic thought, is struck with an article in the columns of a newspaper or the pages of a review. He thinks over it at odd moments, talks about

it at a friend's dinner table, and gradually makes it his own. He does not inquire on what ultimate theory of the universe the speculations which have fascinated him must rest, or with what parts of that system of truth which seems to him most certain they are altogether irreconcilable. He is charmed by the beauty or ingenuity or grandeur of the new ideas, or they seem to solve difficulties which have troubled him, or to afford useful and available aids to an upright and noble life; and therefore, without inquiring where they came from, and what kind of a character they bear, and whether they have disreputable and vicious connections, he receives them at once. They have a pleasant look, a gracious manner, a musical voice, a dignified bearing, and he never dreams of suspecting them.*

The great difficulty which the leaders of thought in every branch of learning experience, is to get people to think for themselves. They receive anything that panders to their vicious taste, tickle their fancies, and touch their emotions; consequently they are tossed about and carried away by "every wind of doctrine" and excitement. If people would succeed, they must read extensively, observe carefully, and think thoroughly for themselves.

Perhaps some of the working classes will say: "We have no time to read, no leisure to think for ourselves, nor the opportunity of observing and experimenting." In answer to that it may be said that some of the leaders of industry and thought have risen from among the working classes, and experienced as much disadvantage from poverty

* Smiles on "Self-help."

* "Weekday Sermons," by R. W. Dale, M.A.

and want of proper tools as it was possible for men to experience. Bacon, the sculptor, and Dr. Livingstone, the missionary and explorer, were weavers; Dr. Carey was a cobbler, and Dr. Morrison, a last maker; John Bunyan, a tinker; Hugh Miller, the geologist, a stonemason; Professor Faraday, a book-binder; Sir Humphrey Davy, a country apothecary's apprentice; Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny and the founder of cotton manufacture in Great Britain, a barber; Cook, the navigator, and Burns, the poet, were day labourers; Watt and Stephenson, who were identified with the invention of the steam engine, were, the former a mathematical instrument maker, and the latter an engine fireman.

We could produce many more names of men who have risen from obscurity to eminence if it were necessary. Now, if so many have risen from among the working classes to high positions in life, why cannot others of the same rank cultivate their minds, develop their faculties, and improve their position by the same energy, perseverance, and tact? With perseverance, the spare time may be used to advantage. An hour every day rightly employed will go far towards enabling a man of ordinary ability to master a complete science. It would make an ignorant man well informed in a few years; we should not allow a moment to pass, if we would succeed, without improving ourselves, or do some good for others.

Elihu Burritt attributed his first success in self-culture simply to the careful employment of those valuable fragments of time called "odd moments." While working at his trade as a blacksmith, he mastered some eighteen ancient and modern languages, and twenty-two

European dialects. In writing to a friend, he said: "All that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been, and will be, by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant-heap: particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. And if ever I was actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspirations reached no higher than hope to set before the young men of my country an example in employing those valuable fragments of time called 'odd moments.'" Painstaking is a very important element of success. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well. Those who have distinguished themselves in any branch of business, arts, sciences, or literature, have been persevering and painstaking. The Greek and Latin authors spent years in composing and improving those works which have come down to us as models of style. Isocrates devoted ten years to one of his works. After eleven years of labour, Virgil regarded his "*Æneid*" as still imperfect. Pascal often gave twenty days to the composition of one letter, and some of those letters he wrote and re-wrote seven or eight times. The result is that they are reckoned among the best specimens of the grace and flexibility of the French language. Newton wrote his "*Chronology*" fifteen times over before he was satisfied with it; and Gibbon wrote out his "*Memoir*" nine times. Johnson, and Robert Hall, and Lord Macaulay are known to have thought out and arranged their paragraphs in their minds before committing a word to paper. Demosthenes, the Greek orator, toiled assiduously in preparing his great speeches. They bore the stamp of painstaking. Celebrated artists and sculptors have spent

years at the same works. Titian spent years at his "Pietro Martire." In a letter to Charles V., he said, "I send your Majesty the 'Last Supper,' after working at it almost daily for seven years." Michael Angelo was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing at a statue since his previous visit. "I have re-touched this part, polished that, softened this feature, brought out that muscle, given some expression to this lip, and more energy to that limb." "But these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

All who have got on have succeeded by painstaking and care; improving their works in their studios, workshops, or studies, until at length they astonished the world with their productions.

Business habits are very necessary element of success. It is thought by some that business habits are incompatible with great genius. They laugh at those who attend carefully to what they call "trifles," and say decisively: "It will do for men of little minds to attend to little things, because they are not able to cope with great problems."

It is supposed by some that rudeness is consistent with great genius. They set the laws of etiquette at defiance, as something suitable only for young ladies and dandies, who would be ladies' men. It is congruous with genius to be so absorbed in thought as to lose the train; and, if the genius be very great and extraordinary, to forget even one's meals. Some are such geniuses that they can dispense with hard work altogether, and do the thing right off and finish with it.

Those, however, who have achieved noble victories, made great discoveries, and left the world better than they found it, have doubted whether the gift of genius be so exceptional an endowment as it is generally supposed to be. Newton was unquestionably a mind of the highest order, and yet, when asked by what means he wrought out his extraordinary discoveries, modestly answered: "By always thinking unto them." At another time he expressed his method of study thus: "I keep the subject continually before me, and wait till the first dawns open by little and little into a full and clear light." If there ever lived a genius in the world, Sir Isaac Newton was one; and yet he scorned the thought of having made his discoveries by his genius.

Business habits have a very extensive field of action: they mean aptitude to deal successfully with the practical work of life, the guiding of commerce, the management of trade, the conduct of profession, the superintendence of political government; indeed, business habits, instead of unfitting a cultivated mind for scientific research or literary pursuits, are often the best training for them. Voltaire insisted that the real spirit of business and literature are the same; "the perfection of each being the union of energy and thoughtfulness, of cultivated intelligence and practical wisdom, of active and contemplative essence." The industry and the thought and the accuracy necessary in the details of business must be the best training for scientific research and literary pursuits.

Accuracy in details is essential in business, in literature, in science. Where men have failed, it has almost invariably been found that

neglect of little things has been the rock against which they split.

It is related of a Manchester manufacturer that, on retiring from business, he purchased a large estate of a noble lord ; and it was part of the agreement that he was to take the house, with all its furniture, precisely as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet had been removed, which was in the inventory ; and applying to the former owner respecting it, the gentleman replied : " Well, I certainly did

order it to be removed ; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." " My lord," was the significant rejoinder, " if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate ; and excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had the occasion to sell it." Life is made up of trifles. " Many a little makes a mickle."

HE HUMBLLED HIMSELF.

Phil. ii. 8.

'Twas love that brought the Saviour
From His eternal throne,
To dwell on earth with sinners
Who did their Lord disown.

'Twas love led Him to pity
The weary and distressed,
And kindly then invite them
To come to Him for rest.

'Twas love led Him to heal them,
The sick, the lame, the blind ;
No one in vain besought Him,
To all He proved so kind.
'Twas love that nought could lessen ;
He came the lost to save,
And in their stead He suffer'd,—
For them His own life gave.

'Twas love to Calvary brought Him,
Whereon was shed His blood ;
For sin He made atonement,
And our peace made with God.
'Twas love that pray'r dictated
When, with expiring breath,
He prayed for their forgiveness
Who had nailed Him to death.

His love remains unchanged,
His heart is still the same ;
To save all He is willing,
Who call upon His name.
O mould our hearts, dear Saviour,
And make them more like Thine,
Henceforth, let them, we pray Thee,
Be filled with love divine.

J. DORE.

Reviews.

For the Fireside.

Verities in Verses : Combining Mottoes and Motives; Brotherhood, Fellowship, and Acting Together; New Covenant Ordinances and Order. Second Edition, to which are added Jubilee and other Rhymings., Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE mottoes and motives are produced and treated in a very healthful manner, put in such a way that the reader is drawn into the subject, and with such a variety of thought and expression that no sense of weariness is felt. The topics are legion, and the work is the outcome of a mind devoted to the best interests of the reader, and in nearly all cases conducts to conclusions in which we are perfectly agreed. As we look at this accumulation of good printed matter, to be had for eightpence, we ask, *Where is the profit?* and conclude that it must be with the purchaser.

Words of Help and Wisdom Gathered by JESSIE LAWRENCE. Robert Banks & Son, Racquet Court, Fleet Street.

THE compiler's object was to collect and glean from various authors and poets such as would spread the knowledge of Christ among our sailors and fisherman, and has succeeded in collecting a very valuable and beautiful bouquet of flowers from many gardens, so skilfully arranged as to make them acceptable and pleasant to many besides sailors and fishermen.

Half Hours with the Apostolic Fathers : Being a part of the conversation which the Pilgrim had with Prudence, Piety, and Charity, in the Palace Beautiful, concerning the immediate disciples

of the Apostles, with appendices on the Sacraments, Church Government, and Doctrines of the Sub-Apostolic Age. By Rev. H. C. LEONARD, M.A. Elliot Stock.

IN this very valuable book we are introduced into the Palace Beautiful, and in conversation between Christian and the Sisters we have put before us, in condensed form, the leading truths held by men during the first forty years succeeding the deaths of the last of the apostles, including Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, Polycarp of Smyrna, Quadratus of Athens, and Papias of Hierapolis, the author of the "Epistle to Diognetus," the author of "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," Barnabas of Alexandria, and Hermas of Rome. Mr. Leonard has done a work for which all may thank him, and which, we believe, will be read with gratitude by many of our young people who have neither time nor opportunity to go far into the lore of sub-apostolic times. We are thankful for what the fathers say, but on some things find it easier to understand the grandfathers—the apostles themselves.

Holy in Christ : Thoughts on the Calling of God's Children to be Holy as He is Holy. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

How much has been written on this subject, which had better not have been written, and which has sometimes led to confidence and self-sufficiency and pride, which has gone before destruction, and the haughty spirit which has preceded the fall! *True holiness* will bring us near to God, and the nearer, the humbler. We have here thirty-one chapters on

Holiness, founded on thirty-one passages of the Word of God. We can trust ourselves and our readers to Mr. Murray's teaching; he is at once Scriptural and devout in seeking to better the Christian's heart by bringing it into a closer walk with God and in imitation of the spirit of Christ Jesus. The book will be sanctified for good.

Lesson Outlines for the Gospel Year: A Manual of Sunday Teaching. By JOHN FRANCIS CLIFTON. Parts 1, 2, and 3. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

It is impossible to summarise the contents and treasure contained in the parts, but the Sunday School teacher will be well repaid by purchasing them. If there should appear a line now and then of High Church, the teacher will know what to do with it; but for the work generally, we pronounce it good.

The Jew in Relation to the Evangelization of the World. By JOHN WILKINSON. Also by the same author, *The World-wide Distribution of the Word of God.* John F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

In the latter the writer argues for a world-wide free distribution of the Word of God, in preference to the sale of Bibles, and we incline to go with him; but we have been more interested with the first of these works. The statements of the writer are so startling, yet withal so true, as to the slow progress of Christianity in the heathen world, and the immense strides of heathenism, if only in the natural increase of population, that we do not refrain from advising all who are interested in the conversion of the heathen to give both these tractates a careful and a prayerful reading.

Footsteps of Truth: An Independent Christian Journal and Record of Grace and Truth. Edited by C.

RUSSELL HURDITCH. J. F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

WE have in previous lines expressed our approval of this monthly. The writers keep close by the Word, and sustain themselves by constant illustrations from the Scriptures.

Emblems of the Holy Spirit. By F. E. MARSH. Reprinted from *Footsteps of Truth*. Third Edition.

THIS small volume is very precious and timely: precious because it is a thoroughly Biblical and clear setting forth of the character and work of the Holy Spirit; and timely because the spirit of the age is certainly not to ask, What is the mind of the Spirit? We have here seven chapters on the Emblems of the Holy Spirit as given in the Word of God:—Oil, The Seal, Water, Dew, Wind, The Earnest, The Dove. The writer, has, we believe, inquired and been led by the Spirit, and the work will, on perusal, give considerable comfort to the children of God.

Similes of the Christian Life. By the same Author, and uniform in binding and size with the "Emblems of the Holy Spirit."

THE Christian life is before us under the metaphor of a Son, A Saint, a Pilgrim, a Witness, a Servant, a Soldier, a Wrestler, a Workman, a Vessel. These two Bible books will be of good service to our Sabbath School teachers and village preachers, as well as for private reading and meditation. If you wish to make a present to a young Christian, here are the books that will suit you.

A Cluster of Canaan's Grapes: Being several Experimental Truths received through private communion with God by His Spirit, grounded on Scripture and presented to open view for public edification. By the Right Hon. Sir ROBERT TICHEBOURN, Lord Mayor of London 1657. J. F. Shaw & Co.

THE truth of God is the same in every age. New truths may please some, but we abide by the old truths. We have them here. It is a little gem, sparkling with gospel beauty.

The Christian World Pulpit for February has a sermon by Dr. Clifford on the "Sacraments," and a very worthy discourse by Dr. Phillips Brook on the "Eternal Spirit." Also a thoroughly good sermon by the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchin, D.D., on the "Talkative Woman of Samaria."

The Ragged School Union Magazine appears before us in a new form. The outside is pictorial, and it is called the "Record of the Ragged School and Mission Union." We wish the objects of the Union, also of the Ragged Church and Chapel Union, every blessing of success.

The Pulpit Treasury (Nisbit & Co., Berners Street), an American production, contains some of the sermons of the best American preachers, and a large amount of very profitable reading.

The Prophecies of Jeremiah and Ezekiel, arranged in chronological order, and on the transfer to the Christian Church of the New Covenant and on Ezekiel's Temple Vision, will bear a thoughtful reading. Morgan & Scott.

Religious Tract Society.—*The Friendly Greetings* publishes a very informing and instructing pictorial almanack. *The Leisure Hour*

presents its readers with a study to the English shires—"Gloucester: its History," written by Canon Creighton and illustrated by Edward Whymper. *The Sunday at Home* has a good article by the Rev. John Monro Gibson, D.D., on "The Impossibility of pleasing God without Faith."

We have also received *Evangelical Christendom* (always welcome); *The British Flag*: The Army Scripture Readers, Society are limited in their work for want of funds; *Light and Truth and Life and Light* we receive with gladness, and wish them God-speed; the *Quarterly* of the Trinitarian Bible Society: the Society has our prayers; *The Warning Voice*; *The Silver Morn* is to us the best of prophetic magazines.

Our own Papers and Magazines are to hand, full of the Downgrade controversy. We sorrow that a need has given rise to this; of course, we throw in our sympathy with those (mistaken in some things and courses of action or not) who contend for the old lines—the old truths. We have from our first been heartily devoted to this side of the question.

The Earthen Vessel January and February numbers are to hand. It is a well conducted magazine. In some things we differ, but the numbers contain much that will prove good food for the experienced Christian.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

WHEN Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood, in the shape of denying his handwriting, he said, "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

WHEN we are ready to resign all hope of the amelioration of our race how consolatory is the thought of that "residue of the Spirit," that almighty power in reserve, as the expression implies, whose energies may yet be put forth for quieting the most rebellious, and for invigorating the most feeble! We bless God for inspired truth; we bless God for holy feeling; we bless Him no less for the promise of that Comforter who is to convince the world of sin, and who is to dwell a sacred guest with the Church for ever.—
DR. ANGLUS.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. G. WILSON, of High Wycombe, has accepted the pastorate of Commercial Road Chapel, Oxford.

Rev. W. Ruthven, late of Reading, has accepted the pastorate at the Tabernacle, Willingham.

Rev. W. J. Styles, after a pastorate of nine years, intends vacating the pulpit of Keppel Street Chapel, Russell Square, at the end of March.

Rev. E. E. Coleman, late of Broughton, Manchester, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Chelsea Street, New Basford, Nottingham.

Rev. James Fenwick, a student at Broughton Grove College, Manchester, has accepted an invitation to enter upon the pastorate of Millgate Chapel, Rochdale.

Rev. J. G. Williams, Hebron, Dowlais, has accepted the pastorate of the Welsh Church, at Rhondda, Hopkinstown.

Rev. Silvanus P. Edwards, of Talywern, has accepted the pastorate at Pwllheli.

Rev. J. Fenwick, of Manchester College, has accepted the pastorate of Ebenezer Chapel, Millgate, Rochdale.

Rev. W. C. Sage, of Rawdon College, has accepted the pastorate at Clitheroe.

Rev. W. Pratt, B.A., Oxon, of West Haddon, has accepted the pastorate of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool.

Rev. Jas. Davis, formerly of Banbury, has entered upon his pastoral duties at Priory Road Church, Dover.

Rev. J. H. Robinson, for three years pastor at Henley-in-Arden, has accepted the pastorate at Long Crendon, Bucks.

Rev. S. Pearce Carey has accepted

the pastorate of Yorkshire Street Church, Burnley.

Rev. Daniel Hopkins, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate of the Tabernacle, Pontardulais.

BRADFORD.—D. S. Williams has resigned the pastorate of Bethel Chapel, Infirmary Street.

CARDIFF.—Rev. T. Phillips has resigned the pastorate of the Riverside Church.

MEOPHAM.—Rev. A. B. Hall, late of Chatteris, has attempted a hearty and unanimous invitation to the pastorate.

TONBRIDGE.—Rev. Robert Thomson has intimated to the church that his ministry will cease at the end of March.

BRADFORD: GIRLINGTON. — The Rev. Rowland Evans, of Crouch Hill, London, has accepted an invitation to become the pastor.

PRESENTATIONS.

TRINITY CHAPEL, JOHN STREET, EDGWARE ROAD.—On Tuesday, January 17th, a large and important meeting was held in connection with the retirement of the Rev. J. O. Fellowes from the pastorate of this church, after two and twenty years' happy and successful labours. Upwards of 300 friends gathered to tea, including a number of ministerial brethren. A public meeting was afterwards held in the chapel, at which about 500 persons were present. Joseph Peters, Esq. (who also presided at Mr. Fellowes's first anniversary), occupied the chair, and was surrounded on the platform by the following gentlemen:—Revs. J. S. Bruce, R. P. Cook, J. E. Cracknell, F.R.G.S., H. R. Davis, W. M. Jones, D.D., G. Ridgway, and J. C. Thomson. After singing, the Rev. F. B.

Monti read Psalm xx., and the Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentord, a former pastor of the church, offered prayer. At this stage of the meeting a very interesting letter was read from the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, regretting his inability to be present and take part in this farewell, by conducting a service in the afternoon.—A very sympathetic address was delivered by the chairman, who expressed his thankfulness to God for the way in which Mr. Fellowes for so long a period in that chapel had preached the truth as it is in Jesus.—Speeches were also delivered by the Revs. W. Stott, G. D. Macgregor, and G. D. Hooper.—In the absence of John Cunliffe, Esq., through indisposition, Mr. Exton, senior deacon, presented the retiring pastor with a cheque for over £100.—The Rev. J. O. Fellowes suitably responded.—The Rev. W. J. Mills, who knew both the outgoing and incoming pastor, spoke with much spiritual power.—A vote of thanks to the chairman was moved by the new pastor (Rev. H. Trotman), which being seconded, carried, and responded to, the hymn, commencing with "Blest be the tie that binds," was sung, and the Rev. O. Fellowes pronounced the Benediction.

LONDON: KENSINGTON.—On Jan. 26th, the annual tea took place at Hornton Street Chapel, a large number being present. In the evening a well-attended public meeting was held, General Sir R. Phayre, K.C.B., in the chair. Addresses were delivered by Revs. J. Douglas, W. Durban, F. H. White, G. D. Hooper, W. H. Page, and J. B. Warren. Mr. John Tester, in the name of the members of the congregation, presented the pastor (Rev. W. Frith) with a gold watch and chain in recognition of his services. The recipient having expressed his gratitude for the same, a very enjoyable meeting was brought to a close. Mr. Frith has nearly completed three years of ministry in this place of worship, at the commencement of which the church was

re-formed. The membership is now about 250, between forty and fifty having joined during the past year.

Rev. Wm. March, on severing his connection with Wellington Road Church, Todmorden, has been presented with a gold watch bearing a suitable inscription.

Rev. J. E. Barton, who is leaving Ebenezer Church, Burnley, for Gloucester, because of health considerations, was presented with an illuminated address and a gold-faced clock set in oak as tokens of the love and esteem of the church. Mrs. Barton received at the same time a handsome tea service.

Rev. G. H. Carr, of Bow, E., on returning home from his wedding tour, was presented by the congregation with silver tea-spoons, table-spoons, and dish-covers, and by the mothers' meeting with a coal vase.

Mr. R. T. Peck, on resigning the presidency of the Bible-class, which has been undertaken by the new pastor at Lowestoft, Rev. J. M. Hamilton, has been presented with a Teacher's Bible and Josephus's works, and appointed vice-president of the class.

Mr. John Hartley, who has been superintendent of the Sunday-school at Barrowford, near Burnley, for over twenty-five years, has been presented with a purse containing £15, and an illuminated address.

Mr. W. West, organist of the chapel at West Haddon, has been presented with a purse of money, contributed by the choir and a few members of the congregation, in recognition of his services.

Rev. J. Tyrrell has received, as a New Year's present, £9 10s. from the congregation at Great Addington, and £6 from that at Woodford, Northamptonshire.

Mr. Bowyer, organist of the church at Bearfield, Bradford-on-Avon, has been presented with an easy chair, for long and valued services.

Rev. W. A. Wicks, pastor of Carey Chapel, Moulton, was presented at the annual meeting with £22 as the

New Year's gift of the congregations at Moulton and Pitsford. There has been an increase of members, and the church commences the year free of debt.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, on leaving Melbourne Hall, Leicester, was presented with addresses and testimonials from various branches of his work, especially an armchair for his vestry from the Sunday schools, a framed address and purse from the young women, and a purse containing 100 guineas from members of the church and congregation.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. D. DAVIES (Dyfri Myrddin), late of Cwmburla, Swansea, has been recognised as pastor of the Welsh Church, Llandaff Road, Swansea. Mr. Alfred Thomas, M.P., who presided, expressed his pleasure at seeing so many Nonconformist ministers present, affording proof that the narrow-mindedness which had for years characterised some of their sects had vanished, he hoped for ever.

Rev. F. E. Robinson, of Bristol College, has been ordained to the pastorate of Zion Chapel, Bolton. Rev. R. Lewis delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. C. Williams addressed the Church. Rev. G. Williams, G. H. Heynes, J. R. Wolstenholme, and W. Travis were among the speakers. A letter was read from Rev. Dr. Culross regretting his inability to be present.

Rev. E. J. Page, of Regent's Park College, has been recognised as pastor at Bideford, in succession to Rev. W. Gillard. The sermon was preached by Rev. S. Vincent, and the charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Evan Edwards. Rev. J. Murphy, on behalf of the Devon Association, and Rev. H. J. Haslam, on behalf of the Nonconformist ministers of the town, gave a welcome to Mr. Page.

Rev. Walter H. Purchase has been recognised as pastor of Regent Street Church, Smethwick, Birmingham. Mr. W. F. Vernon presided. The

Revs. H. Wilkins, D. A. Brown, and T. T. Sherlock delivered addresses.

The recognition service of Rev. Wm. Smith (late of Arthur Street) as pastor of Henrietta Street Chapel, London, was held on January 30th. There was a tea meeting at 6 o'clock, Mr. George Williams occupied the chair at the public meeting at 7.30. Addresses were given by Rev. W. J. Taylor (late pastor), and Rev. C. B. Sawday. Rev. W. J. Styles delivered the charge to the church, and Rev. P. E. Shephard delivered the charge to the pastor.

A meeting was held on Monday, February 6th, at John Street, Edgware Road, to recognise Rev. Herbert Trotman, the newly-appointed pastor of Trinity Chapel. Previous to the meeting a tea was given in the school-room, which was prettily decorated with flowers and ferns. About 180 sat down.—Mr. J. E. Tresidder took the chair at the public meeting.—The Chairman said he was very glad to be present that night. He had known Mr. Herbert Trotman as a student and as a pastor. He was pleased to be able to congratulate the church on getting a new minister so soon after the old one, who was leaving. Rev. J. O. Fellowes was the old saint, whilst Rev. Herbert Trotman was the youthful warrior. He could say that in Mr. Herbert Trotman they would have a man who would preach, with no uncertain sound, of God's grace and Christ's salvation—who would preach one Christ, and who would work for the Master.—Mr. Exton said he and a fellow deacon went to Blisworth to spy out the land. They did not hear Mr. Trotman, but they saw and heard that the people loved their minister. Mr. Spurgeon recommended Mr. Trotman to Mr. Fellowes, and he was there that night as the result. They believed that God had sent him to them.—Mr. Smith said it was a recognition—God the Father had recognised their Pastor. He was recognised by God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. God had called

him to the ministry, and they believed he was a faithful servant of their God and Father. They had recognised him as such, and had taken him by the right hand and welcomed him. Mr. Smith concluded by telling how he and his fellow deacon fared at Blisworth, and testified to the good-fellowship existing between Mr. Trotman and his former congregation.—Mr. Westley (of Blisworth) said he was pleased to be present, and he hoped they would help their new pastor. Mrs. Trotman was a model minister's wife, and the ladies of Blisworth were sorry to lose her.—Mr. Campion, another deacon from Blisworth, said he could support his friend's good recommendations of Mr. and Mrs. Trotman. He was sure they would find them faithful and true. They were sorry Mr. Trotman had left Blisworth, but believed that a larger sphere was opened up to him, and that he would be a successful minister of the Gospel.—Mr. Trotman, who was heartily received, said he was glad to see so many friends around him, and expressed gratitude to the chairman, and also to the ladies who had so nicely decorated the schoolroom and provided the tea. He had come to London not because he disliked Blisworth, but because for one thing he thought a pastorate of five years in a village like Blisworth was long enough in the interests of the church itself. Besides, in country villages there was not the scope there was in London. He liked Trinity for several reasons; the fact that they had kept their late pastor for nearly twenty-four years spoke volumes in their favour. He saw that the chapel was not full, but there was a teeming population around. He would claim no eloquence, and would use no questionable devices, but with all the zeal and love he possessed, and with all the illustration and reasoning he could employ, he would declare "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them." Upon

that he would depend, right certain that whatever other result there might be, the Master would say, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things." Rev. G. D. Macgregor, Rev. D. Llewellyn, Rev. T. A. Perry, Rev. J. C. Foster, Rev. W. Mills, and Rev. F. B. Monti also spoke.

MIDDLETON, near Manchester.—The recognition service of the Rev. H. Watts was held on Saturday, the 11th Feb., in Providence Independent Schoolroom. Over 200 sat down to tea. At the subsequent meeting, which was largely attended, the chair was occupied by Mr. James P. Catanach, an early minister of the church. Prayer was offered by the Rev. W. H. Smith, of Michinhampton. Commendatory letters were read from the Revs. E. Parker, of Brighton Grove College, Manchester, and Josh Yearsley, and John Miley of Middleton. A brief history of the church was given by the secretary, followed by a speech from the Rev. H. Watts. Addresses were then delivered by the Revs. Joseph Turner, of Moss-side, Manchester; W. F. Edgerton, Oldham; W. Hughes Glodwick; W. H. Fothergill and T. H. Penrith, of Middleton. Mr. W. H. Butterworth gave the new pastor a hearty welcome on behalf of the Middleton Band of Hope Union.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PARK STREET BAPTIST CHAPEL, LUTON.—Some six weeks since a new method of heating the chapel by hot water apparatus was introduced at a cost of £80. Four members of the congregation contributed £5 each, and another £3. A meeting was held, promoted chiefly by the ladies of the congregation, resulting in the raising a little more than the whole sum required. The church has been receiving special blessing; fifty persons have been received into church membership this new year.

BAPTISMS.

Abergavenny, Mon.—The Priory, Five, Jan. 26, by H. D. Brown.
Abersychan.—Jan. 22, One, by J. Cole.
Battle, Sussex.—Jan. 22, Four, by J. Howes.
Beckington, Somerset.—Jan. 18, Six, by W. Price.
Birmingham.—Jan. 29, Constitution-hill, Two, by J. Burton; Feb. 2, Graham-street, Eight, by W. Hackney; Feb. 2, Longmore-street, Two, by A. T. Greening.
Chesham, Bury.—Jan. 1, one, by J. Harper.
Dowlais, Beulah.—Jan. 8, Five, by J. Williams.
Dunfermline.—Jan. 11, Three, by J. T. Hagen.
Exeter.—Jan. 18, South-street, Six, by E. C. Pike, B.A.
Farnworth, Bolton.—Jan. 29, Three, by G. H. Heynes.
Hephzibah, Neyland.—Jan. 1, Two, by J. Johns.
Huddersfield.—Feb. 5, Eleven, by J. Longson.
Hornchurch, Essex.—Feb. 1, Nine, by A. Curtis.
Llantarnam, Two Locks.—Jan. 22, Four, by E. R. Evans.
London District: Lee.—Jan. 29, Three; Feb. 5, Four, by J. W. Davies.
New Cross-road.—Jan. 29, Five, by J. S. Anderson.
Teddington, Middlesex.—Jan. 29, Five, by D. Bryant.
Westminster, Romney street.—Jan. 22, Three, by G. Davies.
Whitechapel: Little Alie-street.—Jan. 29, Two, by R. E. Sears.
Llathddw, Radnor.—Aug. 7, 1887, One, by D. Davies.

Lumb-in-Rosse ndale.—Jan. 29, Four, by D. Muxworthy.
Lurgan.—Jan. 31, One, by F. J. Ryan.
Maesyrhelem, Radnor.—Sept. 18, 1887, Two; Oct. 16, 1887, One; Feb. 5, 1888, Seven, by D. Davies.
Newbridge-on-Wye.—Jan. 18, Twenty-two, by J. Nicholas.
Newport, Mon.—Jan. 29, Albert Hall Church, Three, by G. Harris.
Okehampton.—Jan. 22, Two, by J. Whiting.
Oldham, Pitt-street.—Feb. 5, Five, by W. Hughes.
Pound Alloes, Radnor.—June 19, 1887, One; Oct. 9, 1887, Two; Jan. 29, 1888, Two; by D. Davies.
Radcliffe, Lancashire.—Jan. 1, Seven, by G. M. Harvey.
Radstock.—Jan. 25, Six, by W. H. Buller.
Rochdale, Milnrow-road.—Jan. 29, Two, by D. O. Davies.
South Bank.—Jan. 28, Two, by T. R. Lewis.
Southwell, Notts.—Jan. 29, Four, by J. H. Plumbbridge.
St. Heliers, Jersey.—Jan. 29, Eight, by C. A. Fellowes.
Stansbatch, Herefordshire.—Jan. 29, One, by S. Watkin.
Stanningley.—Feb. 5, Three, by J. A. Yeadon.
Stradbroke, Suffolk.—Jan. 29, Three, by G. Cobb.
Tottlebank, Ulverston.—One, by J. L. Wilson.
Towcester.—Feb. 5, at North End, Two, by A. Pickles.
Upper Tooting.—Jan. 12, Two, by D. Llewellyn.
Wolsingham, co. Durham.—Jan. 29, One, by R. Scott.

"COMPLETING THE QUOTATION."

A FEW years since the priest of Frederickstown, having raised sufficient funds to erect a new Church in place of an old wooden chapel that had been long the resort of the faithful, set a corps of masons at work on the edifice. As an appropriate inscription to be placed over the main entrance, and to be there engraved in stone, he selected from the Gospel of St. Matthew xxi. 13, these words: "My house shall be called the house of prayer." That the words might be copied literally, he left his Bible with the master mason, and having pointed out the words distinctly, thought no more of the subject till the day of consecration, when he was horrified, as were all his brethren, by reading in deep letters over the door, "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." As it was impossible to remove the inscription, the surplus letters were filled up with putty, as may be seen by the traveller to this day.

DAVID'S DYING PRAYER.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen."—
Psalm lxxii. 19.

THERE was a time when this prayer would have been unnecessary ; a period, in fact when it could not have been offered, seeing the thing to be asked for was already in being. A time there was when the word rebellion had not been uttered against the great magistracy of heaven ; a day there was, when the slime of sin had never been left by the trail of the serpent, for no serpent then existed, and no evil spirit. There was an hour, never to be forgotten, when the seraph might have flapped his wing for aye, and never have found aught of discord, or aught of rebellion or of anarchy throughout God's universe ; when the mighty angels assembled in the halls of the Most High, and without exception did reverence to their liege Lord, and paid Him homage due ; when the vast creation revolved around its centre, the great metropolis, the throne of God, and paid its daily and hourly homage unto Him ; when the harmonies of creation always came to one spot, and found their focus near the throne of God. There was a time when every star was bright ; when all space was filled with loveliness ; when holiness, purity, and happiness were like a robe which mantled the entire creation. This world itself was once fair and lovely—so fair and lovely that we who live in these erring times can scarcely guess its beauty. It was the house of song, and the dwelling-place of praise. If it had no pre-eminence among its sister spheres, certainly it was inferior to none of them, surrounded with beauty, girt with gladness, and having in it holy and heavenly inhabitants. It was a house to which the angels themselves loved to resort, where the holy spirits, the morning stars, delighted to sing together over this beautiful and fair earth of ours. But now how changed ! how different ! Now it is our duty devoutly to bend our knees and pray that the whole earth may yet be filled with His glory.

In one sense this prayer is still unnecessary, for in a certain sense the whole earth is filled with God's glory. "All Thy works praise Thee, O God," is as true now as it was in paradise. The stars still sing their Maker's praise ; no sin hath stopped their voice, no discord hath made a jarring note among the harmonies of the spheres. The earth itself still praiseth its Maker ; the exhalations, as they arise with morn, are still a pure offering, acceptable to its maker. The lowing of the cattle, the singing of the birds, the leaping of the fishes and the delights of animal creation, are still acceptable as votive offerings to the Most High. The mountains still bring righteousness ; on their hoary summits God's holy feet

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might tread, for they are yet pure and spotless. Still do the green valleys, laughing with their verdure, send up their shouts to the Most High. The praise of God is sung by every wind ; it is howled forth in dread majesty by the voice of the tempest ; the winds resound it, and the waves, with their thousand hands, clap, keeping chorus in the great march of God. The whole earth is still a great orchestra for God's praise, and His creatures still take up various parts in the eternal song, which, ever swelling and ever increasing, shall by-and-by mount to its climax in the consummation of all things. In that sense, therefore, the prayer is still inappropriate. God, who filleth all in all, and filleth earth and heaven, needeth not to have more glory, as to the essence of His glory ; for still He is glorified in the whole earth.

But David intended this prayer in another sense. "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen ;" not as Creator, but as a moral Governor, and a Ruler. It is as Governor that we have revolted from God and done dishonour to Him ; it is as our Master, our Ruler, our Judge, that we have done despite to His glory, and have trampled on His crown. It is, therefore, in this respect that David wished that the whole earth might be filled with God's glory. He desired that every idol temple might be cast down—that the name of Jehovah might be sung by every lip, that He in His person might be loved by every heart, and be for ever adored as "God over all blessed for ever." A foolish wish, say you, for it never can be accomplished. Surely the day will never come when hoary systems of superstition shall die. What ! shall colossal systems of infidelity and of idolatry totter to their fall ? They have resisted the battering-ram for many a year ; and yet shall they pass away, and shall God's kingdom come, and His will be done on earth, even as it is in heaven ? Nay, it is no day-dream of a boy ; it is no wish of the enthusiast. Mark who uttered that prayer, and where he was when he uttered it. It was the prayer of a dying king ; it was the prayer of a holy man of God, whose eyes were just then lighted up with brightness in view of the celestial city, as he stood on the mighty Pisgah, "and viewed the landscape o'er"—the prayer of the dying psalmist, when on the margin of his life he surveyed the ocean—the prayer of a mighty king, when he saw the scroll of prophecy unfolded before him for the last time and was about to be ushered into the presence of his Maker. He uttered this as his last best wish and desire ; and when he had uttered it he sank back in his bed, and said, "The prayers of David the son of Jesse are ended." It was his last prayer : "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen."

First, this morning, I shall try to *explain the prayer* ; then I shall labour, as God shall enable me, to *inflame the hearts of all Christian men to desire the object of this prayer* ; then offer a *word or two of counsel as to the pursuit of the object here spoken of* ; and conclude by noticing the promise to buoy our hopes up. By-and-by "the earth shall be filled with His glory."

I. First, then, let me EXPLAIN THE PRAYER. It is a large prayer—a massive one. A prayer for a city needs a stretch of faith ; ay, there are times when a prayer for one man is enough to stagger our belief ; for we can scarcely think that God will hear us for even that one. But how great this prayer is ! how comprehensive ! "Let the whole earth be

filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen." It doth not exempt one single country, however trodden under the foot of superstition ; it doth not leave out one single nation, however abandoned. For the cannibal as well as for the civilised, for the man that grasps the tomahawk as well as for the man who bends his knee in supplication, this prayer is uttered, "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen."

Let me just very briefly note what I believe the psalmist meant. *He desired that the true religion of God might be sent into every Country.* Looking from that point of view, as we utter this prayer, what a multitude of thoughts rush into our minds ! Lo, yonder we see the hoary systems of ancient superstition ; we behold multitudes bowing down before Buddha and Brahma, and paying their adorations to idols that are no gods : we pray for them that they may cease to be idolaters, and that God's name may be known amongst them. Yonder we see the crescent, gleaming with a pale and sickly light, and we pray that the followers of Mahomed may bow themselves before the cross, renounce the scimitar, and return to Him that loved them, casting away all the uncleanness and filthiness of their former religion. We see yonder the scarlet woman on the seven hills, and we include her in our prayer ; we pray that God may cast down Rome ; that He may overturn her deep, hell-rooted foundations, and may cause her tyranny over the nations to cease, that she may no more be drunk with the blood of the slain, and no more with her idolatries and witchcrafts lead the nations astray. We include her in our supplications. We look on nations that are almost too debased to be included in the roll of mankind ; we see the Hottentot in his kraal, the Bushman and the Bechuana, and we put up our prayer for these : "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen." Let Africa's centre, once thought to be barren but now discovered to be glorious in fertility, become fertile also in works of grace ; let the regions whence our black brethren have been driven to slavery become the homes of blessedness, and the regions of God's praise. We cast our eye to other regions, where the scalp is still at the Indian's girdle, where still they wash their hands in blood and delight themselves in murder ; or we look to that huge empire of China, and we see the myriads still lost in infidelity, and a partial idolatry, which is consuming them and destroying them, and we pray, "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen." Yes, it is a great prayer, but we mean it. We are praying against Juggernaut, and against Buddha, and against every form and fashion of false religion ; we are crying against anti-Christ, and we are praying that the day may come when every temple shall be dismantled, when every shrine shall be left poor as poverty, and when there shall be no temple but the temple of the Lord God of Hosts, and when no song shall be sung but the song of "Hallelujah ; unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

But we mean more than this. We ask not merely the nominal Christianity of any country, but *the conversion of every family in every country.* "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen." Is that wish too great, too high ? Are we too sanguine in our expectations ? No ; "The knowledge of the Lord" is to "cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea," and that is entirely. We do not

wish to see dry places here and there ; but as the deep foundations of the depths are covered with the sea, so we wish that every nation may be covered with God's truth. And so we pray that every family may receive it ; yes, we pray that every household may have its morning and its evening prayer ; we pray that every family may be brought up in the fear of the Lord, that every child may, on its mother's knee, say, "Our Father," and that the answer may come to the infant's prayer, "Thy kingdom come." Yes, we ask of God that every house may be like the tents of Judah, consecrated to God ; we ask that even the kraal of the Hottentot may become a synagogue for God's praise. Our desire is, that man may become so holy, that every meal may become a eucharist, and every cup a chalice, and every garment a priestly vestment, and that all their labours may be consecrated to the Lord. We are bound to expect it, for it is said, "Even the bells upon the horses shall be holiness to the Lord, and even the pots in the Lord's house shall be like the bowls before the altar."

But, we go further than that. We do not ask merely for household conversion, but for *the individual salvation of every being existing*. "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen and Amen." Should there be one heart that doth not beat in God's praise, or one lip that is dumb in the melody of thanksgiving, then there would be yet a spot left which would not be filled with God's praise, and that one left unconverted would blot and blur the whole great work of filling the earth with God's glory. A missionary once said, and said truly, that if all the people in the world were converted, except one man in Siberia, it would be worth while for all the Christians in England to make a pilgrimage to Siberia if that man's salvation could not be accomplished in any other way. And so it would. The salvation of one soul is unutterably precious, and when we offer this prayer we exclude none. We pray that the atheist, the blasphemer, the hardened rebel, the profligate, may each be filled with God's glory ; and then we ask for mercy for the whole earth ; we leave not out so much as one, but so hope and expect the day when all mankind shall bow at the Saviour's feet, when every hand shall bring tribute, every lip a song, and every eye shall speak its gladness and its praise. This I believe to be the psalmist's prayer—that every man might be converted, and that in fact everywhere, in every heart and conscience, God might reign without a rival, Lord paramount over the great wide world.

II. Well, now, I am going, in the second place, to try to STIR YOU UP, my brethren, to desire this great, this wonderful thing for which David prayed. Oh ! for the rough and burning eloquence of the hermit of old, who stirred the nations of Europe to battle for the cross ! I would to God this morning I could speak as he did, when the multitude were gathered together, or like that bishop of the church who followed him, who addressed the mighty multitude with such burning words of fiery eloquence that at last they heaved to and fro with waves of excitement, and every man, starting to his feet and grasping his sword, cried, "*Deus vult*," "The Lord wills it," and rushed forward to battle and to victory. In a higher and holier sense I preach the crusade to-day, not as a hermit, but as God's preacher, I come forth to stir you up, men and brethren, to desire and seek after this great and highest wish of the faithful, that the whole

earth might be filled with His glory. And how shall I stir you up except by leading you to one or two contemplations?

First, I beseech you, *contemplate the majesty of God*; or rather, since I am unable to help you to do that just now, let me remind you of seasons when you have in some measure grasped the thought of His divinity. Have you never at night gazed upon the starry orbs, with the thought that God was the Maker of them all, until your soul was steeped in reverent adoration, and you bowed your head with wonder and with praise and said, "Great God! how infinite art Thou"? Have you never, in looking upon God's pure earth, when you have seen the mountains, and the clouds, and the rivers, and the floods, said—

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then"?

Oh! methinks you must have had some glowing bursts of devotion, somewhat like that burst of Coleridge, in his hymn from the valley of Chamounix, or like that of Thompson, when he leads the Seasons out to sing God's praise; or like that matchless burst of Milton, when he extolled God, making Adam in the garden praise his Maker. Yes, there have been moments when we could bow before God, when we felt our own nothingness, and knew that He was all-in-all. Ah! if you can get such thoughts as these, my friends, this morning, I know that the next thought akin to this will be—"Let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen." You cannot bow before God yourself and adore Him, without wishing that all the rest of mankind should do the same. Ah! and the thought has gone further; ye have wished that even inanimate objects might praise Him. Oh! ye mountains, let the shaggy woods upon your crowns wave in adoration; ye that with bald heads lift up yourselves loftier than those minor hills, let the clouds that gird you serve like wings of cherubim to veil your faces. But oh! adore Him, adore Him, for He is worthy of all adoration; let Him ever be extolled. You cannot, I repeat, have great thoughts of God yourselves, without spontaneously rising up and saying, "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen."

But, my brethren, turn your eyes yonder. What see you there? You see the Son of God stepping from the place of His glory, casting aside the garments of His Majesty and robing Himself in garments of clay. Do you see Him yonder? He is nailed to a cross. Oh! can ye behold Him, as His head hangs meekly on His breast? Can ye catch the accents of His lips when He says, "Father, forgive them"? Do you see Him with the thorn-crown still about His brow, with bleeding head, and hands, and feet? and doth not your soul burst with adoration, when you see Him giving Himself for your sins? What! can ye look upon this miracle of miracles, the death of the Son of God, without feeling reverence stirred within your bosom—a marvellous adoration that language never can express? No; I am sure you cannot. You bow yourself before that cross; you close your eyes, that are already filled with tears, and as you bend your head upon the Mount of Calvary I hear you say, "Jesus have mercy upon me." And when you feel the blood applied to your conscience and know that He has blotted out your sins, *you are not a man* unless you start from your knees and cry, "Let the whole earth be filled with His

glory ; Amen, and Amen." What ! did He bend His awful head down to the shades of death ? What ! did He hang upon a cross and bleed, and shall not earth praise Him ? O ye dumb, sure this might loose your tongues. O ye silent ones, ye might begin to speak ; and if ye do not, sure the very stones will speak, and the rocks that rent once at His death will rend again, and open a wide mouth to let their hallelujahs ascend to heaven. Ah ! the cross makes us praise Him. Lovers of Jesus, can you love Him without desiring that His kingdom may come ? What ! can ye bow before Him, and yet not wish to see your Monarch Master of the world ? Out-on ye, men, if ye can pretend to love your Master, and yet not desire to see Him the conqueror. I give you not a doit for your piety, unless it leads you to wish that the same mercy which has been extended to you might reach to others, and unless it prompts you to pray this prayer, "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen."

But gaze a moment longer. The man that died for sinners sleeps within a grave ; a little while He sleeps, until the angel rolls away the stone and gives Him liberty. Do you behold Him as He wakes up from His slumber, and radiant with majesty, and glorious with light, affrights His guard, and stands a risen man ? Do you see Him, as He climbs to heaven, as He ascends to the paradise of God, sitting at the right hand of his Father till His enemies are made His footstool ? Do you see Him as principalities and powers bow before Him, as cherubim and seraphim cast their crowns at His feet ? Do you hear Him ? Do you hear Him intercede, and do you hear also the music of the glorified spirits, ever chanting perpetual lays before His throne ? And do you not wish that we might

" Prepare new honours for His name,
And songs before unknown ? "

Oh ! it is impossible to see the glorified Christ with the eye of faith without exclaiming afterwards, "Let the whole earth be filled with his glory Amen, and Amen."

But now one other thought. *Common humanity urges us to pray this prayer.* Did you never walk through a village full of drunkenness and profanity ? Did you never see at every alehouse poor wretched bloated carcasses that once were men, standing or rather leaning against the posts, staggering with drunkenness ? Have you never looked into the houses of the people, and beheld them as dens of iniquity, at which your soul did turn aghast ? Have you never walked through that village and seen the poverty, and degradation, and misery of the inhabitants, and sighed over it ? Yes, you have. But was it ever your privilege to walk through that village in after years, when the gospel had been preached there ? It has been mine. Once it was my delight to labour in a village where sin and iniquity had once been rampant, and I can say with joy and happiness, that almost from one end of the village to the other, at the hour of eventide, you would have heard the voice of song coming from every roof-tree, echoing from every heart. Oh ! what a pleasant thing to walk through the village, when drunkenness hath almost ceased, when debauchery is dead, and when men and women go forth to labour with joyful hearts, singing as they go the praises of the ever-living God ;

and when at sunset the humble cottager calls his children together, and reads them some portion from the book of truth, and then together they bend their knees—oh! happy, happy households! Yes, we have seen some such places; and when our hearts have been gladdened by the sight we have said, "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen." It has been our delight sometimes to tabernacle amongst the lowly for a little season. We have had our seat given us in the chimney corner for a while, and by-and-by as the time to retire drew nigh, the good man of the house has said to the prophet's servant, "Now, sir, will you read for us to-night, as you are here?" And we have noticed the faces of the little group around us, as we have read some portion like this—"Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart." And then we have said, "No, we will not pray to-night; you must be priest in your own house, and pray yourself." And then the good man has prayed for his children, and when we have seen them rise up and kiss their parent for the night we have thought, "Well, if this is the kind of family that religion makes, let the whole earth be filled with His glory. For the blessedness and for the happiness of man, let God's kingdom come, and let His will be done." Contrast that, my brethren, with the murderous rites of the Hindoo; contrast it with the savagery and barbarism of heathen lands. If I could bring some barbarian to stand before you this morning, he might himself be a better preacher than I can be, as with his almost unintelligible utterances and clicks he would begin to tell you the few ideas he had, which ideas began and ended with himself, and with the miserable prey on which he lived. You would say, "What! is there such a miserable race as this? Let us at once kneel down and utter this prayer, and then rise up and labour to fulfil it—"Let the whole earth be filled with His glory." I feel that I cannot stir you this morning as I wished. (If I were a Welshman I think I could move your hearts; they have such a knack of waking persons up by what they say.) Oh! my soul longs for that day; it sigheth for that blessed period. Would God that all sighed and longed for it too, and were prepared to work and labour, watch and pray, until we should indeed sing with truth,

"Hallelujah! Christ the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ is all-in-all."

May such a day come, as it certainly will!

III. And now I am to give you A FEW COUNSELS IN THE PURSUIT OF THIS OBJECT.

First, *you cannot pray this prayer unless you seek in your own life to remove every impediment to the spread of Christ's kingdom.* You cannot pray it sir; you cannot say, "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory Amen, and Amen,"—you who cursed God yesterday. How can the same lip that cursed God say, "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen, and Amen"? You cannot say it, sir,—you who break His commandments, and violate His laws, and run riot against His government. If you said it you would be a vile hypocrite. Is there anything in our character and conduct which has a tendency to prevent the spread of the gospel? Oh! we say it with pain, there are many members of the churches everywhere whose characters are such that if they remain what

they are, Christ's gospel never can fill the whole earth, for it cannot fill their hearts. You know the men. They call themselves God's dear people, and they would be dear if they were given away ; certainly nobody would buy them at the lowest price in the world. They say that they are His precious ones, and they must be very precious, or else He never would have any thoughts of mercy towards such a set as they are. And they will sometimes say, " Ah ! we are the Lord's elect," and they live in sin. They say there are very few of their sort, and we reply, " What a mercy ! " If there were we should need many of our public buildings to be turned at once into gaols, to lock up such people. No, we do not believe in the characters of men who make a profession of religion, and yet do not live up to it. Do not tell us about such profession ; just be quiet altogether. Do not call yourselves religious, and yet act as others do. I do prefer a man that is a right down blustering sinner when he is at it. Do not let him go into sin, and then mask and cover it all up. There is no use in it. The man is not honest. I do think there is some hope of a man who is a down-right, thoroughbred sinner, that goes at it and is not ashamed of it ; but a rascally, canting hypocrite, that comes crawling into our church, and yet lives in sin all the while—such a man—God Almighty may save him, but it is very seldom that He does save such people. He lets them go on, and reap the fruit of their own ways ; He lets them find out, after all, that hypocrisy is a sure road to hell, and never can lead to heaven. We must look well to ourselves, by God's Spirit, or else we must not pray this prayer : " Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen."

And there is my friend Mr. Save-all. I am sure he cannot pray this prayer ; at least I think I hear him in his soul say, " O Lord, let the whole earth be filled with Thy glory." A contribution is requested to assist the cause in so doing. Oh ! no, not at all. Like the old negro woman we have all heard of, who sang, " Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel," and put her eye up in such a devout frame, that her brother negro who was passing the plate that day could not get her to pay any attention to him, till he jogged her elbow, and said, " Yes, sissy, it is well enough to sing, ' Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ; ' if you would give it wings then it might, but you are just singing this and doing nothing at all." Now, what is the good of a man singing, " Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel," and praying this prayer, " Let the whole earth be filled with His glory," if he has got six thousand a year coming in for doing nothing at all ? It is no use for a man to put on a pair of lawn sleeves, and say, " Oh, it is my devout desire that the whole earth may be filled with His glory," and then leave the world to stare at him and consider what good he is. It is no use for a man simply to have a curacy or something of that sort, buy his manuscripts cheap, come up and read off two sermons twenty minutes long, go home with a good conscience that he has done duty twice, and then say, " Let the whole earth be filled with His glory." Why, my friends, there is no chance of it if that is the way it is to be done, not the slightest in the world ; to cry, " Let the whole earth be filled with His glory," and then stand still and do nothing at all ; or merely do some nominal well-paid work, and feel it is all over. We want something in the ministry a little different before even ministers can pray this prayer in sincerity. I am not finding fault with any of

my brethren, but I would recommend them to preach thirteen times a week, and then they can pray this prayer a little better. Three times a week would not do for me. It would hurt my constitution ; preaching thirteen times a week is good healthy exercise. But you shut yourself up in your study, or what is ten times worse, you do nothing at all, but just take it easy all the week till the Sunday comes, and then borrow a sermon out of an old magazine, or buy one of the helps for ministers, or take down one of Charles Simeon's skeletons and preach it. My good man, you cannot pray in that fashion. The poorest Sabbath-school teacher has a better right to pray that prayer than you have. You go to a fire that is raging vehemently, and say, "Oh, let it be put out !" and stand with your hands in your pockets, while a little boy that is standing there and passing the bucket may pray that prayer sincerely, but you cannot. No, my brethren, you must be up and doing for your Master, or else you cannot pray this prayer. You say, "I am doing my duty ;" but, my friend, that is not much use ; you must do a little more than that ; doing your duty, as you think, is often doing but a very small part of your duty. What is a man's duty ? "Why, as much as he is paid for, sir." Oh, no, I think not ; a man's duty is to do whatsoever his hand findeth to do with all is might ; and until he does that he cannot with any sincerity offer this prayer, "Let the whole be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen." Ah, there are some here that I could mention, who by their unparalleled philanthropy ; by their unique and unrivalled love of their fellow-creatures, have done much to fill the earth with God's glory ; for they have let the world see what Christian men and Christian women are able to do when God's love has touched their hearts. There are to be found some who by devoting themselves to the service of their Master, and spending and being spent for Him, have done much to heighten the opinion of the world towards Christianity, and make them think better of the Christian church than they would have done if it had not been for these few rare, mighty heroes in the midst of us. "Let the whole earth be filled with His glory ; Amen, and Amen. But it cannot be, speaking after the manner of men, unless we each of us labour and endeavour as God shall help us, to extend the kingdom of our Master.

And now, my friends, have I been urging you to an impossible toil ? Have I been telling Christian men to pray for that which never can be granted ? Ah ! no, blessed be God, we are taught to pray for nothing but that which God has been pleased to give. He has told us to pray that His kingdom may come, and His kingdom will come, and come most assuredly, too. Hark ! hark ! hark ! I hear mustering for the battle ; yonder in the dim distance I see the armies gathering ; yes I can dimly see their ensign, and behold the flag that waves before them ! Who are these that come ? Who are these ? These are nobler and better men than we ! These are warriors of Christ, as yet, perhaps, unborn. These are the mighty men, the rear-guard ; these are the imperial guard of heaven, who have been fighting long. The enemy hath sometimes fled, but hitherto we have achieved but little ; the phalanx of the foe standeth still fast and firm, and we have blunted our blades against the shields of the mighty. As yet the victory is not complete ; the Master standeth on the hill with His reserve. Lo ! I see them—they are coming, they are coming. Some of us shall live to see them—men whose tongues are made of fire, whose hearts are

full of flame, who speak like angels and preach like cherubim ! The men are coming, and happy shall the man be that marks the triumph ; each tramp of theirs shall be the tramp of victory ; each blast of theirs shall level walls of spiritual Jerichos ; each blow of their horn shall *clear an acre of valiant foemen* ; each stroke from their sword shall cleave a dragon ; and every blow from their arm shall be mighty to overturn thrones and sceptres and kings ! They come, they come ; and till they come what shall we do ?—Why, fight on and hold our posts. But lo ! they come. Let us be cheered with the thought that victory is certain. The hour cometh when this mighty band of heroes shall sweep the earth with the banner of victory. And when in years to come, you and I shall look upon the plain of battle, we shall see there an idol broken, there a colossal system of wickedness dashed in pieces, there a false prophet slain, there a deluder cast away. Oh ! glorious shall be that day when victory shall be complete ; when the horse and the rider shall be overthrown ; when the battle that is without blood and without smoke, without rolling of garments of warriors, shall be completed by the shout of victory through Him that hath loved us.

Beloved, we will wait awhile. We will still continue on this side with our Master ; for though we are fighters now we shall be winners by and-by. Yes, man, woman, ye who are unknown, unnoted, but are striving for your Master, by prayer, and praise, and labour, the day is coming when every one of you shall have a crown of victory ! The hour is coming when your heart shall beat high, for you shall share the conquest ; those men who are coming, without whom we cannot be made perfect, shall not have all the honour. We who have borne the brunt of the fight shall have a share of the glory ; the victors shall divide the spoil, and we shall divide the spoil with them. Thou, tried, afflicted, forgotten and unknown, thou shalt soon have the palm-branch in thy hand, and thou shalt ride in triumph through the streets of earth and heaven, when thy Master shall make show of principalities and powers openly, in the day of His victory ! Only still continue, only wrestle on, and thou shalt be crowned.

But I have got one word to say, and then Amen. You know, in Roman warfare there were special rewards given for special works. There was the mural crown for the man that first scaled the rampart, and stood upon the wall. I am looking on this great congregation with a thought in my mind which agitates my spirit. Young men ! young men ! is there not one among you that can win a mural crown ? Have I not one true Christian heart here that is set for work and labour ? Have not I one man that will devote himself for God and for His truth ? Henry Martyn thou art dead ; and is thy mantle buried with thee ? Brainerd, thou sleepest with thy fathers ; and is thy spirit too, and shall there never be another Brainerd ? Knibb, thou hast ascended to thy God ; and is there nowhere another Knibb ? Williams, thy martyred blood still crieth from the ground ; and is there nowhere another Williams ? What ! not among this dense mass of young and burning spirits ? Is there not one that can say in his heart, " Here am I, send me " ? " Lo, this hour, by God's grace being saved, I give myself up to Him, to go wherever He shall please to send me, to testify His gospel in foreign lands " ? What ! are there no Pauls now ? Have we none who will be apostles for the Lord of hosts ? I think I see one

who, putting his lips together, makes this silent resolve—"By God's grace I this day devote myself to Him; through trouble and through trial I will be His, if He will help me; for missionary work or for aught else I give up my all to God; and if I may die as Williams did, and wear the blood-red crown of martyrdom, I will be proud; and if I may live to serve my Master, like a Brainerd, and die at last worn out, here I am, do but have me, Master; give me the honour of leading the forlorn hope, of leading the vanguard of Christianity; here I am, send me." O Lord, accept that young man! Lo, I consecrate him this day in Thy name for that service; these outstretched hands this morning give a benediction to you, young hero of the cross! Your brother's heart beats with you; go, and go to victory; and if it must be mine to stay here to labour in a more easy and pleasant part of the vineyard, which I dare not leave, still I will envy you, that you have the honour of going to far distant lands, and I will pray for you, that your success may be great, and that through you the kingdoms of this world may be brought to Christ, and the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth. But we will all pray this prayer in our houses alone—"Let the whole earth be filled with His glory; Amen and Amen."

You that are enemies to God, beware, beware, beware! It will be a hard thing to be found on the side of the enemy in the great battle of right.

THE LONELY PLOUGHMAN.

I saw a ploughman ploughing in the field,
 It seemed a lonely lot,
 As up and down I saw the furrows yield—
 A worker all forgot.
 But as I watched, a little maiden came,
 A bundle in her hand:
 And then I knew, although unheard in fame,
 Loved ones his comfort plann'd.
 Then thought flew upward on a lark's glad wing,
 And sang a song of joy:
 Alone upon life's field, love yet will bring
 Food for my lone employ.
 A messenger from Home will visit me,
 And bear what I may need:
 My Father knows, and He will ever see
 Love shall reward Faith's deed.
 Perhaps He'll send it by a little child,
 By one He knows I love;
 One who has often on my pathway smiled,
 One I delight to prove.
 Toil on alone! 'tis thine to plough and wait.
 When strikes th' appointed hour,
 A messenger from Home will pass the gate,
 Refreshing thy faint power.

WILLIAM LUFF.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER IV.—A HAPPY INVALID.

ON a fine but cold afternoon early in the month of October a carriage was driven across the lawn which fronted Miss Morrison's elegant mansion. The north-east wind blew slightly, and its penetrating influence gave indication to all outsiders that autumn was bowing itself out and that winter was slowly approaching. The sere leaves dropping from the skeleton trees waved to and fro in the slight breeze, and then, as if their work was done, noiselessly and coolly deposited themselves upon small heaps of their predecessors, whose beauty had departed, and who were only waiting resignedly to be swept away into a corner, there to be consumed or used for fructifying purposes. A late and hardy flower, here and there, still lifted up its defiant head and displayed its faded colours, but its nipped and drooping leaves gave full proof that the time was close at hand when a stunted, withered stem would alone be left above ground to show the spot where its root was hidden. The grey, cold sky above, adorned with silvery-lined clouds, ever shifting and changing as the wind shaped their course, told forcibly of a change of season, and appeared to be in complete harmony with the desolation that had begun to reign below. Men and women, evidently feeling that summer beauties and autumn glories were fast passing away, had already faced the inevitable by putting on warmer cloth-

ing, and walked briskly along in order that more active locomotion might counteract the effects of the chilling atmosphere. To the occupant of the closed-up carriage the change in the season was not, however, of any great importance. Abounding in life's comforts, she was able to welcome any change, knowing as she did that the wealth at her command would enable her to provide all that was necessary to make the change agreeable. As she stepped lightly down from the carriage and tripped up the steps, to receive, as she entered the house, a warm welcome from its mistress, it was easy to perceive that, healthy and buoyant, to her all seasons were alike, and that she had no reason to care more for the cold of winter than for the heat of summer. Neither did she. Want, in no shape, had she ever known ; and poverty to her was only a name. All that she knew was that rigorous poverty did exist, and that, where it made its power felt, winter with its stern winds and frost and snow must produce suffering to which she felt really thankful that she was a stranger. But no such thoughts were crossing her mind on the present occasion. All that she was thinking about was that she had found a new friend ; and to that friend, by previous arrangement, she was now paying a promised visit.

As may be surmised, Mr. Luke Briton soon made known to Miss Morrison the pleasing interview that he had had with Miss Archer. The story made that young lady's heart leap for joy. "Would she call

and see Miss Archer?" "Indeed she would, at the first opportunity." A note was soon dispatched to Swan Villa, couched in the kindest terms, asking what day would be most agreeable to Miss Archer for making the call. By return of post an early afternoon was fixed, and at the appointed time the call was made. What passed in this first interview we need not describe. It is enough to say that from that hour a friendship was struck up between the two benevolent ladies, destined to last through life. They were each taken up with the other; and the return visit paid now to Miss Morrison was paid with the belief on the part of Miss Archer, that God's kind providence had directed her to a trustworthy companion, whose loving presence and help would cheer and aid her as she endeavoured honestly to fulfil her vocation in the world.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Archer, and that you are so punctual. You said you would try to be here by three o'clock, and that hour has only just struck. My poor sister has been hoping much to see you since I told her of your kind reception of my humble self at Swan Villa. And I am so glad to say she feels so well this afternoon, so that she can talk to you freely. Now, please, come upstairs and take off your bonnet and cloak, and then we will go into the drawing-room, where she is anxiously waiting for your advent."

"Thank you much for your hearty welcome, Miss Morrison; and I can assure you that if your dear sister desires so eagerly to see me, I am equally desirous of seeing her."

"Then come down now. This is the way. Here she is. Miss Archer—Abigail."

The invalid thus introduced

reclined on a couch, propped up with cushions. She had an oval face, with large bright hazel eyes, an expansive brow, and a head in which the phrenologist would have said that the organs of benevolence and veneration were fully developed. Though somewhat pale and showing evident traces of past suffering, there was so much cheerfulness manifested in her countenance, together with stamped resignation, that when she spoke the lines of sorrow seemed to be well-nigh obliterated, and the visitor could note only a face that was radiant with joy and peace. Her voice was low but marvellously musical; and as Miss Archer heard it in her warm greeting for the first time, she did not wonder at the young people who visited her being attracted by it and charmed with its power. Her dark brown hair was thrown well back from her fine forehead, and hung in ringlets behind, giving her a most youthful appearance; and as she could move her arms about freely, and, indeed, every part of her body, save the lower limbs when free from her distressing headache she could do anything to pass away her time except indulge in locomotion. But even in this respect she had some slight alleviation. A page was kept, who constantly waited upon her, and wheeled her from room to room in an invalid's chair; and when carried downstairs in it by two strong servants, she could enjoy out-door exercise either in her bath chair or her carriage. In this manner her health was in a measure maintained, and her youthful appearance kept up. Consequently, Miss Archer's imaginative impressions of what the invalid might be were completely overturned by her first visit: instead of the poor suffering creature she thought she

should be called upon to pity, she saw a bright and lovely invalid, into whose presence it was a privilege to be permitted to enter.

"Your sister tells me, Miss Abigail," she said, after her welcome greeting, "that you are better fashion to-day, and therefore you can well bear with a visitor."

"O! yes, Miss Archer; I can assure you I'm quite bonny; and I do sincerely believe that it is in answer to prayer."

"What, dear, do you mean?" asked Miss Archer, evidently bewildered.

"I mean this, Miss Archer. You know I make everything a subject of prayer, even the slightest thing. Are we not told in the book of Proverbs, 'in all our ways to acknowledge the Lord, and He will direct our paths'? Well, now, I believe that, and in my poor way I try to act up to it. So when my sister told me that you were coming to-day, and what a dear, good soul you are, I went to the Lord and I asked Him that, when you came to visit us, if it were His blessed will, I might be so well as to be able to talk to you, and, if you like, to sing to you, for Grace told me that you were fond of singing. And I felt as I was praying, that the Lord was hearing me, and that He would be sure to answer my petition; and you see He has. I had such a good night's sleep last night; in fact, I hardly know when I've had a better; and when that's the case, I know I'm all right for the following day. You believe, don't you, Miss Archer, that God hears and answers prayer, even for little things?"

"Certainly," said Miss Archer, with slight dawning light. "God answers prayer, for the Bible says so."

"And what the Bible says I've

proved. What could I do if God did not answer my prayers? To go to Him and talk to Him 'as a man talketh to his friend' is my heaven on earth. And when by the Holy Spirit He applies some portion of His blessed word to my soul, then I feed upon it for days and even weeks, and, supported by it, I feel as if I could bear any suffering for Christ's sake. I know that God is working with me for eternity, and that "my light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Then you do suffer after all a great deal," said Miss Archer, feeling that the invalid's conversation was beyond her depth.

"Yes, at times, but it is all in my head. My medical man tells me that it is a most acute nervous headache, which arises from some unexplainable complication within, induced by the paralysis. It may last for a day, or even two or three days, but generally speaking when most severe it passes away in a few hours. But whenever the pain comes on I have to be kept perfectly quiet; and if after taking some soothing medicine I fall asleep, when I wake up, with the exception of a dull feeling at the back of my head as if it had been well thumped, the suffering is over and I am myself again. And I suppose this is to be my heritage as long as life lasts, for the doctors hold out no hope of my being cured."

"Then does not that make you miserable, Miss Abigail?"

"Miserable! I should think not. Why should it, Miss Archer? Are we not told in the Word that 'all things work together for good to those who love God'? And will not this work for my good? Why, not to talk of the future, I feel that it is working for my good now! What should I have been had it not

been for my affliction? Should I have been brought to know the Lord as I do now? It may be that I might never have known Him at all. I might, left to myself, have been a giddy and gay girl of fashion, frittering away my life in senseless frivolity, and dying as I had lived 'without hope and without God in the world.' But by this affliction He has taught me the vanity of the world and the preciousness of Christ, and with an interest in Him I am happy. Every morning of my life I look at and read a beautiful floral text card hung up in my bedroom which runs thus—

Lord Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality:
More precious to faith's vision keener
Than any outward object seen:
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the dearest earthly tie.

And as I read that I make it a prayer, and I can tell you, Miss Archer, that Jesus is a reality to me. It seems at times as if I could almost see and feel and hear Him, so glorious a reality He is. One night as I lay awake thinking about Him and what He had done for my soul, it seemed as if He was so precious that I felt as if I could have died there and then to have been with Him and have shared His glory. O! I shall never forget that hallowed night while I live. I did not want to fall asleep, so sweet it was to behold Him by faith, and meditate upon His person, character, and work. The savour of that heavenly vision abode with me for weeks afterwards, and though two years have passed away since I enjoyed it, I feel as if the remembrance of it is doing me good even now."

And as Miss Archer gazed upon her face, lighted up as it were with a flushed glow of triumph, the

lustrous eyes gleaming with light, and a smile playing upon the lips, she felt that what the youthful invalid said was true. But what did she herself know about all this? To her, to say the least, it was a mystery. To experimental religion she was an entire stranger. Of Christ in the Bible she knew something; of Christ in her heart she knew nothing. To feel His presence within, to draw near to Him in prayer, to enjoy His Word as applied to the soul by the Holy Spirit, to receive His special visits and be for a while, like Paul of old, lifted up into Paradise, was an experience of which she had not the slightest notion: and had it been related to her by anyone but the invalid before her she might have scouted it as a religion fit only for mystics, and unworthy of the reception of a rational being. But the words of Miss Abigail, as well as her manner, struck home, and her visitor for the first time in her life began to wonder whether, if this was religion, she had any religion herself at all!

"Come, dear, you must not get too excited," said her sister, "or you may be overcome before Miss Archer leaves. Now, if Miss Archer will not think me too presumptuous I want to make a proposition that I hope will meet with unanimous approval. I think we have got to know each other pretty well now, and we might drop the formality of 'Miss-ing' one another. Shall we in conversation call each other by our Christian names instead? I want Miss Archer to call me 'Grace,' and I am sure you want her to call you 'Abigail,' do you not now?"

"Of course I do; but will Miss Archer fall in with such a daring proposal?"

"Fall in with it! I should think I will indeed. There is no name

that I love to be called by better than 'Nellie,' and nobody has called me by it since my dear uncle died. To hear one's own name called by you, Miss Abigail, will make it more musical to me than it has ever sounded since my precious mother used to call me by it in her loving way. Let us make the bargain then; and I will go farther than that and say, whoever 'Misses' the other shall be fined."

"And pray what is the fine to be?" asked Miss Morrison, laughing.

"Well, I see a box on the shelf there labelled 'Contributions for Manchester City Mission.' Now, my proposal is that whoever calls

the other 'Miss' shall drop into it a fine of one shilling."

"As that happens to be my box," said Miss Abigail, "I might be allowed good-humouredly to say that in the interest of the City Mission I should not object to being 'Miss-ed' by either of you now and then, seeing that the fines will find their way into such a good quarter. So I shall watch you both, and if inadvertently 'Miss' comes out I'll warrant that I shall not 'miss' your shilling. So mind now, Grace, and you too, Nellie, you are on your good behaviour."

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. J. ROBINSON.

(Romans i. 16.)

PAUL was chosen of God to be the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Humanly speaking, God could not have made a better choice, for Paul was in every respect qualified to go far hence unto the Gentiles, and make known to them the unsearchable riches of Christ. His apprehension was quick and piercing, his expressions fluent and copious, his affections very warm and zealous, his resolutions not less bold and daring, he was never hampered by timidity. There was never a man more zealous for the law than Saul of Tarsus. He was a "Pharisee of the Pharisees." Woe to the man who dared to speak against the law and doctrine of the Pharisees. Many of the disciples of Jesus, both of men and

women, were haled to prison, and this champion of Phariseeism gave his voice against them. As he was breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus, he was arrested by the Holy Spirit. A voice from Heaven spoke to him with mighty power and made him cry, "Who art thou, Lord?" The raging lion is speedily changed into a docile lamb; henceforth we know him as Paul of Damascus. The zeal he once had for the law and Phariseeism is to be, during the remainder of his life, employed in the service of Jesus, in the propagation of the Gospel. He threw his whole soul into the grand and noble work of preaching Christ and Him crucified. He travelled much, was in labours abundant, and when opportunity offers he would go to Rome, for he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the

power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Note—

I. What the Apostle was not ashamed of : "The Gospel of Christ." This Gospel is from Heaven. Its great *Author* is God. It is God's "good news" to man, for it shows man the one true way of salvation. It is therefore "ancient," not some new upstart doctrine invented by some clever genius. It is of great "antiquity," far older than the world. It existed before sin, but was not published till sin came into the world. It was first preached by God himself in the Garden of Eden. The sermon was short but comprehensive, and ran on this wise: "I will put enmity between thee (the serpent) and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Its *origin* therefore is *divine*, heavenly. It lifts man from earth to Heaven, makes him set his affection on things above, instead of on things earthly and carnal. It brings peace to the sin-tossed and troubled soul, and to the weary and heavy laden it gives rest.

Life and immortality are brought to light in the Gospel. Our souls are immortal, we are under condemnation; eternal death is the punishment for sin. The Gospel shows a way of escape. It reveals a Deliverer, a Saviour, a Giver of Life, spiritual, everlasting life. The Gospel is the bridge of salvation over the entrance to the pit of perdition, and whosoever will may walk over and be saved for ever. It is a Gospel worthy of its Author, and exactly suited to man's need. We are by nature heirs of wrath; in the Gospel we can become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ Jesus our Lord.

It is the "Gospel of Christ." He brought it to this world and pro-

claimed the glad tidings of salvation to man. See Luke iv. 16—19.

We are as prisoners condemned to death: justice has shut the prison door, no man nor angel can open it; Christ by His infinite atonement for sin has thrown open the prison door and whosoever will may go free. The year of jubilee, of liberty, has come. Deliverance is proclaimed to all, that every one may be left without excuse. A Gospel without God as its author and Christ as its foundation is a delusion and a lie, and therefore a curse to man. Away, then, with priests that put themselves in place of Christ. Away with ceremonies and ordinances of man's invention. The Gospel that Paul preached is the pure unadulterated Gospel of Christ, and this is the Gospel of which I write. A Gospel that comes from God and leads to God, a Gospel that shows the way of salvation. The divine charter by which the salvation of God is conveyed to our souls and makes us heirs of a blessed and glorious immortality.

II. Why Paul was not ashamed of this Gospel: "For it is the power of God to salvation, to every one that believeth."

The Gospel may appear mean and contemptible to a carnal eye, but to Paul it is the manifestation of God's love and goodwill to sin-defiled, ruined man. It takes hold of man, lifts him out of his degradation, and places him upon a rock, even Christ. The power of God has been exerted in various ways and to various ends. The thunder and smoke, blackness and darkness of Sinai, was the power of God unto conviction and terror. The overwhelming flood in which the old world was drowned, and the devouring flames which came and consumed the five cities of the plain were the power of God to destruction. But the Gospel is the power

of God unto *salvation*. It not only convinces but converts; it does not destroy, but saves every one that believes. As there was a power in the word of Christ in the days of His flesh to heal diseases, to cast out devils, and raise the dead to life, so there is a power in the Gospel to convince of sin, to cast out the evil spirit of unbelief, to give life to the spiritually dead, and purify our hearts and make them fit to be the dwelling-place of God. The Gospel is the *mighty* power of God; it can break the hardest heart and bend the most stubborn will. Paul is an illustrious proof of this. It has taken hold of many of the worst of sinners, and made them the best of saints, so that where we once saw sin abounding, we now see grace abounding much more. Nothing can withstand its influence; it baffles devils; they resist as long as they can, saying, "What have we to do with Thee, O Jesus? we know who Thou art; the Holy One of God?" and then He commands the spirit to come out, and the evil spirit is compelled to obey. The evil spirit that was in every Christian resisted a long time. We felt the power of this Gospel and would not yield to its influence till resistance became impossible. That was a happy day when we threw our heart's door widely open and let Christ in. Reader, dost thou feel the power of this Gospel now? yield to it and be saved.

Every one that believeth; not every one that hears, every one that understands, nor every one who *feels* its power, but every one that believes. Faith is essential to salvation. Unbelief is the greatest sin under Heaven. It makes God a liar, rejects Christ and despises the only way of salvation. Unbelief sets God at naught as if He were a being of no account; it tramples underfoot His most august authority.

Unbelief shuts the gate of Heaven against the sinner, but faith in Christ throws it wide open. However good the medicine any doctor prescribes for his patient, it will do the patient no good if he refuse to take it. The gospel is God's healing medicine for sin-sick souls, but if any refuse to accept it they cannot be healed. Christ is the great and never-failing physician, but if the sinner refuses to come to Him, He will not, He cannot, make him whole. You must then believe or perish.

III. Its design: "Salvation of man." For this the Son was given, for this He lived, He bled and died on Calvary's Cross. Christ did not come to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved, saved from sin, from the curse and death of sin. What the law could not do the Gospel can; every sinner, however defiled and degraded, can be saved by this Gospel. Salvation not only means pardon and forgiveness, but deliverance from sin, reception of spiritual life that shall be crowned with eternal glory. We shall never know the full meaning of this word till we get to Heaven, then shall we see, and know, and realise, and enjoy its full blessedness.

"Salvation, O melodious sound,
To wretched dying men;
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again."

The Apostle might well say he was not "ashamed" of this Gospel; he had felt its power, knew much of its blessedness, and therefore loved to proclaim it to men. Yet there was much in the Gospel such a man as Paul might have been ashamed of. Its Founder had been crucified as a malefactor by His own countrymen. Its doctrines were plain, and thought little of by the scholars of those times. Its pro-

fessors and preachers were despised and everywhere spoken against. Persecution raged furiously, especially at Rome, but Paul is not afraid of sword or wild beasts. He is ready to be offered if the Lord will. He is ready to preach the Gospel at Rome, for he has respect to the solemn words of his divine Master : "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him will I be ashamed." If this Gospel has become the power of God to your salvation, my reader, may you never be ashamed of it, but fearlessly and boldly acknowledge Jesus as your Lord and Saviour, to His honour and glory.

Little Kingshill.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place."—Proverbs xv. 3.

ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, — It gives me great pleasure to address you once more in our Sabbath school. How many times we have met under similar circumstances. We should be very thankful to be enabled to meet in our school to read the sacred Scriptures and hear our teachers expound and make plain the word of God, and the singing and prayers made in our behalf—all, I trust, to bring you by the help of God to serve Him, and to remember Him in the days of your youth.

I have taken a short text, so that you may remember it. I think short texts are better for young people, and especially when the infants are brought in to the address, which is our custom. I must give them some plain and simple words. I must talk to them that they may understand me. I do not think

they will be puzzled with any of the words in our text. Come, now, and let us see. In the first place our little text speaks about *eyes*. Whose eyes? the great Creator, the great God who made all things. Well, what does it say about His eyes? God's eye is ever looking upon us, no matter where you are or what you are doing; therefore, you should be very careful what you do when there is One whose eyes are ever upon you. You will notice the name of God comes next, the Great Jehovah, the maker of all things. What a great thought it is the very name of God! there is none like Him; there is none beside Him; His power is infinite. He is the author of all things. His love to man is very great. He illustrated His great love by sending His dear Son into the world to die for our sins. We notice the words *every place*; that means, dear young friends, all places. He sees us, and knows all about us, in every place. If you were to go to India He would be there, or if you were to go to Africa or the frozen regions, no matter, He would be there. So you see, dear little ones in the infant class, that there is One who knows all about you. He knows when you vex your mother, and say you shan't do this or that when your temper is bad, and she feels very sorry when you do anything bad. Oh! learn to be good, and do good, and the older you get the better it will be for you. Try to love your parents, and always try to attend the Sabbath school. Bear in mind, *every place*—great cities, villages, the beautiful palace of the Queen, or the poor hut made of mud and straw; God is no respecter of persons. He has made all the same of every nation to dwell upon the face of the earth; therefore He

looks upon you the same as the mighty of this earth. With man there is a difference, but with God there is none.

Now, I want you to remember that, wherever you are, you should think that God is near, and knows all about you. I hope you will think about Him, will remember Him in your youth, even the smallest here, I hope, will not forget the word *God*. His great name. I hope you will not forget what great love He has for you; He sent His Son to this earth to die for you, that you may live with Him in heaven. Will you little ones try to love Him? He loves you. Do you remember when Jesus was upon earth He took little children in His arms, and blessed them. He is the same now as He was then; He never changes; His love is always the same; He does not change like people do in this world of ours; sometimes they appear very loving

and kind, and then they are quite different. Oh, this is very disappointing. Well, Jesus is not like this; He loves with an everlasting love; He is now looking down upon us, and He knows the thoughts of all present—the teachers, the elder scholars, and you little ones in the infant class. I wonder whether any here in our Sabbath school will make up their minds, by the help of God, to serve Him, for

“It will save you from a thousand
snakes,
To mind religion young.”

“My son, give Me thine heart.”
May you remember our text, and think over what I have been telling you. Now repeat the text after me—“The eyes of the Lord are in every place.”

THOMAS HEATH,
Sunday-school Superintendent.
Plymouth.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

It is said of Job's cattle that “The oxen were ploughing and the asses were feeding beside them,” but in our Lord's field we must all be oxen and steadily keep to the furrows.—SPURGEON.

WHEN Christians go from house to house to commend Christ to the people, they should not only go with a heart on fire, but they should exercise common sense and tact. A minister once stood beside a man who was very worldly, talking to him on secular subjects, just then a good man came up to them, and abruptly addressing the worldly man, put to him the question, “John, what is the first step of wisdom?” What did John answer? Annoyed at the interruption, he replied, “Every man to mind his own business.” It was a rough answer, but under the circumstance it was deserved. We must to be successful go about God's work in a right way.

ONE day going to Maidstone I had been talking to a man at Paddock Wood about the solemn things of eternity. I found my heart warm, so got into a carriage alone, and talked to my soul. By-and-by up went my arms, and I said “I will have Him up and up He shall go.” They might have said I was mad. I should like more of this madness.—DANIEL SMART.

In all experiments for the education and transmission of the myterious influence of nature the philosopher is concerned that his apparatus and instruments should be clean and bright, free from rust and dirt, and clear from everything opposed to the character of the physical energies themselves, and from everything calculated to check and prevent their development and results. Equally careful is the Holy Spirit that all His instruments in the church should be clean from all sin.—JENKYN.

To pastors, Dr. Mather says :—It may not be amiss for you to have two heaps; an heap of unintelligibles and an heap of incurables. Every now and then you will meet with something or other that may pretty much distress your thoughts, but the shortest way with the vexatious will be to throw them into the heap they belong to, and be no more distressed about them. You meet with some unaccountable and incomprehensible things, particularly in the conduct of many people. Throw them into your heap of unintelligibles; leave them there—trouble your mind no further; hope for the best, or think no more about them. You will meet with some unpersuadable people. No counsel, no reason will do anything upon the obstinates, especially as to the making of due submission upon offences. Throw them into the heap of incurables; leave them there. And so do you go on to do as well as you can what you have to do. Let not the crooked things that cannot be made straight encumber you.

In his history of the Slavonic Church Regenvolscius relates the following incident;—"It was a wretched custom of the Papists that when they had run one of the holy people into prison, they would there, by a progressive subtraction of all substance from him, starve him to death. Matthias Dolanscius was a prisoner designed for such circumstances in the city of Prague, and at length all the attempts of the goodly people, and of a gracious matron among the rest, secretly to relieve him, had a total stop given to them. Now one day when he was on the point of starving he cast his eye towards the grate of the prison and saw a little bird sitting there with something in its bill. His curiosity leading him thither the bird flew away, but left a bit of cloth in which when he took it up he found a piece of gold, and with this piece of gold he found ways tolerably to furnish himself with bread until the death of the king, and by which he obtained his full deliverance." Thus the same ever-watchful providence that sent ravens to feed Elijah morning and evening sent that little bird to save Matthias Dolanscius from being starved to death in his lonely dungeon. Let all God's servants then fearlessly do their duty whoever may persecute them. They shall not want. Rather than starve, as it has been well said, "Dolanscius' bird shall be sent unto them."

I FULLY believe that the darkest time of any true Christian Church is just the period when it ought to have most hope, for when the Lord has allowed us to open ourselves out till there is no more strength in us, then it is that He will come to our rescue. What could have been lower than the condition into which we, as a Church, had sunk some seventeen years ago? But a little faithful band used to meet in that dreary Chapel in Park Street, and cry unto the Lord, never ceasing their prayers. And oh, how soon the house began to fill; and how speedily our tent was too straight for us, and we broke forth on the right hand and on the left, and God made the desolate places to be inhabited. Members of other Churches, you have the same God to go to. Go to Him, for He can work the same wonders for you. Look to the Most High and not to man, or minister, or modes, or methods, but only to Him, and the guidance of His Spirit, "Well, but ours is a village," saith one. And is not He the Lord of the village? Is He the Lord of the cities and not the Lord of the hamlets? "But our Chapel is ugly, and built in a back street," saith one. "Nobody knows of its existence. We shall never get the people within its obscure and dreary walls!" Is God the God of the wide thoroughfares and not of the lanes? Does not the Lord know the back streets as well as the broad ones? Was not that the question in dispute of old? Is He the God of the hills and not the God of the valleys? In His name I ask you, can anything be too hard for the Lord?—SPURGEON.

Reviews.

The Book Fund and its Work, 1887.
Passmore & Alabaster.

THIS annual report and diary of acknowledgment to subscribers is the latest contribution to the charming record of—if we may presume to say so—Mrs. Spurgeon's own patent charity and her dainty labour of love. It is bright and beautiful as usual. Picturesque from the first page to the last, she begins by telling her thoughts as she tripped into her husband's study and fetched from his inkstand the pen he had been lately using. A sprightly fancy; as though they twain had one pen between them. Held in *her* fingers, the "grey goose quill" seems like "Nature's noblest gift;" but as for him, no one doubts that "his tongue is the glory of his frame." Do we talk to those who have read—"Ten years of my Life"? then it will suffice to say that such a tale as "The Empty Fountain, A visit to the home where the gold-fish live," (p. 19), or that of "The Drought and the Dripping Roses" (p. 29.), will maintain the good lady's well-earned reputation for literary etchings. Beyond a question, these annual reports—all twelve of them—are models. Lady secretaries of "Benevolent Societies" may learn henceforth that a little rhetoric will agreeably garnish their reckoning up of accounts when they present their periodical budgets.

WE have received a number of hymns of good average merit from our worthy friend the Rev. S. Cowdy, also a paper expressing his feelings of praise and gratitude in entering on his seventy-first year, and that he has been associated with the Christian ministry for fifty years. He says his first attempt to preach was the one

Gospel: The first Lecture on True Temperance. He did not expect then to live and see the day when he should grieve over plausible gospels, new-fangled theologies, intemperate totalisms and over-meddling with politics, as nowadays. Howbeit, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal: The Lord knoweth them that are His. Three hymns, and also a tract by Miss Cowdy on True Friendship, as read before a breakfast party, are dated from 42, Portland Place, Clapham Road.

The Pulpit Treasury for February. Nisbit & Co. It is of usual merit. Has a good essay on John Calvin by Dr. Alfred H. Moment. Though the work is chiefly American, it gives the seeds of sermons by three London ministers, Revs. J. W. Cole, Hugh Price Hughes, and C. H. Spurgeon.

THE Religious Tract Society in the *Leisure Hour* treats its readers with an illustrated history of the Queen's Homes, the one in this month being Frogmore House; and the *Sunday at Home* has four chapters on that marvellous character, Peter Cartwright, the backwoods preacher. It is many years since we read his life, and these chapters reproduced all the impressions of our first perusal of the life of this extraordinary man. The *Tract Magazine* contains a portrait and a brief life of the late Dr. March. It will be read with pleasure by all who knew him (and to know him was to love him), and now revive the memory of that good man. *Friendly Greetings*, part 92; as good as ever; always good. *The Present Day Tract*, No. 56, second series. *Moral Difficulties in the Old Testament Scriptures*, by Eustace R. Conder, M.A., D.D. This is a very valuable tract. It is a precious essay—all who read it will be the

better for so doing, and any who have clouds caused by any of the moral difficulties dealt with will probably find the clouds rolled away. *Our Little Dots*, full of brightness for the very little ones; and the *Child's Companion*, instructive and pleasant to those who are a little older. *The Cottager and Artizan*, and 53 of new biographical series, the latter containing the life of Henry Cooke, of Belfast. Both of these penny monthlies deserve a very large circulation. *The Boys' Own Paper*, with its striking frontispiece, bringing the body of Gustav Adolphus to Sweden, and its articles of exciting freshness, must find no abatement of interest from the boys who have read the numbers from the first; and the *Girls' Own* is still a treasury of rich and serviceable things for our girls and young women.

We have received *Rest and Reaping*, *The Voice of Warning*, *The Silver Morn*, *Ragged School Magazine*, *The Sunday Closing Reporter*, *The Vegetarian*, *The Earthen Vessel*, *Evangelical Christendom*, and *Life and Light*, etc.

The Methodist Family: An Illustrated Monthly. Vol. xviii. Wesleyan Sunday School Union, and Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THIS nicely bound volume contains reading for every one; it will please and profit old and young. It also gives a well-written story in twelve chapters, illustrated from the pen of Mrs. John Ripley, whose husband, Mr. Ripley, is well known to many of our readers. In the columns on Books of Devotion it says, the "Pilgrim's Progress" ought to be read every five years, or certainly every ten years of one's life. The fame of this work has obscured the lustre of "Bunyan's Holy War." A book not so charming as a work of art, but hardly less profitable for the uses of devotion, while in grace abounding to the chief of sinners. Bunyan tells the story of his early life and

conversion in a way to move many hearts.

Nella; or, Not my Own. A Story for Girls. By J. GOLDSMITH COOPER. Elliot Stock.

A RELIGIOUS tale, well told. It will answer to its title, *A Book for Girls*. It will be read by them, and while it will please, its tendency will be healthful to the mind. We have no hesitation in expressing approval.

Watching for Souls: Being a further account of Gospel efforts in connection with the Evangelistic Mission. By C. RUSSELL HUNDITCH, 1887. J. F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

THE work done under God by this Mission is immense. The ground it covers is vast, and its good objects nearly legion. All workers should read it. The interesting facts and personal testimonies commencing at page 110, make the readers say, "Praise the Lord," and to the workers, Onward, and may the same blessing follow.

What is a Christian? By F. E. MARSH. *Sanctification as set forth in Scripture*. By WILLIAM COLLINGWOOD. John Shaw & Co.

IN the first of these two excellent little works, the question "What is a Christian?" is answered by the close application of it to the Word of God. The reply is given under nine heads in the form of an acrostic on the word Christian. The work on Sanctification is a valuable contribution on a most important subject. Thoughtful Christian people will obtain help if they become familiar with this Scripture exposition.

The Christian World Pulpit for March contains a very creditable sermon by Rev. Henry Varley, B.A., on Lessons from Faust. The subject is not according to our taste, but it is a specimen of how a dramatic address on the matter of religion can be given with the object of leading

to a moral life, while the old lines of salvation by Christ and his finished work are omitted.

North Wales Liberal Federation.—

Disestablishment of the Church in Wales. By R. H. MORGAN, M.A. Towyn-Hughes & Sons, Wrexham. EVERY unprejudiced reader will, we think, find in the pages of this Sixpenny Book, a good case made out for Disestablishment of the English Church in Wales. It is not possible to summarise the information brought together, but we feel sure the reading of Mr. Morgan's facts and reasonings will considerably help to decision those who really desire sound information on the question. Disestablishment would leave the Welsh people with all that is good, and at the same time get rid of so much that is objectionable in the present Parliamentary Church. We are sorry there is not an English publisher connected with the work.

OUR MAGAZINES.

THE *Baptist* gives a life-like por-

trait of one of the church's best workers, Rev. J. R. Wood, and a too brief description of Mr. Wood. The notes on the 29th Psalm by Rev. J. Hunt Cooke are so excellent that we felt it to be a pity they are so short. *The Sword and Trowel* has a paper on the old and new connexions of general Baptists, which deserves to be read carefully by all at the present juncture. *The General Baptist* is full of worthy instruction.

The Triumph of Modern Thought; or, the Bible and how we got rid of it. Notes of a supposed Clerical Conference occasioned by the Downgrade Controversy. By NEMO. S. W. Partridge, Paternoster Row.

As a rule we are not usually taken with works of the satirical order, but we have drawn the line. In this case the censure is severe, and sarcasm and ridicule used in their full force. But the subjects of this severity, we think, deserve all that is used, and we hope the writer will be rewarded by a large circulation.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. A. J. PARKER, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate at Old Sodbury, Gloucestershire.

Rev. W. O. Owen, of Bridgend, has accepted the pastorate at Newcastle, Emllyn.

Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., of Bristol, has accepted the pastorate at Bowdon, Cheshire.

Rev. W. A. Wicks, of Moulton, Northamptonshire, has accepted the pastorate at Ross.

Rev. W. G. Clow has resigned the pastorate at Sherborne, Dorset.

Rev. — Bachelor, of Tring has accepted the pastorate at Askett, Prince's Risborough, Bucks.

Rev. A. Budgen, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Boundary Road Church, Walthamstow.

Rev. T. R. Stevenson has intimated his intention to resign the pastorate of St. Mary's Gate Chapel, Derby.

Rev. A. W. Hooper has resigned the pastorate of Woodchester, near Stroud.

Rev. W. Frost has resigned the pastorate at Avening, near Stroud.

Rev. W. Nield has resigned the pastorate at West Gorton.

Rev. M. Lewis has accepted the pastorate at Barnoldswick.

Rev. T. D. Cameron has, on account of failing health, resigned the

pastorate of Upper Lichfield Street Church, Willingham.

Rev. O. Clarke has terminated his pastorate at Ashby and Packington, after upwards of twenty years' ministerial labour.

Rev. J. Mostyn has intimated his intention to resign the pastorate of the English Church at Newtown, Montgomeryshire.

Rev. C. J. Fowler, late of Sandown, Isle of Wight, has accepted the unanimous call to the pastorate of the church meeting in Commercial Street Chapel, Whitechapel, E.

Rev. C. Crystal, of Glasgow, has accepted the pastorate of the united churches of Atch Lench and Dunnington.

Rev. J. Thomas has resigned the pastorate of Peniel Church, Manorbier, Pembrokeshire.

LLANVRTYD AND LLANGAMMARCH.—These churches have given a unanimous invitation to Rev. J. W. Humphreys, student of Pontypool College, to become their pastor.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. J. JENKYN BROWN has been presented with an illuminated address on his retirement from the pastorate of Wycliffe Church, Birmingham, where he has ministered for twenty-six years.

Rev. J. Compston, on resigning the pastorate at Fivehead, Taunton, where he has laboured for nine and a half years, has been presented with an address and a cheque; his daughter also receiving a writing desk from the Isle Abbott's Sunday School. Mr. Compston purposes to devote himself to evangelistic efforts.

Rev. G. Pung has been presented by the church at Orford Hill, Norwich, with a purse containing £8.10s.

Mrs. Davies, wife of the pastor of Westminster Chapel, Romney Street, S.W., has been presented by her Bible-class with a silver teapot, suitably inscribed.

Mr. W. H. Baum, superintendent for twenty years of Payton Street

schools, Stratford-on-Avon, has been presented by the teachers and friends of the schools with Matthew Henry's "Commentary" in nine volumes, and Spurgeon's "Treasury of David" in seven volumes.

Rev. G. H. Robinson was presented with a purse of gold before terminating his pastorate at Henly-in-Arden.

Rev. W. J. Harris, on returning from his wedding-tour, was presented by the congregation of Spring Hill Chapel, Birmingham, with a time-piece and tea and coffee service.

Mr. Carter, Sunday School superintendent and deacon of the church at South Brent, has been presented with an album in recognition of twenty years' service. The pastor (Rev. C. A. Girling) has also received "The Treasury of David" as a token of regard.

Mr. B. Lanfear, deacon of the church at Leigh, Westbury, has been presented with an eight-day bracket clock and an address. Mrs. Hazzard, wife of the pastor, Rev. T. J. Hazzard, has also been presented with a token of regard from the members of the Bible-class, of which she is president.

Rev. Eliasaph Edwards, on concluding his six years' pastorate at Zoar Church, Pandy, has been presented with an illuminated address and a purse.

Rev. W. Schofield, who has been compelled by failing health to sever his connection with Zion Church, Trowbridge, has been presented with a silver tea and coffee service.

NEW CHAPELS.

A NEW chapel in the Gothic style capable of seating 1,000 persons, in the Northcote Road, near Clapham Junction, has been opened by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon with a sermon. The cost of the building has been £5,600, in addition to £820 paid for the site. Towards this outlay, a lady has lent £5,000 at two per cent. for seven years; the subscriptions amounted to £1,500. As the result

the opening services, the fund received additions to the amount of £600.

The Carey Memorial Chapel at Hackleton (Rev. S. Williams, pastor) has been opened with a sermon by Rev. C. Williams. The chapel will seat 250, and has cost £920, towards which £618 has been contributed. The Mayor of Northampton was among the speakers at the public meeting presided over by Rev. J. T. Brown.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. J. THOMAS, B.A., from the College at Manchester, has been ordained to the pastorate of Salendine Nook Chapel, near Huddersfield. Rev. Dr. Parker gave the charge to the pastor; Revs. W. R. Sanders, D. Lewis, W. H. Ibberson, F. J. Benskin, W. Gay, Professor Morris, and the Mayor of Huddersfield (Alderman Brooke) delivered addresses.

Rev. D. C. Chapman has been recognised as pastor of the churches at Sutton St. James, Tydd St. Giles, and Gedney Hill. Revs. C. Barker, G. H. Bennett, and J. C. Travers took part in the services. Since Mr. Chapman's resignation of his former pastorate at Billingham, he has received a public testimonial from the inhabitants, expressing the high esteem in which he was held by all classes through the town.

Rev. J. M. Hamilton has been recognised as pastor of the church in London Road, Lowestoft. Revs. J. H. Shakespeare, E. B. Woods, S. B. Driver and others took part.

Rev. D. Thomas, of Pontypool College, has been ordained pastor of Cwmbach Church, Aberdare. Revs. Principal Edwards, Dr. Thomas Price, and E. T. Jones took part in the service.

Rev. Walter Hackney, on Tuesday, received a cordial welcome as pastor of Graham Street Church, Birmingham. The sermon was preached by Rev. A. Mursell.

Rev. L. R. Foskett has been recognised as pastor at New Mill,

Tring. Revs. T. Jones, T. Hanger, and C. Pearce took part.

LONDON: HARLINGTON.—Special services in connection with the settlement of Rev. F. T. Smythe, of Bristol College, as pastor, were held on February 26 and 28. On the 26th two sermons were preached by Rev. J. Francis Smythe (Berkhamsted), father of the pastor. On the 28th an ordination service was held in the afternoon, presided over by Rev. W. T. Adey (Ealing). Mr. John Neighbour, sen., spoke on behalf of the church, giving the reasons why they gave an invitation to Mr. Smythe, and Mr. Smythe replied. Rev. Dr. Culross gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. J. F. Smythe offered the ordination prayer, and Mr. Lewis Bartlett, senior student of Bristol College, spoke on behalf of the students. Tea was provided afterwards, to which 150 sat down, and this was followed by a further service in the chapel, when the charge to the church was given by Rev. G. P. Gould, M.A., of Regent's Park College.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PORTSMOUTH.—The report of the Church at Lake Road, pastor, Rev. T. W. Medhurst, shows that during 1887 there have been added to the membership, by baptism, 39; by letter, 14; total, 53. Decrease, by death, 10; by transfer to other churches, 11; by exclusion, 1; total, 49. The net increase has been 4. Present number of members, 805; of communicants, who have now been baptized, 31; total membership, 836. During the eighteen years of the Rev. T. W. Medhurst's pastorate at Portsmouth, *one thousand one hundred and forty-five members* have been added to the fellowship of the Church, of whom *nine hundred and twenty-two* have been by baptism. The year-book for 1888 contains the pastor's nineteenth annual address, the subject of which is, "Intercessory and Family Prayer," and also a "Brief History of the Church," from its commencement in 1818, during which

time it has had seven pastors, viz.: Revs. T. Tilly, W. Davies, J. Clay, C. Cakebread, H. Kitching, E. G. Gange, and T. W. Medhurst, the pastor at the present time.

PORTSMOUTH.—A meeting on behalf of the Sunday Schools was held at Lake Road Chapel, on February 1st. Rev. T. W. Medhurst, presided. The secretary said they had in the schools 89 teachers, 87 of whom were members of the church, and 1,675 scholars, 14 of whom had joined the church during the year. The Sunday School, dates back to 1816, since which time 1,000 teachers and 25,000 scholars have passed through the schools.

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION.—The Churches at Lockerley, Andover, Romsey, and Broughton, were visited during the first week in February by Revs. J. T. Collier, of Downton, and T. W. Medhurst, of Portsmouth, and encouraging meetings were held.

The bicentenary of the church at Lymington has been celebrated on February 26th. On the Sunday, in the absence of Dr. Trestrail, the sermons were preached by Revs. J. Tait Scott and J. Collins (pastor). At the public meeting Mr. Alfred Pegler, J.P., of Southampton, presided; Rev. E. Osborne, J. M. G. Owen, W. H. Payne, and J. F. Scott delivered addresses. A correspondent writes: "It may interest some of your readers to know that the churches at Ashley and Beaulieu Rails both sprang from this church, and the church at Sway was originated by Baptist brethren from Lymington, notably by the late Mr. Mursell."

RECENT DEATHS.

At Bromley, in Kent, on Sunday morning, January 18th, Mr. James Tomlin peacefully entered upon "the keeping of Sabbath; that remaineth for the people of God" (Heb. iv. 9). He was the youngest son of the late Rev. W. Tomlin, who died in 1856, and had been for more than twenty-two years the faithful, useful, and

respected pastor of the Lower Baptist Chapel at Chesham, in Bucks, viz.: from the years 1810 to 1833. His mother was a truly noble woman, uniting tact and talent in an eminent degree; who, to a great knowledge of the Scriptures, combined a wonderful acquaintance with the human heart. Through the influence of such godly parents, the subject of this sketch became in early life under deep religious impressions. His school life, under the Rev. S. Allom, of Missenden, deepening these convictions; so that, whilst quite young, when apprenticed to a draper in the neighbourhood of London, he joined a Christian church, having previously been baptized by his father. Mr. Tomlin was for many years a draper in High Street, Hampstead. His first wife, Miss Rippon, was a near relative of Dr. Rippon; she died in 1851. His second wife was a Miss Kidd, of Kensington; she died about eight years since. Mr. Tomlin, after leaving Hampstead, resided at Hornsey and West Green, Tottenham. He was for many years a deacon of the Baptist Church at West Green, under the pastorate of the Rev. G. Turner. As a visitor to the sick and poor, he was greatly valued. He experienced during his life of seventy-three years great vicissitudes, but through all his trials he was never repining. About four years since he removed to Bromley, to be near to his eldest daughter. His sight now became much impaired, but in the quietude of his home he delighted to meditate upon the loving kindness of his Father in Heaven. Twice on Sunday, January 1st, he was worshipping in the chapel. On the Wednesday following he was taken with gout internally; but amidst pain of body, his end was emphatically peace. (Psa. xxxvii. 37.)

BAPTISMS.

Abercarn (English Church).—Feb. 19, Three, by W. Davies.
Barnoldswick, Bethesda.—Feb. 12, Three; 19, Three, by E. R. Lewis.
Brighton, Sussex-street.—Feb. 19, One, by J. O'Neill Campbell.

- Bardwell, Suffolk*.—March 4, One, by G. F. Wall.
- Brentwood, Tabernacle*.—Feb. 29, Two, by W. Walker.
- Birmingham, Constitution-hill*.—Feb. 26, Two, by J. Burton.
- Caersalem, Dowlais*.—Feb. 5, Nine, by T. Morgan.
- Colne, Lancashire*.—March 4, Twelve, by R. S. Latimer.
- Cadroxton-juxta-Barry*.—Feb. 7, Two, by L. T. Evans.
- Cardigan, Mount Zion*.—Feb. 5, Two, by G. Hughes.
- Crawley*.—Feb. 16, Three, by J. McAuslane.
- Dumbarton*.—Feb. 16, Five, by J. McLean.
- Falmouth*.—Feb. 26, Seven, by T. Johnson.
- Glascurn, Radnorshire*.—Feb. 12, Three, by T. D. Jones.
- Grantham, Oxford-street*.—Feb. 26, Three, by C. Horne.
- Knighton*.—Feb. 5, by W. Williams.
- Lord's-hill, Minsterley, Salop*.—Feb. 29, One, by W. Jenkins.
- Lumb-in-Rosendale*.—Feb. 26, Sixteen, by D. Muxworthy.
- Luton, Park-street*.—Feb. 20, Eight, by J. H. Blake.
- Mountain Ash*.—Feb. 19, One, by J. Howells.
- Mount Pleasant, Blackwood*.—Nine, by W. Thomas.
- Metropolitan District: East Plumstead*.—Feb. 19, Nine, by T. Henson.
- Hampt'n Court*.—Feb. 26, One; 25, Two, by A. Hall.
- Highgate, Southwood-lane*.—Feb. 23, Three, by J. H. Barnard.
- Henrietta-street*.—March 1, Two, by W. Smith.
- Penge, Tabernacle*.—Feb. 29, Four, by J. W. Boud.
- Thornton Heath, Beulah Chapel*, Feb. 15, Six, by J. W. Harrauld.
- Nantyglo, Mon., Bethel*.—Feb. 12, One, by J. C. Roberts.
- Northampton, Grafton-street*.—Feb. 12, Six, by S. Needham.
- Nupend, Glos.*—Feb. 9, Seventeen, by L. Whittard.
- Newport, Mon.*—Feb. 26, Two, by G. Harris.
- Oldham, King-street*.—Feb. 26, Two, by W. F. Edgerton.
- Portsmouth, Lake-road*.—Feb. 26, Six, by T. W. Medhurst.
- Paulton, Bristol*.—Feb. 29, Four, by J. Kempton.
- Paignton, Devon*.—Feb. 19, One, by G. Hider.
- Risca, Mon.*—Feb. 19, at Bethany, One, by T. Thomas.
- Redruth, Cornwall*.—Feb. 29, One, by A. Phillips.
- St. Anne's-on-the-Sea*.—Feb. 29, Seven, by E. Brown.
- Stanningley*.—March 4, Four, by J. A. Yeaden.
- Sardis, Pem.*—Feb. 19, Seven, by J. Johns.
- Shipston-on-Stour*.—Feb. 26, Two, by R. T. Lewis.
- St. Heliers, Jersey*.—Feb. 26, Two, by C. A. Fellowes.
- Smethwick, Birmingham*.—Feb. 12, Eight, by W. H. Purchase.
- Soar, Llandyfan*.—Feb. 11, One, by M. Jones.
- Taunton, Albermarle Chapel*.—Feb. 12, Six, by L. Palmer.
- Thornton Heath*.—Feb. 8, Five, by J. W. Harrauld.
- Torrington, Devon*.—Feb. 1, Three, by F. C. Hughes.
- Treforest*.—Feb. 9, Calvary Chapel, Seven, by W. Parry.
- Tonyanddy, Rhondda Valley*.—Feb. 19, Two, by D. Davies.
- Westbury Leigh, Wilts*.—Feb. 26, Twelve, by T. J. Hazzard.
- Wendover*.—Feb. Three, by F. Wynn.
- Whitwick*.—Feb. 12, Three; Feb. 19, Three; by W. Slater.
- Wisbeck, Hill-street*.—Feb. 5, Four, by J. W. Campbell.
- Widnes*.—Feb. 26, Two, by R. Yeatman.

A PAIR OF GRACES—FAITH AND LOVE.

It is a rule published by the heathen that all virtues are so interwoven and linked together in a chain that he that hath one hath all, and he that wanteth but one wanteth all, so it is with that worthy pair of graces, that heavenly couple, faith and love—faith not without love nor love without faith, but both together; not faith without works, nor works without faith, but the one must be fruitful to bring forth works, and the other thankful to confess them. Faith must work by love, and love live by faith; for faith without love is but seeming, and love without faith is disordered.

CHRIST—THE POWER AND WISDOM OF GOD.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God."—1 Cor. i. 24.

UNBELIEF towards the Gospel of Christ is the most unreasonable thing in all the world, because the reason which the unbeliever gives for his unbelief is fairly met by the character and constitution of the Gospel of Christ. Notice that before this verse we read,—“The Jews required a sign, the Greeks seek after wisdom.” If you met the Jew who believed not on Christ in the apostle’s day, he said, “I cannot believe, because I want a sign;” and if you met the Greek, he said, “I cannot believe because I want a philosophic system, one that is full of wisdom.”

“Now,” says the apostle, “both these objections are untenable and unreasonable. If you suppose that the Jew requires a sign, that sign is given him; Christ is the power of God. The miracles that Christ wrought upon earth were signs more than sufficiently abundant; and if the Jewish people had but the will to believe, they would have found abundant signs and reasons for believing in the personal acts of Christ and His apostles.” And let the Greek say, “I cannot believe because I require a wise system.” O Greek, Christ is the wisdom of God. If thou wouldst but investigate the subject, thou wouldst find in it profoundness of wisdom—a depth where the most gigantic intellect might be drowned. It is no shallow gospel, but a deep, and a great deep too, a deep which passeth understanding. Thine objection is ill-founded; for Christ is the wisdom of God, and His gospel is the highest of all sciences. If thou wishest to find wisdom, thou must find it in the word of revelation.

Now, this morning we shall try to bring out these two thoughts of the gospel; and it may be that God shall bless what we shall say to the removing of the objection of either Jew or Greek; that the one requiring a sign may see it in the *power* of God in Christ, and that he who requireth wisdom may behold it in the *wisdom* of God in Christ. We shall understand our text in a threefold manner:—Christ, that is, *Christ personally*, is “the power of God and the wisdom of God;” Christ, that is, *Christ’s Gospel*, is “the power of God, and the wisdom of God;” Christ, that is, *Christ in the heart—true religion*, is “the power of God and the wisdom of God.”

I. First, to begin, then, with CHRIST PERSONALLY. Christ considered as God and man, the Son of God equal with His Father, and yet the man, born of the Virgin Mary; Christ, in His complex person, is “the power of God and the wisdom of God.” *He is the power of God from all eternity.* “By His word were the heavens made, and all the host of them.” “The word was God, and the word was with God.” “All things were made by

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Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." The pillars of the earth were placed in their everlasting sockets by the omnipotent right hand of Christ; the curtains of the heavens were drawn upon their rings of starry light by Him who was from everlasting the All-glorious Son of God. The orbs that float aloft in ether, those ponderous planets, and those mighty stars were placed in their positions, or sent rolling through space by the eternal strength of Him who is "the first and the last," "the Prince of the kings of the earth." Christ is the power of God, for He is the Creator of all things, and by Him all things exist.

But *when He came to earth*, took upon Himself the fashion of a man, tabernacled in the inn, and slept in the manger, He still gave proof that He was the Son of God; not so much so when, as an infant of a span long, the immortal was the mortal, and the infinite became a babe; not so much so in His youth, but afterwards when He began His public ministry, He gave abundant proofs of His power and godhead. The winds hushed by His finger uplifted, the waves calmed by His voice, so that they became solid as marble beneath His tread; the tempest, cowering at His feet, as before a conqueror whom it knew and obeyed; these things, these stormy elements, the wind, the tempest, and the water, gave full proof of His abundant power. The lame man leaping, the deaf man hearing, the dumb man singing, the dead rising, these, again, were proofs that He was the "power of God." When the voice of Jesus startled the shades of Hades, and rent the bonds of death, with "Lazarus, come forth!" and when the carcass rotten in the tomb woke up to life, there was proof of His divine power and godhead. A thousand other proofs He afforded; but we need not stay to mention them to you who have Bibles in your houses, and who can read them every day. At last He yielded up His life, and was buried in the tomb. Not long, however, did He sleep; for He gave another proof of His divine power and godhead, when, starting from His slumber, He affrighted the guards with the majesty of His grandeur, not being holden by the bonds of death, they being like green withes before our conquering Samson, who had meanwhile pulled up the gates of hell, and carried them on His shoulders far away.

That is the *power* of God *now*, Scripture very positively affirmeth; for it is written "He sitteth at the right hand of God." He hath the reins of Providence gathered in His hands; the fleet coursers of time are driven by Him who sits in the chariot of the world, and bids His wheels run round; and He shall bid them stay when it shall please Him. He is the great umpire of all disputes, the great Sovereign Head of the Church, the Lord of heaven, and death, and hell; and by-and-by we know that He shall come,

"On fiery clouds and wings of wind,
Appointed judge of all mankind;"

and then the quickened dead, the startled myriads, the divided firmaments, the "Depart, ye cursed," and the "Come, ye blessed," shall proclaim Him to be the power of God, who hath power over all flesh to save or to condemn, as it pleaseth Him.

But He is equally "the *wisdom* of God." The great things that He did

before all worlds were proofs of His wisdom. He planned the way of salvation ; He devised the system of atonement and substitution ; He laid the foundations of the great plan of salvation. There was wisdom. But He built the heavens by wisdom, and He laid the pillars of light, whereon the firmament is balanced, by His skill and wisdom. Mark the world ; and learn, as ye see all its multitudinous proofs of the wisdom of God, that there you have the wisdom of Christ ; for He was the creator of it. And *when He became a man*, He gave proofs enough of wisdom. Even in childhood, when He made the doctor sit abashed by the questions that He asked, He showed that He was more than mortal. And when Pharisee and Sadducee and Herodian were all at last defeated, and their nets were broken, He proved again the superlative wisdom of the Son of God. And when those who came to take Him stood enchained by His eloquence, spellbound by His marvellous oratory, there was again a proof that He was the wisdom of God, who could so enchain the minds of men. And now that He intercedeth before the throne of God, now that He is our Advocate before the Throne, the pledge and surety for the blessed, now that the reins of Government are in His hands, and are ever wisely directed, we have abundant proofs that the wisdom of God is in Christ, as well as the power of God. Bow before Him, ye that love Him ; bow before Him, ye that desire Him ! Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him ! He is worthy of it, unto Him is everlasting might ; unto Him is unswerving wisdom : bless His name ; exalt Him ; clap your wings, ye seraphs ; cry aloud, ye cherubim ; shout, shout, shout, to His praise, ye ransomed host above. And ye, Oh men that know His grace, extol Him in your songs for ever, for He is Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God.

II. But now Christ, that is, CHRIST'S GOSPEL, is the power and the wisdom of God.

1. Christ's gospel is *a thing of divine power*. Do you want proofs of it ? Ye shall not go far. How could Christ's gospel have been established in this world as it was if it had not in itself intrinsic might ? By whom was it spread ? By mitred prelates, by learned doctors, by fierce warriors, by caliphs, by prophets ? No, by fishermen, untaught, unlettered ; save as the Spirit gave them utterance, not knowing how to preach or speak. How did they spread it ? By the bayonet, by their swords, by the keen metal of their blades ? Did they drive their gospel into men at the point of the lance, and with the scimitar ? Say, did myriads rush to battle, as they did when they followed the crescent of Mahomed, and did they convert men by force, by law, by might ? Ah ! no. Nothing but their simple words, their unvarnished eloquence, their rough declamation, their unhearn oratory ; these it was, which, by the blessing of God's Spirit, carried the gospel round the world within a century after the death of its founder.

But what was this gospel which achieved so much ? Was it a thing palatable to human nature ? Did it offer a paradise of present happiness ? Did it offer delight to the flesh and to the senses ? Did it give charming prospects of wealth ? Did it give licentious ideas to men ? No, it was a gospel of morality most strict, it was a gospel with delights entirely spiritual—a gospel which abjured the flesh, which, unlike the coarse delusion of Joe Smith, cut off every prospect from men of delighting themselves with the joys of lust. It was a gospel—holy, spotless

clean as the breath of heaven ; it was pure as the wing of angel ; not like that which spread of old, in the days of Mahomed, a gospel of lust, and vice, and wickedness, but pure, and consequently not palatable to human nature. And yet it spread. Why ? My friends, I think the only answer I can give you is, because it has in it the power of God.

But do you want another proof ? How has it been maintained since then ? No easy path has the gospel had. The good bark of the Church has had to plough her way through seas of blood, and those who have manned her have been bespattered with the bloody spray ; yea, they have had to man her and keep her in motion by laying down their lives unto the death. Mark the bitter persecution of the Church of Christ, from the time of Nero to the days of Mary, and further on, through the days of Charles the Second, and of those kings of unhappy memory, who had not as yet learned how to spell "toleration." From the dragoons of Claverhouse, right straight away to the gladiatorial shows of Rome, what a long series of persecutions has the gospel had ? But, as the old divines used to say, "The blood of the martyrs" has been "the seed of the Church." It has been, as the old herbalists had it, like the herb camomile, the more it is trodden on, the more it grows ; and the more the Church has been ill-treated, the more has it prospered. Behold the mountains where the Albigenses walk in their white garments ; see the stakes of Smithfield, not yet forgotten ; behold ye the fields amongst the towering hills, where brave bands kept themselves free from despotic tyranny. Mark ye the pilgrim fathers, driven by a government of persecution across the briny deep. See what vitality the gospel has. Plunge her under the wave, and she rises, the purer for her washing ; thrust her in the fire, and she comes out the more bright for her burning ; cut her in sunder, and each piece shall make another church ; behead her, and like the Hydra of old, she shall have a hundred heads for every one you cut away. She cannot die, she must live ; for she has the power of God within her.

Do you want another proof ? I give you a better one than the last. I do not wonder that the Church has outlived persecution, so much as I wonder she has outlived the unfaithfulness of her professed teachers. Never was Church so abused as the Church of Christ, has been, all through her history ; from the days of Diotrephes, who sought to have the pre-eminence, even to these latter times, we can read of proud, arrogant prelates and supercilious haughty lords over God's inheritance. Bonners, Dunstons, and men of all sorts have come into her ranks, and done all they could to kill her ; and with their lordly priestcraft they have tried to turn her aside. And what shall we say to that huge apostacy of Rome ? A thousand miracles that ever the Church outlived that ! When her pretended head had become apostate, and all her bishops disciples of hell, and she had gone far away, wonder of wonders, that she should come out, in the days of the glorious reformation, and should still live. And, even now, when I mark the supineness of many of my brethren in the ministry, when I mark their utter and entire inefficiency for doing aught for God—when I see their waste of time, preaching now and then on the Sunday, instead of going to the highways and hedges, and preaching the gospel everywhere to the poor—when I see the want of unction in the Church itself, the want of prayfulness—when I see wars and fightings, factions and disunions—when I see hot blood and pride, even in the meeting of

the saints, I say it is a thousand, thousand miracles, that the Church of God should be alive at all, after the unfaithfulness of her members, her ministers, and her bishops. She has the power of God within her, or else she would have been destroyed; for she has got enough within her own loins to work her destruction.

"But," says one, "you have not yet proved it is the power of God to my understanding." Sir, I will give you another proof. There are not a few of you, who are now present, who would be ready, I know, if it were necessary, to rise in your seats, and bear me witness that I speak the truth. There are some who, not many months ago, were drunkards; some who were loose livers; men who were unfaithful to every vow which should keep man to truth, and right, and chastity, and honesty, and integrity. Yes, I repeat, I have some here who look back to a life of detestable sin. You tell me, some of you, that for thirty years even (there is one such present now) you never listened to a gospel ministry, nor ever entered the house of God at all, you despised the Sabbath, you spent it in all kinds of evil pleasures, you plunged headlong into sin and vice, and your only wonder is, that God has not cut you off long ago, as cumberers of the ground; and now you are here as different as light from darkness. I know your characters, and have watched you with a father's love; for child though I am, I am the spiritual father of some here, whose years outcount mine by four times the number; and I have seen you honest who were thieves, and you sober who were drunkards. I have seen the wife's glad eye sparkling with happiness; and many a woman has grasped me by the hand, shed her tears upon me, and said, "I bless God; I am a happy woman now; my husband is reclaimed, my house is blessed; our children are brought up in the fear of the Lord." Not one or two, but scores of such are here. And, my friends, if these be not proofs that the gospel is the power of God, I say, there is no proof of anything to be had in the world, and everything must be conjecture. Yes, and there worship with you this day (and if there be a secularist here, my friend will pardon me for alluding to him for a moment) there is in the house of God this day one who was a leader in your ranks, one who despised God, and ran very far away from right. And here he is. It is his honour this day to own himself a Christian; and I hope, when this sermon is ended, to grasp him by the hand, for he has done a valiant deed; he has bravely burned his papers in the sight of all the people, and has turned to God with full purpose of heart. I could give you proofs enough, if proofs were wanted, that the gospel has been to men the power of God and the wisdom of God. More proofs I could give, yea, thousands, one upon the other.

2. But we must notice the other points. Christ's gospel is the *wisdom* of God. Look at the gospel itself and you will see it to be wisdom. The man who scoffs and sneers at the gospel, does so for no other reason but because he does not understand it. We have two of the richest books of theology extant, that were written by professed infidels—by men that were so, I mean, before they wrote the books. You may have heard the story of Lord Lyttleton and West. I believe they determined to refute Christianity; one of them took up the subject of Paul's conversion, and the other, the subject of the resurrection; they sat down, both of them, to write books to ridicule those two events, and the effect was, that in

studying the subject they, both of them, became Christians, and wrote books which are now bulwarks to the Church they hoped to have overthrown. Every man who looks the gospel fairly in the face, and gives it the study it ought to have, will discover that it is no false gospel, but a gospel that is replete with wisdom, and full of the knowledge of Christ. If any man will cavil at the Bible, he must cavil. There are some men who can find no wisdom anywhere, except in their own heads. Such men, however, are no judges of wisdom. We should not set a mouse to explain the phenomena of astronomy, nor should we set a man who is so foolish as to do nothing but cavil to understand the wisdom of the gospel. It needs that a man should at least be honest, and have some share of sense, or we cannot dispute with him at all. Christ's gospel, to any man who believes it, is the wisdom of God.

Allow me just to hint that to be a believer in the gospel is no dishonour to a man's intellect. While the gospel can be understood by the poorest and the most illiterate, while there are shallows in it where a lamb may wade, there are depths where leviathan may swim. The intellect of Locke found ample space in the gospel; the mind of Newton submitted to receive the truth of inspiration as a little child, and found a something in its majestic being higher than itself, unto which it could not attain. The rudest and most untaught have been enabled, by the study of the Holy Scripture of God's truth, to enter the kingdom; and the most erudite have said of the gospel, it surpasses thought. I was thinking the other day what a vast amount of literature must be lost if the gospel be not true. No book was ever so suggestive as the Bible. Large tomes we have in our library which it takes all our strength to lift, all upon Holy Scripture; myriads upon myriads of smaller volumes, tens of thousands of every shape and size, all written upon the Bible; and I have thought that the very suggestiveness of Scripture, the supernatural suggestiveness of Holy Writ, may be in itself a proof of its divine wisdom, since no man has ever been able to write a book which could have so many commentators and so many writers upon its text as the Bible has received, by so much as one millionth part.

III. CHRIST IN A MAN, THE GOSPEL IN THE SOUL, is the power of God and the wisdom of God. We will picture the Christian from his beginning to his end. We will give a short map of his history. He begins there, in that prison-house, with huge iron bars, which he cannot file; in that dark damp cell, where pestilence and death are bred. There, in poverty and nakedness, without a pitcher to put to his thirsty lips, without a mouthful even of dry crust to satisfy his hunger, that is where he begins—in the prison chamber of conviction, powerless, lost and ruined. Between the bars I thrust my hand to him, and give to him in God's name the name of Christ to plead. Look at him; he has been filing away at these bars many and many a day, without their yielding an inch; but now he has got the name of Christ upon his lips; he puts his hand upon the bars, and one of them is gone, and another, and another; and he makes a happy escape, crying, "I am free, I am free, I am free! Christ has been the power of God to me, in bringing me out of my trouble." No sooner is he free, however, than a thousand doubts meet him. This one cries, "You are not elect;" another cries, "You are not redeemed;" another says, "You are not called;" another says, "You are not

converted." "Avaunt," says he, "avaunt! Christ died;" and he just pleads the name of Christ as the power of God, and the doubts flee apace, and he walks straight on. He comes soon into the furnace of trouble; he is thrust into the innermost prison, and his feet are made fast in the stocks. God has put His hand upon him. He is in deep trouble; at midnight he begins to sing of Christ; and lo! the walls begin to totter, and the foundation of the prison to shake; and the man's chains are taken off, and he comes out free; for Christ hath delivered him from trouble. Here is a hill to climb, on the road to heaven. Wearily he pants up the side of that hill, and thinks he must die ere he can reach the summit. The name of Jesus is whispered in his ear: he leaps to his feet, and pursues his way, with fresh courage, until the summit is gained, when he cries, "Jesus Christ is the strength of my song; He also hath become my salvation." See him again. He is on a sudden beset by many enemies; how shall he resist them? With this true sword, this true Jerusalem blade, Christ and Him crucified. With this he keeps the devil at arm's length; with this he fights against temptation, against lust, against spiritual wickedness in high places, and with this he resists. Now, he has come to his last struggle: the river Death rolls black and sullen before him; dark shapes rise upwards from the flood, and howl and fright him. How shall he cross the stream? How shall he find a landing-place on the other side? Dread thoughts perplex him for a moment; he is alarmed; but he remembers, Jesus died; and catching up that watchword he ventures to the flood. Before his feet the Jordan flies apace; like Israel of old, he walks through, dry shod, singing as he goes to heaven, "Christ is with me, Christ is with me, passing through the stream! Victory, victory, victory, to Him that loveth me!"

To the Christian in his own experience Christ is ever the power of God. As for temptation, he can meet that with Christ; as for trouble, he can endure that through Christ who strengthens him; yea, he can say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me." Have you never seen a Christian in trouble, a true Christian? I have read a story of a man who was converted to God by seeing the conduct of his wife in the hour of trouble. They had a lovely child, their only offspring. The father's heart doted on it perpetually, and the mother's soul was knit up in the heart of the little one. It lay sick upon its bed, and the parents watched it night and day. At last it died. The father had no God: he rent his hair, he rolled upon the floor in misery, wallowed upon the earth, cursing his being, and defying God in the utter casting down of his agony. There sat his wife, as fond of the child as ever he could be; and though tears would come, she gently said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "What!" said he, starting to his feet, "you love that child? I thought that when that child died you would break your heart. Here am I, a strong man; I am mad; here are you, a weak woman, and yet you are strong and bold; tell me what is it possesses you?" Said she, "Christ is my Lord, I trust in Him; surely I can give this child to Him who gave Himself for me." From that instant the man became a believer. "There must," said he, "be some truth and power in the Gospel, which could lead you to believe in such a manner, under such a trial." Christians! try to exhibit that spirit

wherever you are, and prove to the worldling that in your experience at least "Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God."

And now the last point. In the *Christian's experience*, Christ is wisdom, as well as power. If you want to be a thoroughly learned man the best place to begin is to begin at the Bible, to begin at Christ. It is said that even children learn to read more quickly from the Bible than from any other book; and this I am sure of, that we, who are but grown up children, will learn better and learn faster by beginning with Christ, than we could by beginning with anything else. I remember saying once, and as I cannot say it better I will repeat it, that before I knew the Gospel I gathered up a heterogeneous mass of all kinds of knowledge from here, there, and everywhere; a bit of chemistry, a bit of botany, and a bit of astronomy, and a bit of this, that, and the other. I put them together, in one great confused chaos. When I learned the Gospel, I got a shelf in my head to put everything away upon just where it should be. It seemed to me as if, when I had discovered Christ and Him crucified, I had got the centre of the system, so that I could see every other science revolving round in order. From the earth, you know, the planets appear to move in a very irregular manner,—they are progressive, retrograde, stationary; but if you could get upon the sun, you would see them marching round in their constant uniform, circular motion. So with knowledge. Begin with any other science you like, and truth will seem to be awry. Begin with the science of Christ crucified, and you will begin with the sun, you will see every other science moving round it in harmony. The greatest mind in the world will be evolved by beginning at the right end. The old saying is, "Go from nature up to nature's God;" but it is hard work going up hill. The best thing is to go from nature's God down to nature; and if you once get to nature's God, and believe Him, and love Him, it is surprising how easy it is to hear music in the waves, and songs in the wild whisperings of the winds; to see God everywhere, in the stones, in the rocks, in the rippling brooks, and hear Him everywhere in the lowing of cattle, in the rolling of thunders, and in the fury of tempests. Get Christ first, put Him in the right place, and you will find Him to be the wisdom of God in your own experience.

But wisdom is not knowledge; and we must not confound the two. Wisdom is the right use of knowledge; and Christ's gospel helps us, by teaching us the right use of knowledge. It directs us. Yon Christian has lost his way in a dark wood; but God's word is a compass to him, and a lantern too; he finds his way by Christ. He comes to a turn in the road. Which is right, and which is wrong? He cannot tell. Christ is the great Sign-post, telling him which way to go. He sees every day new straits attend; he knows not which way to steer. Christ is the great pilot who puts His hand on the tiller, and makes him wise to steer through the shoals of temptation and the rocks of sin. Get the gospel, and you are a wise man. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and right understanding have they who keep His commandments." Ah! Christian, you have had many doubts, but you have had them all unriddled, when you have come to the cross of Christ. You have had many difficulties; but they have been all explained in the light of Calvary. You have seen mysteries, when you have brought

them to the face of Christ, made clear and manifest, which once you never could have known. Allow me to remark here that some people make use of Christ's gospel to illuminate their heads, instead of making use of it to illuminate their hearts. They are like the farmer Rowland Hill once described. The farmer is sitting by the fire with his children; the cat is purring on the hearth, and they are all in great comfort. The ploughman rushes in, and cries, "Thieves! thieves! thieves!" The farmer rises up in a moment, grasps the candle, holds it up to his head, rushes after the thieves, and, says Rowland Hill, "he tumbles over a wheelbarrow, because he holds the light to his head, instead of holding it to his feet." So there are many, who just hold religion up to illuminate their intellect, instead of holding it down to illuminate their practice: and so they make a sad tumble of it, and cast themselves into the mire, and do more hurt to their Christian profession in one hour than they will ever be able to retrieve. Take care that you make the wisdom of God, by God's Holy Spirit, a thing of true wisdom, directing your feet into His statutes, and keeping you in His ways.

And now a practical appeal, and we have done. I have been putting my arrow on the string, and if I have used any light similes, I have but done so just as the archer tips his arrow with a feather, to make it fly the better. I know that a rough quaint saying often sticks, when another thing is entirely forgotten. Now let us draw the bow, and send the arrow right at your hearts. Men, brethren, fathers, how many of you have felt in yourselves that Christ is the power of God, and the wisdom of God? Internal evidence is the best evidence in the world for the truth of the gospel. No Paley or Butler can prove the truth of the gospel so well as Mary, the servant girl yonder, that has got the gospel in her heart, and the power of it manifest in her life. Say, has Christ ever broken your bonds, and set you free? Has He delivered you from your evil life, and from your sin? Has He given you "a good hope through grace," and can you now say, "On Him I lean; on my beloved I stay myself"? If so, go away and rejoice: you are a saint; for the apostle has said, "He is unto us who are saved, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." But if you cannot say this, allow me affectionately to warn you. If you want not this power of Christ, and this wisdom of Christ now, you will want them in a few short moments, when God shall come to judge the quick and the dead, when you shall stand before His bar, and when all the deeds that you have done shall be read before an assembled world. You will want religion then. Oh that you had grace to tremble now; grace to "kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and you perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little." Hear ye how to be saved, and I have done. Do you feel that you are a sinner? Are you conscious that you have rebelled against God? Are you willing to acknowledge your transgressions and do you hate and abhor them while at the same time you feel you can do nothing to atone for them? Then hear this! Christ died for you; and if He died for you, you cannot be lost. Christ died in vain for no man for whom He died. If you are a penitent and believer, He died for you, and you are safe; go your way; "rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory;" for He who has taught you your need of a Saviour, will give that Saviour's blood to be applied to your conscience, and you shall ere long, with yonder blood-washed host

praise God and the Lamb saying, "Hallelujah, for ever, Amen!" Only do you feel that you are a sinner? If not, I have no gospel to preach to you; I can but warn you. But if you feel your lost estate, and come to Christ, come, and welcome, for He will never cast you away.

SONGS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

THE THAW AND ITS LESSONS.

"Who can stand before His cold."—Ps. cxlvii. 17.

"He sendeth out His Word and melteth them."—Ps. cxlvii. 18.

O, what a joy to see stern Winter yield
Her ice-bound trophies to the king of day;
While Nature smiles amid her flowing tears,
To see her earth-bound beauty melt away!

But O, more sweet the pure seraphic joy,
When Christ comes forth and, through His Spirit's breath,
Melts off the chains which bind the soul in sin,
Dissolves the winter of eternal death!

'Tis sweet to see earth's desolation gone,
And forms of life long buried lift their head;
But sweeter still to see each Christian grace
Again appear in hearts long cold and dead.

To see a soul, long bound by doubt and fear,
Spring forth in faith and loosened from despair;
This is a sight, O Lord, we love to see,
The most divine and fairest of the fair!

O Saviour, rise, and let Thy sight be ours,
Chase death's own darkness from the souls we love,
And let us see them quickened by Thy grace,
Rising to Thee, death's winter far above!

O Jesus, come, and breathe Thy living breath!
Now for Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, we pray;
Bid death's cold sparkling glories melt like mist,
Before the brightness of Thy rising day!

Thus send a THAW to frozen hearts, O Lord,
Iced o'er by selfishness, cold, hardened, sad;
Poor in the midst of wealth, shine, Sun of Love,
And bid their winter pass as they make others glad.

The late W. POOLE BALFERN.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER V.—A SUDDEN CON- VERSION.

NEVER in all her life did Miss Archer remember spending a more pleasant evening than the one she spent at Miss Morrison's mansion. The visit seemed to open up to her a new world, and as she drove home in her carriage about ten o'clock she could do nothing else but reflect upon what she had both seen and heard. Whatever it was possible to do in order to make her feel at home and promote her happiness had been done, and yet all seemed to flow on so easily and naturally as to make it appear that anything like effort put forth to please was altogether out of the question. Not to speak of the few quiet, innocent and laughable games indulged in and the fun occasioned by each lady—Miss Abigail on one occasion herself being tripped up—inadvertently lapsing into the mistake of calling the other "Miss," to the increase of the City Mission box fund, the narrative given by Miss Morrison of her mission work, and the thrilling melodies sung by Miss Abigail with the accompaniment of music, caused the time to pass away so rapidly as to make Miss Archer astonished when her carriage was announced. And yet, as on the next morning she reflected upon the past evening's enjoyment, she could not help a feeling of sadness creeping over her mind at the review it led her to take. Think of whatever she might, the next moment the happy Christian invalid would appear before her, either as she spoke,

or laughed, or sang, and all that she said and did in imagination she could hear and behold again. Her face, with its varied changes, her voice with its musical tones, her speeches, so full of meaning and sweet resignation, and the wonderful life she seemed to live, all struck Miss Archer as being so beautiful and original that she could never have believed such invalids could be found existing, had she not come in contact with such an one herself. But the thing that struck her most was one melody which Miss Abigail had sung from a printed leaflet, of which she had begged a copy, and which she now read over again. It was entitled, "Perfect, through suffering," and it ran thus :

God would never send you the dark-
ness

If He felt you could bear the light,
But you would not cling to His
guiding hand

If the way were always bright:
And you would not care to walk by
faith

Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear ;
He knows how few would reach
heaven at all

If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding dark-
ness,

And the furnace of seven-fold heat :
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet ;
For 'tis always so easy to wander,
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your
Father's,

And sing, if you can, as you go:
Your song may cheer some one be-
hind you,

Whose courage is sinking low,
And—well, if your lips do quiver,
God will love you better so.

As Miss Abigail sang these verses, Miss Archer could do nothing else but watch her face. Radiant with joy and lighted up with gleams of hope every feature seemed to speak of the full realisation of the victory obtained over pain; and the intonations of her charming voice gave marvellous expression to every sentiment that the melody contained. Miss Archer, as she reflected upon the scene, could not but ask herself what such a strange state of mind meant. Was this really true religion? If so, what did she know about it? Suppose that, instead of being healthy, sound in limb, and fully capable of enjoying the pleasures of life, she had herself been an invalid, crippled for life, and at times suffering intense pain and agony, would the so-called religion that she had have produced in her such unfathomable joy and peace? No, never. It did not make her happy now, not even to talk of its capability of giving her satisfaction then. Surely she needed something that she had not hitherto obtained! Was it not the "One thing needful?" Might she not, after all, have been a mere formalist, knowing nothing whatever of the power of vital godliness? Suppose death should stare her in the face with but an hour or two's warning, should she be prepared to meet the dread foe without a moment's fear? What had Miss Abigail told her? She had said, in the course of conversation, that for her death had no terrors. She knew that she was saved, and that, let the call to de-

part come when it might, it would find her ready prepared to meet her Lord. What a blessed state to attain to! What was there in the world to compare with it? To be fit to live; to be fit to die; to be fit to enter heaven at any moment. What, she asked herself, would I not give if I could attain to such a state? As she involuntarily uttered these words it seemed to her as if she heard an audible voice speaking within, saying, "Give, give! What could you give? You need not give anything to attain to it. Have you not read that the wine and milk of the Gospel are to be had 'without money and without price?' Why, then, talk of purchasing that which is freely offered to you in the Gospel? Take it at once; take it at once." If an angel from heaven had come down to her and uttered the words they would not have come home to her with more power. What some poor seeking sinners take years to learn, it was her happy destiny to learn there and then. The Holy Spirit, by his irresistible revelations, had, as it were, in an instant taken the veil off her dark and bewildered mind, and led her to grasp at once a central truth that brought her to the feet of Jesus. After pausing for a few minutes as if to take in the great but simple truth that had been so suddenly revealed to her soul, she sank down upon her knees by her chair, and with the simplicity of a child said, "Lord Jesus, I will take all that Thou wilt give me now; and for what Thou hast done for me I will surrender myself to Thee.

Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine; yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

The peace that on this act of

self-surrender flowed into her mind was unspeakable. Truly, as yet she did not know much, but one thing she knew: she had for the first time in her life accepted Christ and His free salvation, and had willingly and most heartily surrendered herself to Him and to His service in gladsome return. Henceforth she would be not her own, but His. For her He had died, and for Him she would live. As a sinner, she would claim Him as her only Saviour; as a servant He should be her sole Master. How joyous she felt now! Abigail Morrison was to her now no longer a mystery. She was one with her in soul and feeling. They could now talk the same spiritual language, share together the same spiritual blessings, and aid each other in spiritual work in the Lord's sweet service. How she longed to tell Abigail of the glorious change that had taken place in her! Why should she delay in communicating it? If the invalid was none the worse for the previous day's excitement would she not be delighted to hear of it as soon as possible? To be sure she would; so after dinner the carriage should be ordered to take her to Rusholme, and she would tell Abigail that she had "found Christ."

And, true to her purpose, about the same hour in the afternoon as on the previous day Miss Morrison was called down to the door to meet her unexpected visitor again. A hearty welcome was, of course, accorded, but mingled with surprise.

"Whatever," she asked, "has brought you here, dear, again so soon? Has anything happened?"

"Yes, Grace, something has happened; and you will be surprised to hear what it is more so than you are even to see me now."

"What can it be? Surely it cannot be anything that troubles you, for you look so happy!"

"And I am happy, too, dear. But just tell me one thing: can I see Abigail? Is she well enough to be seen?"

"Yes, she is; you can see her now, and she will be so glad to see you."

"I am delighted, Grace, to hear that, for I was so afraid lest yesterday's excitement should have upset her."

"But it has not, I can assure you. She has had another good night, and is, therefore, in first-rate trim. But see now, while you are taking off your things, I will go and tell her of your arrival."

In a few moments the ladies met in the drawing-room, and, the usual salutations having been given without leaving time for the invalid to ask a single question, Miss Archer said:

"Now, Abigail, you will want to know what on earth could have brought me here again to-day. Shall I tell you abruptly, without any preface whatever, what it is?"

"Do, Nellie; let's have no circumlocution. Out with it!"

"Well, Abigail, you have been the means of saving my soul!"

"How was that?" she asked, looking pleased but apparently bewildered.

"I will soon tell you, dear. When I came here yesterday I was led to see that you possessed something that I had not got, and this morning I was led to think about it, and then to long for it, oh! Abigail, so intensely. It seemed to me that I would give all that I possessed, and more too, if I could but say that I was saved, and as such fit either for life or for death. Then, in a moment, the thought came to me that salvation could not be pur-

chased, but that it was a free gift; and, therefore, if I wanted it, all that I had to do was to accept it and then give myself to Christ in return. And, Abigail, believe me, I did it. Without any hesitation, I knelt down by my chair, and I accepted Christ and His salvation and surrendered myself fully to Him, and told Him that I would be His now and for ever. No sooner had I done that than peace flowed into my soul which was inexpressible, and I could do nothing for two hours afterwards but walk up and down the room and thank and adore the Lord for what He had done for my soul. So what could I do but come and tell you at once about it? I felt as if I could not stay another hour, so anxious was

I to impart to you and to Grace the good news."

And what did Abigail Morrison do when she heard it? Is it surprising to learn that, bending forward, in an instant she stretched out her arms and embraced the new convert, and that, having kissed her again and again she leaned her head upon her shoulder and cried for joy like a child? But the tears were soon wiped away, and then a joyous afternoon was spent in conversation, narrative, and song in that drawing-room such as had never been spent in it before, but which only proved to be the harbinger of many such happy seasons in years that were yet to come.

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

WHAT IS NEEDED.

It is not the gathering of evening crowds by means of semi-religious entertainments; it is not merely keeping people out of public-houses on Sunday nights by means of concerts; it is not mere temporary amendments: these will only fit men and women for going down to ruin with less thought and an easier step. What is needed is *sound and enduring conversions to God*, and by these all mission work and all new methods must ultimately be judged. The preaching of the Gospel of Christ is God's appointed remedy for the salvation of sinners. It requires no sensational additions to increase its attractive power. To provide stepping-stones to the Gospel of the Christ, reveals a deep-

seated scepticism as to the *Divine adaptedness* of the Gospel to the sinner's need and condition.

T W. MEDHURST.

Portsmouth.

WEAK BUT WILLING.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; for the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."—MATT. xxvi. 41.

THESE words were addressed by Christ to His disciples under tragic and trying circumstances. They are also of present, wide, and continuous application.

The *scenes* of temptation are various. They are often where they are the least suspected, and

therefore the more dangerous, and require the more careful watchfulness and prayer. The first temptation was in the midst of great beauty and fruitfulness. The danger of temptation may be in scenes of pleasure as well as of pain.

The spirit that resists temptation needs discipline. The tempter, in enticing to sin, tests our strength and ascertains our weakness. Human nature is weak in its thinking and acting. The tempter is too strong and wily for us. The renewed man, possessing the willing spirit, taught and disciplined by the Saviour, has knowledge of his devices, and courage to resist his suggestions and enticements.

The source of strength in temptation is found in the counselling and interceding Saviour. "He is able to succour them that are tempted." In Him are tender sympathy, ready help, and sure victory. The flesh is sensitive, timid, shrinking; the spirit is trustful, patient, courageous, hopeful. It looks to Christ, and renews its life, strength, and hopes. "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthens me."

W. ABBOTT.

Blunham.

FINDING JESUS.

BY REV. JABEZ DODWELL.

"Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."—JOHN i. 45.

It is not necessary that we should be very far advanced in spiritual things before we begin to speak of them to others. Philip had but just been called by Christ, yet he hesitated not to speak of Him to Nathanael, and the Saviour honoured

the early effort by making it the means of bringing a soul to Himself. None who believe in Jesus should think it too soon, with the design of bringing others to the Saviour, modestly to say, "We have found Him."

I. LET US LOOK AT THESE WORDS AS A RELATION OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Speaking for himself and the rest of Christ's disciples at that time Philip declared that they had found Jesus. *Observe the unity of Christian experience.* Occasionally, the consideration of points in which Christians differ from each other causes us to lose sight of the points in which they agree, and so to lose the realization of their oneness in their Lord. Against this danger we should be on our guard; and hence, whilst we may sometimes have occasion to refer to our own distinctive principles and beliefs, we should carefully bear in mind that Christians are all members of one family, and have enjoyed, in a very large measure, similar experience of God's goodness. Wherever else believers may separate, they are united at the Cross; and, wherever else they may differ, all will be agreed in the confession that they have found Jesus, and that He is precious to their souls.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds

In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,

And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,

And calms the troubled breast,

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,

And to the weary rest."

But these words also remind us of the diversity of Christian experience; for, in speaking for others as well as himself, Philip referred to dif-

ferent ways in which the Saviour had been found. And still the fact remains that, whereas all Christians have found Jesus, they have gone through different experiences in their search for Him, and in His manifestations of Himself to them. Many are brought to the Saviour by the preaching of the Gospel; so it was with the two disciples whose coming to Jesus is first recorded in this chapter. They were prepared to receive the Saviour through their attendance upon the ministry of His forerunner. John had borne public testimony to Christ, not only by speaking of Him in a general manner, but also by pointing to Him personally, and crying, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." And, again, he had said to these two disciples of his, as Jesus made his appearance, "Behold the Lamb of God," and, at once, the two disciples followed Jesus. The sermon was short, but the results were blessed, for it was the application of many preceding sermons. So has it been with many persons since. They have heard the Gospel preached, and their hearts have been so far wrought upon that they have felt a pleasure in attending upon the ministry thereof; and, in due time, some word has been spoken which, dropping into hearts prepared for its reception, has brought forth fruit in their following the Saviour. They have heard of Jesus until their hearts have gone out after Him, saying, "Master, where dwellest Thou?" and presently they have heard His gracious words, "Come and see," calling them into sweet and abiding fellowship with Himself. The outward instrumentality employed in leading them to Christ has been the public proclamation of the Word, and they will confess that beautiful indeed are the feet

of those who bring the glad tidings of salvation to the guilty and perishing sons of men. Others are brought to the Saviour as the result of more private efforts by a relative or friend; even as it is said of Andrew, "He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah. And he brought him to Jesus." There is much encouragement for other, and less recognised, labourers in the vineyard of the Lord beside the Christian minister; for, in unnumbered instances, they have had the unspeakable privilege of bringing their friends and companions to the Saviour. A word has been spoken in private perhaps, or, if the young believer has been too timid to speak, a letter has been written; and God has owned the word spoken, or written, so tremblingly, so that from being a brother or companion in the flesh, such an one has become brother in the Lord, and together they rejoice in the Saviour found by both. With others, as with Philip himself, no outward instrumentality can be particularly referred to; but, by His Spirit, Christ Himself has spoken to them, and instantly the change has been wrought, and the Saviour found. And these have no need to be cast down because they cannot definitely point to the instrumentality employed. There is no specified process for sinners to go through in such respects as these. Some have had deeper convictions of sin than others, and more intense and prolonged anguish of soul because of it. Some have had the heart gently opened by the Gospel, and others have had the same operation somewhat violently performed by the law. But these things are of comparatively little importance, so long as the Saviour has been found. Whatever may

have been the previous experience, or the means by which that experience was brought about, happy beyond description are they who can join with Philip in the confession, "We have found Jesus."

II. LET US CONSIDER THESE WORDS AS A TESTIMONY FOR THE SAVIOUR.

They were used in this sense by Philip. The Jews had an expectation of a coming Messiah, and Philip pointed out to Nathanael that Jesus was that Messiah. It was well known that Moses and the prophets had written concerning some Coming One, and Philip declared that this was indeed He "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write." And, although we are prepared to admit the truth of this statement, it may help to strengthen us in the intelligent belief of the truth if we turn over the pages of the Old Testament, and observe afresh that Jesus is the central figure therein.

Moses wrote of Jesus. He did so by recording that first gracious promise of a deliverer to our race, that the Seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and those precious words in which the Gospel was preached to Abraham, "In thee shall all nations be blessed." He did so, perhaps it may be said, by recording many things illustrative of Christ's character and work : as several circumstances connected with the history of Joseph, and with his own history. But more especially did Moses write of Christ by instituting the various sacrifices of the Old Testament times. How does he seem to be writing of Christ when he writes of the Passover ; telling us that when God saw the blood of the slain lamb, He passed by the houses of the Israelites, while He smote the land of Egypt. The Apostle tells us that "Christ

our Passover is sacrificed for us," and very striking are the points in which Christ was typified by the paschal lamb. He is frequently called the Lamb of God, and not only so, but a Lamb that has been slain ; He offered Himself up when in His full strength, as the paschal lamb was to be a male of the first year ; like unto that He was "a Lamb without blemish, and without spot ;" and, as not a bone of that was to be broken, so we are expressly informed that, although the Roman soldiers brake the legs of the robbers who were crucified with Him, yet, finding Jesus dead already, they brake not His legs, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled. And so, in the sprinkling of the blood on the houses of the Israelites, and the solemn eating of the lamb by their families, were typified the sprinkling of Christ's blood spiritually upon those who believe, and their spiritual feeding upon Him. Moses wrote of Christ, too, when he recorded the various ceremonies connected with the observance of the great day of atonement. Herein the work of Christ was typified by the two goats, which made but one offering—the one being killed to make an atonement for the sins of the people, and the other, when their sins had been confessed over him, bearing those sins away into the wilderness. The slain goat represented Christ dying for our sins, and the scapegoat represented Christ rising again for our justification. Our sins were laid upon Christ, as the sins of the Israelites were figuratively laid upon the head of the goat, and He has taken them away, as the sins of the Israelites were then borne away by the goat into a land not inhabited. And so we might refer to the red heifer, whose ashes were to be used in preparing the water of purification

for the people, and to the ceremonies connected with the cleansing of lepers, together with the burnt-offering, the meat-offering the peace-offering, the sin and trespass offerings, and indeed almost all the ceremonies of the Old Testament economy, as set forth in the books of Moses. He was himself an eminent type of Christ; by the offerings he instituted, at God's command, he gave many typical representations of the work of Christ; and in that part of the Bible that was written by him we may learn much of Christ.

The Prophets also wrote of Jesus. In this, again, the witness of Philip is both true and capable of being extensively proved. Another Philip afterwards, finding an Ethiopian eunuch reading from the prophecies of Isaiah, "opened his mouth, and beginning at the same Scripture, preached unto him Jesus." And there can be no doubt that it was He to whom the prophet referred in the words read: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before His shearer, so opened He not His mouth. In His humiliation His judgment was taken away: and who shall declare His generation? for His life is taken from the earth." And barely to mention all the other places in which this prophet, and the others, wrote of Christ would be to detain you far beyond the space we may here occupy. In the midst of the account of Christ's birth we read: "Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call His name Immanuel, which, being interpreted, is God with us." When Herod wished to know where the Christ should be born, the Scribes replied, "In Beth-

lehem of Judea: for thus it is written by the prophet, And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, are not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule My people Israel." When, for fear of Herod, Joseph took the Saviour and his mother by night and fled into Egypt, we are told that this was "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt have I called My Son." And when they returned to the land of Israel, it is said that they turned aside into the parts of Galilee, and dwelt in a city called Nazareth, "that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, He shall be called a Nazarene." All these references to the prophecies concerning Christ occur in the short account of His early life, given in the first and second chapters of the Gospel according to Matthew; and so, throughout the public ministry of Christ, and in the closing scenes of His life, we are repeatedly informed that certain things were said, or done, "that the Scriptures might be fulfilled." Near the commencement of His public ministry, "He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up; and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read. And there was delivered unto Him the book of the prophet Esaias. And, when He had opened the book, He found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of our Lord. And He closed

the book and gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on Him. And He began to say unto them, *This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears!*" Once and again, the Saviour charged the people that they should not make Him known; and the reason of His doing so is thus given: "That it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Behold My servant, whom I have chosen; My beloved, in whom My soul is well pleased. I will put My spirit upon Him, and He shall show judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not strive, nor cry, neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench, until He send forth judgment unto victory. And in His name shall the Gentiles trust." And when He was crucified, it is said, "The Scripture was fulfilled which saith, And He was numbered with the transgressors." Rightly, therefore, did Philip say that the prophets wrote of Christ. All revelation points to Him. No mean testimony is this; and Christ evidently thought not a little of it; for He said to the Jews, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me."

III. WE MAY ALSO REGARD THESE WORDS AS AN APPEAL TO THE UNDECIDED.

In this way, also, they were evidently used by Philip. Having been brought to the Saviour himself, he was anxious that others should become the subjects of the same gracious experience; and so, finding Nathanael, he addressed him in this language; and so intent was he upon bringing him to Jesus that, when he somewhat lightly

inquired "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" without staying to make any defence of the place, he said, "Come and see," and Nathanael was constrained to say, "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel," and join himself to Christ and His followers.

Happy indeed should we be if the like results should follow our adoption of this language. And what more shall we say, by way of urging the undecided at once to decide for Jesus? "We have found Him": Then *it is certain He is willing to be found*. He might have withdrawn Himself, so that fellowship with Him would have been impossible; but, when our hearts sought His face, He mercifully manifested Himself to us, and lifted up the light of His countenance upon us. Nay, before we sought Him, or desired to do so, He said to us in His Word, as He does also to you, "Seek ye My face," and promised that, if we came to Him, He would in no wise cast us out. Our experience is witness that He waits to be gracious, and that those who really seek Him surely find Him. Harden not your hearts, we pray you. Think not that it is unnecessary for you to seek Christ, for without Him you must be for ever lost; and think not that it will be useless for you to seek Him, for He will certainly be found of all who seek Him in sincerity.

And we can say something of the blessedness of having found Him. We are not recommending to you a course that we have not tried, or one that we have tried and found wanting, but one that we have proved to be profitable. Having found Jesus, we are not afraid to look into the face of God, and we find nothing but smiles there. You who are without Christ are afraid

to think of God, and may well be so. But as we hear the Father saying, concerning Jesus, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," we know that we also are looked upon by God with complacency, being "accepted in the Beloved." Having found Christ, too, we can look into the future without fear. Without a hope in Christ, it is dreadful beyond expression to contemplate futurity; and we do not wonder that those who are resolved to be without Christ should try to put the thought of it far from them; but to those who have found Christ the future is lit up with celestial brightness. They cannot wish the present life to last longer than it does; for, blessed as they are now, they will be a thousand times more so when, through the gates of death, they have passed

into the heavenly kingdom of their Lord and Saviour.

We have found Him. Will you not seek Him? And will you not do so without further delay? Surely you will not say that you have no need of Him? Without Him what will you do in the time of affliction? What will you do in the day of death? What will you do in the Judgment? What will you do in Eternity? Oh! do not lay up matter for endless lamentation; but, now that Jesus is proclaimed to you as the Saviour of sinners, cry unto Him for mercy. And, if this be done sincerely, we have no hesitation in saying that He will hear your cry, and thus lay the foundation for eternal rejoicing on your part, because you also have "found Him."

Middleton Cheney, Banbury.

Reviews.

Additional Sacred Songs and Solos, with Standard Hymns. Compiled and sung by IRA D. SANKEY. Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THE reputation Mr. Sankey has gained for the compiling, composing, and singing of sacred songs is so worldwide, and has proved so helpful and lasting, that it would seem to be enough to say that, in this addition of 309 pieces, he has sustained his good and useful character. Thousands to whom his Services of Song have been made a blessing will hail this volume with delight. Some of the pieces are very sweet and stimulating; and, if we may add one word of criticism, it is only that we wish the complete volume, past and present, contained more hymns for

the young in schools and more for the missionary prayer meeting. This has been one felt want, and we have used Sacred Songs and Solos from their first introduction into this country.

The Sins of the Family: Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Michael, Alnwick. By REV. E. B. TROTTER, M.A., Vicar. Thomas Laurie, 30, New Bridge Street.

THESE are ready discourses on social and moral duties, and many blots are pointed out and many good things said; but we think the whole is marred by advice and exhortation being given on a wrong basis. Here is an extract: "How little do we grasp the fact! By baptism (infant baptism) I am one

with Christ. Yet we have been brought up in the idea that we have nothing to do with Christ till our conversion." Exactly so; the Saviour says, "Except a man be born of water and the Spirit, he cannot see nor enter into the Kingdom of God." The writer seems to have a horror of the marriage performance as a civil contract. We have none; and would rather the union of non-Christian people be performed at the registrar's office than at chapel, and a false religious idea connected with the service.

Spiritual Decline in the Church of God. By ALFRED HILL. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THIS book is on a mournful subject; but, if the wound exists, the nearest and the quickest way to health is to uncover the wound and faithfully apply the remedy. We are in sympathy with the author. The last days are upon us; we ought to lay well to heart Paul's description of them. We may weave an ingenious web, and may say the present times are full of zeal and devotion, and societies and increases; but it is not all gold that glitters. What of false doctrine, and efforts based on the ignoring the teaching, commands, and precepts of the Master? This book ought to be read. The author believes that much may be done by prayer. This is one of the means which latter-day professors are making light of. Alas! Alas!

The People's Pulpit. No. 10. J. Dixon, Dublin. J. Hill, 36, Chancery Lane. Six copies, post free, for sixpence.

Believers' Immersion the only Scriptural Baptism. By HUGH D. BROWN, M.A.

WE received this good discourse on an evening when we were about to administer the ordinance, and thought it so good that we were content that the part of our service

referring to our principles should be represented by our reading extracts. It ought to be used by our tract distributors.

The Christian World Pulpit for April contains Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's address delivered in Exeter Hall before the Evangelical Alliance (subject "The Unchangeable Gospel"); but those of our readers who would have a treat should obtain the *Evangelical Christendom* for April, from T. G. Johnson, 121, Fleet Street. It contains all the addresses given by eminent ministers on behalf of the principles of the society.

The Robe of Righteousness; or, Our Title to Heaven. Preached in Paris by the late Rev. EDWARD FORBES, D.D., and published by request. Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

EXTRACT: "The doctrine of justification or our being accounted righteous before God only for the merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, by faith, is the great doctrine of our Protestant faith. For it our forefathers died in the flames of Smithfield. It is the doctrine of the reformer. It is older: it is the doctrine of the fathers. It is older than the doctrine of the fathers: it is the doctrine of the apostles. It is older still: it is the doctrine of the prophets and patriarchs. In short, it is the marrow of revealed truth. Having this assured persuasion, I rest all my hope of eternal life and salvation on Him whom the text designates the Lord our righteousness." We have here no uncertain sound from across the sea. Would to God it were re-echoed from all our English pulpits.

I've Got My Receipt: A True Story. By E. S. ELLIOTT. Fourth thousand. S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

A TRUE story and a very good one, profitable and healthful. We should say it deserves a large circulation.

John F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row, have published three timely and useful tracts, two of them reprinted from *Footsteps of Truth*, and the third by C. Russell Hurditch. One on the Hope of the Christian, by J. Denham Smith; the second on Evidences of the Bible versus Atheism and all kinds of Infidelity, by A. A. Rees; and the last on Revival: the present urgent need of the Church. Each of these will bring profit by prayerful perusal.

The Earthen Vessel, while holding its own with unswerving fidelity, we are glad to find does avoid bitterness. April contains the likeness and obituary of a good man, *the Late William Bull, of Wellingborough*.

Third edition, John Kensit, Paternoster Row. *The Unanswerable Challenge: Why Worship the Virgin Mary?* By the REV. W. FRITH.

OUR brother loves to be a beacon light to warn all of the dangers and blasphemies of the Church of Rome.

We have received *Silver Morn, Voice of Warning, Life and Light, In His Name, Rest and Reaping, The Quarterly Record of The Trinitarian Bible Society, The Reporter of The German Baptist Mission, The British Flag, Silent Sufferer, The Pulpit Treasury*, "Resolution and addresses to the Queen and the Marquis of Salisbury, respecting Her Majesty's recent bearing towards the Pope of Rome, sent from the Minister and Delegates of the Metropolitan Strict Baptist

Association;" and also a question for the Baptist Union: *Creed, or no Creed*: with a prefatory note by C. H. Spurgeon. We advise the reading of this by all concerned. It seems to us to be the pith of the whole controversy.

The Baptist Magazine, The Sword and Trowel, and The General Baptist Magazine are very full of interesting matter. Our space is too small or we would liked to have called attention to some of their features.

The Girl's Own for April contains some nice music, and some musical information which must prove acceptable to its readers. No. 54 of *New Biographical Series* contains the life of John Newton, of Olney. We advise the Olney folk to circulate this very complete history of one of her worthies. We say one, but we in thought see another: the writer of the task, crossing what was called the Guinea Field to visit John Newton: the guinea being the rent he paid for privilege of going that way to the rectory. Then we call to mind the devout Rev. Thomas Scott, and not far off Tuvey the Rev. Leigh Richmond; the neighbourhood seems rich in spiritual reminiscences, and this addition by the Tract Society will be highly prized in the locality. The other magazines are of equal merit. The publishing committee deserves well of the public for its enterprise and energy in producing monthly such a mass of sound cheap literature.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

ON the tombstone of a great prince the epitaph was inscribed "He was a man of excellent intentions." Alas! this may be said of many of the living. They are men of excellent intentions. They intend to do this good thing and they intend to do that, but the worst of it is they never do anything. The things lie fallow in their brain, and never reach the hand. Does not the proverb tell us that "The road to hell is paved with good intentions?" How many intend to go to heaven who still continue to walk on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device nor knowledge in the grave, whither thou goest."

I remember well when I first laid hold on the hope that God had set before me. I was terribly afraid to grasp it, for I thought it was too good to be true; but I saw that there was no other chance for me, and therefore I was driven right out of myself to be bold and venture all. I knew that I must flee somewhere, and it seemed to be that or nothing. I was forced to believe in the wondrous plan of salvation by another and in another, even in salvation by Jesus Christ. I made a dash at it, and believed it, and joy and peace filled my spirit. That is twenty-seven years ago now, and I am laying hold upon it still. I have not gone an inch beyond the old hope. Jesus Christ was all in all to me then, and he is the same now, only I am more resolved than ever to lean my soul on Him and upon Him alone.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

It is a noble saying, "Human life must not be reckoned by years but by deeds." A man may live long, and be a life-long curse, and another may be cut off in the prime of life and leave behind him "the memory of the just which is blessed." Our Lord and Saviour was crucified when only thirty-three years of age at most, and only the three later years were spent in public; but what a life was his? Who can reckon the stupendous work that He did in that short period? Eternity will hardly suffice to unfold it. Let us not then desire so much to live long as to live well, for it is recorded in the Living Word that "God will judge every man according to his deeds." That is how the Most High will reckon up human life. And that should be our standard, too.

When the celebrated Dr. Moffatt had reached his eightieth year a deputation, given from the Congregational Board of Ministers in London, waited on him and presented him with a resolution passed at a monthly meeting. It congratulated him on the attainment of such a good old age, conveyed expressions of personal regard, and prayed for a continuance of joy and comfort in his declining years. This resolution was signed by not fewer than one thousand four hundred members of the Board. What did the aged apostle to the Bechuanas say to this? He was deeply affected, but he made a noble declaration. He told them that he had never sought to obtain the praise of men, but simply to work for the Lord and the souls of the poor Africans, and, he added, these striking words, "If" said he, "I had a thousand lives I would live them all over again in the same good and holy cause." Does not such self-sacrificing zeal inspire us with fresh ardour to spend and be spent in winning souls for the Master?

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. J. FRANK TOONE, M.A., of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate at Tiverton.

Rev. George Needham, of Barton Fabis, has accepted the pastorate at West Vale.

Rev. James Briggs, of Shoreham, as accepted the pastorate at Longton.

Rev. E. E. Fisk, of Wood Street Chapel, Walthamstow, has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate at an early date.

Rev. C. F. Aked has resigned the pastorate at Syston, near Leicester.

Rev. Herbert B. Berry, of Aldringham, has accepted the pastorate at Hoxne.

Rev. Edward Francis, for seven years pastor of the church at Bridport, has accepted the united pastorates of Fivehead and Isle Abbots, near Taunton.

Rev. F. Robertson has resigned the pastorate at Great Sampford.

Rev. R. Shindler has resigned the pastorate at Addlestone.

Rev. William Holroyd, of Manchester College, has entered on the pastorate of the Central Church, St. Helens.

Rev. H. J. Jones has resigned the pastorate at Appledore.

Rev. Arthur C. Batts, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate at Upwell, Norfolk.

Rev. J. K. Chappelle is open to supply vacant pulpits. Address, 39, Market Street, Ilkeston, Derbyshire.

Rev. R. Howie has concluded his ministry at Cambridge Street Church, Glasgow, having accepted the pastorate at Peterhead.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A., being in Leicester on the 28th of March, was invited to tea at Melbourne Hall.

During the evening Mr. Councillor Lennard presented to him an album of portraits and an illuminated address from the teachers and officers of the Oxford Street mission schools. Mr. T. Brown then presented, on behalf of the Melbourne Hall Sunday-school workers, an album of portraits, containing also an address in gold lettering, surrounded by hand-painted flowers, the work of Miss A. Carryer. Mr. Meyer, in acknowledging the presents, expressed the difficulty he had experienced in severing himself from so much affection as existed for him at Melbourne Hall.

Rev. F. Harper, on retiring from the pastorate of West Lane Chapel, Haworth, where he has ministered for twenty years, has been presented with a purse containing 70 guineas.

Rev. T. Lardner has been presented by the members of the South-west Fraternal of Baptist ministers with the sum of £50 towards the heavy expenses incurred by his recent affliction.

Rev. G. Davies, of Westminster Chapel, Romney Street, London, has been presented by the young men of his Bible-class with a testimonial of regard.

Rev. Grey Hazlerigg, on his 70th birthday, was presented by the congregation of Zion Chapel, Leicester, with an illuminated address and a purse containing 280 sovereigns. Mrs. Hazlerigg also received a French clock.

Rev. W. J. Henderson, of Queen's Road Chapel, Coventry, has been presented by the members of the Bible-class, at the close of the fourteenth session, with an oak writing-table; Mrs. Henderson at the same time receiving a work-table.

Rev. W. H. Bishop has been presented by the church at Pulham St.

Mary with a purse of money, and by the choir with an album. During the year 15 members have been added to the church; a rostrum has been substituted for the old pulpit.

Rev. D. Cork, on retiring from the pastorate of Ebenezer Chapel, Budleigh Salterton, has been presented with a timepiece bearing an inscription expressive of affection and esteem. Mrs. Cork also was presented with a lamp.

Rev. J. W. Butcher, on retiring from the pastorate of Blenheim Church, Leeds, has been presented with a cheque for £200.

Rev. W. Pratt, M.A., Oxon., previous to leaving West Haddon, where he has ministered for eight years, was presented with a purse containing fourteen guineas. Mrs. Pratt also received testimonials of regard.

Mr. J. R. Birkinshaw, on the completion of his twenty-fifth year as Sunday-school superintendent at Westgate Chapel, Bradford, has been presented with an illuminated address and a timepiece.

Mr. Joseph Gould, for 50 years teacher and superintendent of Counterslip Sunday-school, Bristol, has been presented with a gold watch and chain and an address from the officers, teachers, and scholars. The presentation was made by the pastor (Rev. H. Knee) at the 68th anniversary of the school.

Mr. Arthur Milner has been presented by the members of Trinity Chapel, Greenhill, Derby, with a marble clock in recognition of his services in the church and school.

NEW CHAPELS.

Providence Chapel, Highbury Place, London, erected at the cost of £2,500, to seat 400 persons, for the use of the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. Philip Reynolds, has been opened, and a devotional meeting was conducted by Rev. John Box, and sermons were preached by Revs. G. W. Shepherd and E. Mitchell. In the evening there was a public meeting.

The church has now 138 members. Towards the cost of the building about £1,300 has been raised.

The new chapel in Barnes Street, Accrington, erected at a cost of £3,000, has been opened, the preacher being Rev. John Aldis, of Bratton. The building, which has long been needed, will provide accommodation for 688 persons. Towards the cost about £1,700 was in hand prior to the opening.

The chapel erected for the Baptists, at Sion's Hill, Siddal, has been opened, the preachers being Mr. David Smith and Mr. Eli Ashdown, of London. The chapel, which has cost, apart from the land, over £2,000, will seat about 500 persons. The old chapel will in future be used as a Sunday School. The amount collected at the opening was £790 8s. 9½d., which cleared off the debt within about £10.

Stapleton Road Chapel, Bristol, erected at a cost of £6,000, was recently opened with sermons by Rev. C. Spurgeon. About half the cost has been raised by contributions, and £2,000 on mortgage. The Baptist Building Fund has promised £500 free of interest, to be repaid in ten years.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. G. W. Roberts, of the Pastors' College, has been ordained at Weston-by-Weedon. Rev. E. Henderson gave the charge to the church, and Rev. D. Gracey the charge to the pastor. Revs. W. Fidler, F. J. Flatt, E. R. Broom, S. Cheshire, and S. Needham took part.

Rev. Arthur Lester has been recognised as pastor of Zion Chapel, Wollaston. Rev. J. T. Brown presided; Rev. G. Gracey gave the charge.

Rev. E. R. Lewis has been recognised as pastor of Bethesda Church, Barnoldswick, the oldest Baptist church in Yorkshire, dating from 1667. Rev. Dr. E. Parker gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. J. T. Marshall addressed the church.

Rev. A. West has received public recognition as pastor of the church at Hilperton, Wilts. Addresses were given by Messrs. O. Mortimer, B. Porter, Sartain, M. Gingall, and L. Linzey.

The recognition of Rev. E. Coleman (late of Manchester) as pastor of the church in Chelsea Street, New Basford, has been held. Mr. W. H. Mallett presided, supported by Rev. G. Goadby, B.A., T. G. Skemp, O.O. Campbell, M.A., E. Medley, M.A., Crabtree, W. R. Stevenson, M.A., G. M. McElwee, M.A., B.Sc., J. Felsted, J. Maden, R. Silby, and R. P. Javan. Mr. W. R. Parker made a statement with respect to the previous pastors of the church. Revs. W. R. Stevenson and E. E. Coleman addressed the meeting. The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. G. Goadby.

Special services have been held at Westgate, Rotherham, in recognition of the appointment of Rev. T. Collinson as minister. For many years the Baptists of Rotherham have been without a recognised pastor, but latterly the church has so grown in strength as to enable them to extend their operations. On the Sunday sermons were preached by Rev. Professor Rooke, principal of Rawdon College. On Monday there was a public tea and meeting, at which Mr. A. Briggs (President of the Yorkshire Baptist Association) presided, supported by Professor Armitage, M.A., Rev. J. Ward, Rev. J. G. Williams, Rev. A. P. Fayers, and Rev. J. Collinson.

At Colne, Lancashire, recognition services in celebration of the settlement of Rev. R. S. Latimer (late of Willingham, Cambs) as pastor were held on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, March 18-20. Revs. V. J. Charlesworth and W. Cuff took part, and the Willingham congregation was represented by the treasurer, Mr. J. Smith. Mr. Robert Shaw presided on Tuesday evening.

Rev. R. Davies was recognised on Monday as pastor of Wintoun Street Church, Leeds. At the same meet-

ing Rev. W. Sharman, who, through ill-health, resigned the pastorate after ten years' ministry, was presented with an illuminated address and a cheque for £50 on behalf of the church and Sunday-school.

Rev. W. Evans was recognised on the 25th March as pastor of Mint Lane Chapel, Lincoln. Rev. W. Woods presided; Revs. E. Medley, G. P. Mackay, J. N. Knight, and J. E. Bennett delivered addresses.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LONDON: HORNTON STREET, W. —The third anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Wm. Frith was held on the 5th April. Rev. F. B. Meyer B.A. (of Regent's Park Chapel), delivered an experimental address at 4 p.m. on "Abiding in Christ." A goodly number partook of tea at six o'clock, and in the evening, at 7.30, Rev. Charles Graham (of Shepherd's Bush) preached. The membership is now about 250.

The congregation gathered at Rochester, by Mr. G. A. Miller, a student of the Pastor's College, meet for worship in the Gymnasium, Eastgate. At the opening service, Rev. W. Cuff was the preacher. At the public meeting Mr. F. F. Belsey presided, and among the speakers were Revs. W. F. Gorch, J. Smith, T. Hancocks, J. Doubleday, and W. W. Blocksidge. The services on Sunday, writes a correspondent, are well attended, and the prospects altogether are most favourable.

BARNES, SURREY.—The anniversary meeting was held on March 27th, under the presidency of Mr. S. McMaster (Mitcham). During the past year a lady residing in the neighbourhood has given a freehold site for the erection of a permanent chapel and schoolrooms in place of the present iron structure. The estimated cost of the building will be £1,600, towards which over £300 had been promised. The chairman, Rev. R. A. Redford, M.A., LL.B., and Mr. A. H. Baynes (secretary of

Baptist Missionary Society) spoke. Several sums were promised at the meeting, and some collecting cards brought in, so that the cash in hand and sums promised now amount to over £350.

LUTON: PARK STREET CHAPEL.—On Lord's Day morning, March 25th, a somewhat novel service was held. The congregation, consisting of the Park Street people and the congregations from her three village stations. There was a large congregation, though the weather prevented many of the young ones from coming from the villages. Four prayers were offered by representatives from each chapel, and several hymns sung; the pastor J. H. Blake, delivered a discourse on the words in Mark vi. chapter, 56th verse; and also giving a brief history of each place. The condition is at present very cheering, the total number of members being 700; of these 149 are members of the village chapels.

CHISWICK BAPTIST CHAPEL, ANNANDALE ROAD.—On Easter Monday, April 2nd, the annual tea and public meeting was held. Rev. W. A. Blake, of Brentford, presided. Addresses were given by Rev. J. Simmance, pastor; Rev. W. Edwards, of Brentford; W. Frith, of Kensington, and Messrs. Fiddemant, T. Smith and Underhill. An encouraging report was given by one of the deacons. Selections of music were effectually rendered by the choir.

BAPTISMS.

Accrington, Bethel Chapel.—March 25, Five, by T. O. Davies.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—March 18, Three, by G. F. Wall.
Birmingham, Graham-place.—March 30, Five, by W. Hackney, M.A.; Longmore-street.—March 25, Two, by A. T. Greening.
Bishop's Stortford.—March 18, Six, by G. Kelly.
Bourton, Shrivenham.—March 30, Five, by R. W. Mansfield.
Bristol.—March 25, City-road, Ten, by W. J. Mayers.
Builth Wells.—March 25, at Ebenezer, Three, by W. H. Prosser.
Canton, Cardiff.—March 25, Three, by J. D. Jones.

Carmarthen.—March 18, Tabernacle, Seven, by J. Thomas.
Chadlington.—March 23, Three, by W. Kelsey.
Chatteris, Cambs.—March 20, Two, by T. Smith.
Coalville.—March 25, Ebenezer, Six, by T. Hagen.
Colne, Lancashire.—March 25, Nine, by R. S. Latimer.
Crewe.—March 25, Union-street, Five, by E. T. Dunstan.
Crickhowell.—March 7, One; April 5, Four, by J. Jenkins.
Cwmifor.—March 17, One, by M. Jones.
Derby, Green-hill.—March 18, Six, by W. F. Harris.
Dolan, Llanfihangel, Radnor.—April 3, Eight, by J. Williams.
Dolan, Nantmel.—April 1, Six, by D. Powell.
Dunfermline, Scotland.—March 14, Three, by J. T. Hagen.
Falmouth.—March 25, Eight, by C. T. Johnson.
Franksbridge, Radnorshire.—April 1, Fourteen, by T. D. Jones.
Glasbury, Breconshire.—March 11, Two, by D. Howell.
Colcar.—April 1, Two, by W. Gay.
Hull, St. Luke's-street.—Feb. 26, Three, by F. Russell.
Kelso, N.B.—March 4, Two; 25, Four, by E. Last.
Knighton.—March 23, Two; April 1, Two, by R. W. Williams.
Llanillograban, Radnor.—March 25, Six, by S. James.
Maesyrhelem, Radnor.—April 1, Four, by D. Davies.
Merthyr.—March 4, Tabernacle, One, by B. Thomas.
Merthyr Tydfil, High-street.—Jan. 22, Three; March 18, Eight, by D. J. Hiley.
Merthyr Tydfil, Tabernacle.—April 2, Two, by B. Thomas.
Metropolitan District: Berkley-road, March 18, Five, by G. Scudamore.
Crouch-hill, March 25, One, by R. Shindler.
Putney.—April 1, Three, by W. Thomas.
Moulesfield.—March 18, Three, by J. Hollins; head.
Neath, Orchard-place.—March 11, Three, by A. F. Mills.
Necton, Norfolk.—March 25, Three, by T. H. Sparham.
New Radnor.—March 20, Five; March 25, Five, by G. Phillips.
Norbiton, Bunyan.—March 25, Three, by J. Clark.
Norton, Malton.—April 1, Twelve, by J. Rigby.
Odiham.—April 1, One, by R. Wilson.
Ogden, Rochdale.—March 25, Six, by W. S. Llewellyn.
Oswestry.—April 1, Three, by G. Archer.
Penge Tabernacle.—March 20, Four, by J. W. Boud.
Pontypridd.—March 11, Carmel, Seven, by E. E. Probert.
Portsmouth, Lake-road.—March 28, Four, by T. W. Medhurst.
Pound Allos, Radnor.—March 25, Fifteen, by D. Davies.

Prestegne, Radnorshire.—March 18, One, by S. Watkins.
Saundersfoot, Pem.—March 11, Two, by W. Harries.
Shipton-on-Stour.—April 8, Three, by R. T. Lewis.
Soar, Llandyfan.—March 10, Two, by M. Jones.

Southsea.—March 25, Elm-grove, Fourteen, by J. P. Williams.
St. Helen's (Central).—March 14, Sixteen, by W. Holroyd.
Thornton Heath.—March 28, Boulah, Two, by J. W. Harrauld.
Wellow, Isle of Wight.—March 29, Seven, by W. Hodge.

THE OPERATIONS OF GRACE.

THE operations of grace render it effectual, without the least violence, to the human mind. Open the blind man's eyes to see the sun, and he will need no compulsion to make him admire it. Suppose there was a person to whose ceaseless bounty you owed every comfort you enjoyed, but of whom, nevertheless, you had never had so much as a sight; suppose that person in process of time favoured you with a visit, would you stand in need of compulsion to make you speak of him? Must you be dragged by the hair of your head into his presence? No, you would at once fly to him, and bid him welcome. You would freely, yet irresistibly (such is the sweet captivating power of gratitude) thank him, and give him your best accommodation, and wish your best was better for his sake! Similar is the free, though necessary tendency of an enlightened soul to God and Christ. It disclaims all compulsion, properly so-called. It pleads only for that victorious conciliating efficacy, which is inseparable from the grace of divine attraction.—*Toplady*.

WHAT was the fate of the man who gave to England its greatest treasure—the first English-printed Bible? Was he lavished with men's praises and crowned with their honours? No such fate as this awaited William Tyndal. What do we find with regard to him? In the first place we find him in London, hiding his lead in his own house, and why? Because he was there translating the Word of God into the English tongue, and if the priests had caught him at it they would have burnt him and his translation too. Then we find him secretly leaving his native country never to return, and in a foreign land, amidst the direst want and poverty and pain, printing the New Testament in parts; and as fast as he completed them sending them to England to be read by the eager people, and so he gets his reward. That monster of cruelty and lust, Henry VIII., lays a successful plot against his life; he is betrayed and cast into prison for two years, and then from the dungeon he is led to the stake, and as they chain him to it, preparatory to strangling him, and burning his body to ashes, like his Master he prayed for his murderers, crying, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." This was the fate of the man who gave England its first printed Bible, and when we read this holy Book in our own tongue we should not fail to remember the price William Tyndal paid in order to give us the invaluable boon.

CHRIST LIFTED UP.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."—John xii. 32.

It was an extraordinary occasion upon which the Saviour uttered these words. It was the crisis of the world. We very often speak of the "present crisis of affairs," and it is very common for persons of every period to believe their own age to be the crisis and turning-point of the whole world's history. They rightly imagine that very much of the future depends upon their present exertions; but they wrongly stretch the thought, and imagine that the period of their existence is the very hinge of the history of the world; that it is *the* crisis. Now, however, it may be correct, in a modified sense, that every period of time is in some sense a crisis, yet there never was a time which could be truly called a crisis in comparison with the season when our Saviour spoke. In the 31st verse, immediately preceding my text, we find in the English translation, "Now is the judgment of this world; but we find in the Greek, "Now is the *crisis* of this world." The world had come to a solemn crisis: now was the great turning-point of all the world's history. Should Christ die or should He not? If He should refuse the bitter cup of agony, the world is doomed; if He should pass onward, do battle with the powers of death and hell, and come off a victor, then the world is blessed, and her future shall be glorious. Shall He succumb? Then is the world crushed and ruined beneath the trail of the old serpent. Shall He conquer? Shall He lead captivity captive, and receive gifts for men? Then this world shall yet see times when there shall be "a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "Now is the crisis of this world!" "The crisis," He says, "is twofold. Dealing with Satan and men, I will tell you the result of it. 'Now shall the prince of this world be cast out.' Fear not that hell shall conquer; I shall cast him out; and, on the other hand, doubt not but that I shall be victorious over the hearts of men. 'I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me.' Remembering the occasion upon which these words were uttered, we shall now proceed to a discussion of them.

We have three signs to notice. *Christ crucified Christ's glory.* He calls it a lifting Him up. *Christ crucified the minister's theme.* It is the minister's business to lift Christ up in the gospel. *Christ crucified, the heart's attraction.* "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." *His own glory—the minister's theme—the heart's attraction.*

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I. I begin then: CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION IS CHRIST'S GLORY. He uses the word "lifted up" to express the manner of His death. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." This He said, signifying what death he should die." But notice the choice of the words to express His death. He does not say, I, if I be crucified; I, if I be hanged on the tree; no, but "I, if I be lifted up:" and in the Greek there is the meaning of exaltation. "I, if I be exalted—I, if I be lifted on high." He took the outward and visible fashion of the cross, it being a lifting of Him up, to be the type and symbol of the glory with which the cross should invest even Him. "I, if I be lifted up."

Now, *the cross of Christ is Christ's glory.* We will show you how. Man seeks to win his glory by the slaughter of others—Christ by the slaughter of Himself: men seek to get crowns of gold—He sought a crown of thorns: men think that glory lieth in being exalted over others—Christ thought that His glory did lie in becoming "a worm and no man," a scoff and reproach amongst all that beheld Him. He stooped when He conquered; and He counted that the glory lay as much in the stooping as in the conquest.

Christ was glorified on the cross, we say, first, *because love is always glorious.* If I might prefer any glory, I should ask to be beloved by men. Surely the greatest glory that a man can have among his fellows is not that of mere admiration, when they stare at him as he passes through the street, and throng the avenues to behold him, as he rideth in his triumph; the greatest fame, the greatest glory of a patriot is the love of his country—to feel that young men and maidens, old men and sires, are prepared to fall at his feet in love, to give up all they have to serve him who has served them. Now, Christ won more love by the cross than He did ever win elsewhere. O Lord Jesus, thou wouldst never have been so much loved if thou hadst sat in heaven for ever, as Thou art now loved since Thou hast stooped to death! Not cherubim and seraphim, and angels clad in light, ever could have loved with hearts so warm as Thy redeemed above, or even Thy redeemed below. Thou didst win love more abundantly by Thy nail than by Thy sceptre. Thine open side brought Thee no emptiness of love, for Thy people love Thee with all their hearts. Christ won glory by His cross. He was never so lifted up as when He was cast down; and the Christian will bear witness, that though he loves his Master anywhere, yet nothing moves his heart to rapture and vehemence of love like the story of the crucifixion and the agonies of Calvary.

Again: Christ at this time won much glory by *fortitude.* The cross was a trial of Christ's fortitude and strength, and therein it was a garden in which His glory might be planted. The laurels of His crown were sown in a soil that was saturated with His own blood. Sometimes the ambitious soldier pants for battle, because in days of peace he cannot distinguish himself. "Here I sit," saith he, "and rust my sword in my scabbard and win no glory; let me rush to the cannon's mouth; though some call honour a painted bauble, it may be so, yet I am a soldier, and I want it;" and he pants for the encounter that he may win glory. Now, in an infinitely higher sense than that poor glory which the soldier gets, Christ looked upon the cross as being His way to honour. "Oh!" said He, "now shall be the time of My endurance: I have suffered much, but I shall suffer more, and then shall the world see what a strong heart of love I have; how patient is the Lamb, how mighty to endure. Never would Christ have had such pains

of praise and such songs of honour as He now winneth, if He had avoided the conflict, and the battle, and the agony. We might have blessed Him for what He is and for what He wished to do ; we might have loved Him for the very longings of His heart ; but we never could have praised Him for His strong endurance, for His intrepid spirit, or His unconquerable love, if we had not seen Him put to the severe test of crucifixion and the agonies of that awful day. Christ did win glory by His being crucified.

Again : Christ looked upon His crucifixion *as the completion of all His work*, and, therefore, He looked upon it as an exaltation. The completion of an enterprize is the harvest of its honour. Though thousands have perished in the Arctic regions, and have obtained fame for their intrepid conduct, yet, my friends, the man who at last discovers the passage is the most honoured ; and though we shall for ever remember those bold men who pushed their way through winter in all its might, and dared the perils of the deep, yet the man who accomplishes the deed wins more than his share of the glory. Surely the accomplishment of a n enterprize is just the point where the honour hangs. And, my hearers, Christ longed for the cross, because He looked for it as the goal of all His exertions. It was to be the place upon which He could say, "It is finished." He could never say "It is finished" on His throne ; but on His cross He did cry it. He preferred the sufferings of Calvary to the honours of the multitude who crowded round about Him ; for, preach as He might, and bless them as He might, and heal them as He might, still was His work undone. He was straitened ; He had a baptism to be baptized with, and how was He straitened till it was accomplished ! "But," He said, "now I pant for My cross, for it is the top-stone of My labour. I long for My sufferings, because they shall be the completion of My great work of grace." Brethren, it is the end that bringeth the honour ; it is the victory that crowneth the warrior rather than the battle. And so Christ longed for even this his death, that He might see the completion of His labour. "Ay," said He, "when I am crucified, I am exalted, and lifted up."

And, once again, Christ looked upon His crucifixion with the eye of firm faith *as the hour of triumph*. His disciples thought that the cross would be a degradation ; Christ looked through the outward and visible, and beheld the spiritual. "The cross," said He, "the gibbet of My doom, may seem to be cursed with ignominy, and the world shall stand round and hiss at the crucified ; My name be for ever dishonoured as one who died upon the tree ; and cavillers and scoffers may for ever throw this in the teeth of My friends, that I died with the malefactors ; but I look not at the cross as you do. I know its ignominy, but I despise the shame—I am prepared to endure it all. I look upon the cross as the gate of triumph, as the portal of victory. Oh, shall I tell you what I shall behold upon the cross?—just when Mine eye is swimming with the last tear, and when My heart is palpitating with its last pang ; just when My body is rent with its last thrill of anguish, then Mine eye shall see the head of the dragon broken, it shall see hell's towers dismantled and its castle fallen. Mine eye shall see My seed eternally saved ; I shall behold the ransomed coming from their prison-houses. In that last moment of My doom, when My mouth is just preparing for its last cry of "It is finished," I shall behold the year of my redeemed come, I shall shout My triumph in the delivery of all My beloved ! Ay, and I shall see then the world, mine own earth, conquered, and usurpers all dethroned, and I shall behold in vision the glories of the latter days, when I shall sit upon

the throne of My father David and judge the earth, attended with the pomp of angels and the shouts of My beloved !” Yes, Christ saw in His cross the victories of it, and therefore did He pant and long for it as being the place of victory and the means of conquest. “I,” said Jesus, “If I be lifted up, if I be exalted ;” He put up His crucifixion as being His glory. This is the first point of our text.

II. But, now, secondly, CHRIST HAS ANOTHER LIFTING UP, not ignominious, but truly honourable ; there is a lifting of Him upon the pole of the gospel, in the preaching of the Word. Christ Jesus is to be lifted up every day ; for that purpose He came into the world : “That like as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness,” even so He might by the preaching of the Truth, be lifted up, “that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” Christ is THE MINISTER’S GREAT THEME, in opposition to a thousand other things which most men choose. I would prefer that the most prominent feature in my ministry should be the preaching of Christ Jesus. Christ should be most prominent, *not hell and damnation*. God’s ministers must preach God’s terrors as well as God’s mercies ; we are to preach the thunder of God’s law. If men will sin, we are to tell them that they must be punished for it. If they will transgress, woe unto the watchman who is ashamed to say, “The Lord cometh that taketh vengeance.” We should be unfaithful to the solemn charge which God has given us if we were to wickedly stifle all the threatenings of God’s Word. Does God say, “The wicked shall be cast into hell, with all the nations that forget God ?” It is our business to say so. “Did the loving Saviour talk of the pit that burneth, of the worm that never dieth, and of the fire that can never be extinguished ? It is ours to speak as He spake, and not to mince the matter. It is no mercy to men to hide their doom. But, my brethren, terrors never ought to be the prominent feature of a minister’s preaching. Many old divines thought they would do a great deal of good by preaching this. I do not believe it. Some souls are awakened and terrified by such preaching ; they, however are but few. Sometimes, right solemnly, the sacred mysteries of eternal wrath must be preached, but far oftener let us preach the wondrous love of God. There are more souls won by wooing than by threatening. It is not hell, but Christ we desire to preach. O sinners ! we are not afraid to tell you of your doom, but we do not choose to be for ever dwelling on that doleful theme. We rather love to tell you of Christ, and Him crucified. We want to have our preaching rather full of the frankincense of the merits of Christ than of the smoke and fire, and terrors of Mount Sinai, we are not come unto Mount Sinai, but unto Mount Zion—where milder words declare the will of God, and rivers of salvation are abundantly flowing.

Again, the theme of a minister should be Christ Jesus in opposition to *mere doctrine*. Some of my good brethren are always preaching doctrine. Well, they are right in so doing, but I would not care myself to have as the characteristic of my preaching, doctrine only. I would rather have it said, “He dwelt much upon the person of Christ, and seemed best pleased when he began to tell about the atonement and the sacrifice. He was not ashamed of the doctrines, he was not ashamed of threatening, but he seemed as if he preached threatening with tears in his eyes, and the doctrine solemnly as God’s own words : but when he preached of Jesus his tongue was loosed, and his heart was at liberty.” Brethren, there are some me

who preach the doctrine only, who are an injury, I believe, to God's church rather than a benefit. I know of men who have set themselves up as umpires over all spirits. They are *the* men. Wisdom will die with them. If they were once taken away the great standard of truth would be removed. We do not wonder that they hate the Pope—two of a trade never agree—for they are far more Popish than he, they being themselves infallible. I am afraid that very much of the soundness of this age is but a mere sound, and is not real; does not enter into the core of the heart, nor affect the being. Brethren, we would rather preach Christ than election. We love election, we love predestination, we love the great doctrines of God's Word, but we had rather preach Christ than preach these. We desire to put Christ over the head of the doctrine: we make the doctrine but the throne for Christ to sit on; we dare not put Christ at the bottom, and then press Him down, and overload Him with the doctrines of His own Word.

And again, the minister ought to preach Christ in opposition to *mere morality*. How many ministers in London could preach as well out of Shakspear as the Bible, for all they want is a moral maxim! The good man never thinks of mentioning regeneration. He sometimes talks of moral renovation. He does not think of talking about perseverance by grace. No; continuance in well-doing is his perpetual cry. He does not think of preaching "believe and be saved." No; his continual exhortation is, "Good Christian people, say your prayers, and behave well, and by these means you shall enter the kingdom of heaven." The sum and substance of his gospel is, that we can do very well without Christ; that although certainly there is a little amiss in us, yet, if we just mend our ways to some little degree, the old text, "except a man be born again," need not trouble us. If you want to be made a drunkard, if you want to be made dishonest, if you want to be taught every vice in the world, go and hear a moral preacher. These gentlemen, in their attempt to reform and make people moral, are the men that lead them from morality. Hear the testimony of holy Bishop Lavington: "We have long been attempting to reform the nation by moral preaching. With what effect? None. On the contrary, we have dexterously preached the people into downright infidelity. We must change our voice; we must preach Christ and Him crucified; nothing but the gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

And yet one more remark. The minister ought to preach Christ in opposition to some who think they ought to preach *learning*. God forbid we should ever preach against learning. The more of it a man can get, the better for him, and the better for his hearers if he has grace enough to use it well; but there are some who have so much of learning that if, in the course of their readings, they find a very hard word, out comes the pencil-case: they jot it down, to be glorified in the next Sunday morning's sermon. Do they find out some outlandish German expression, —which, if pulled to pieces, would mean nothing, but which looks as if it must be something wonderful?—that must always come out, if all the gospel go to the wall. You ought to pray to God that they may never be allowed to read anything but their Bibles all the week, because then you might hear something you could understand. But this would not suit his reverence; if he could be understood, he would not be a great preacher, for a great preacher, according to the opinion of some, is a man

who is called intellectual—that is to say, a man who knows more about the Bible than the Bible knows about itself; a man who can explain all mysteries by intellect merely, who smiles at anything like unction and savour, or the influence of God's Spirit as being mere fanaticism. Intellect with him is everything. You sit and hear him, you go out, "Dear me, what a remarkable man he is. I suppose he made something out of the text, but I did not know what it was. He seemed to me to be in a fog himself, although I admit it was an extremely luminous haze." Then people will go again, and be sure to take a pew in that church, because they say he is such a clever man. The only reason is because they cannot understand him. In reading the other day a book of advice to ministers, I found it stated, and very gravely too, by some good old tutor of a college, "Always have one part of your sermon which the vulgar cannot comprehend, because in that way you will have a name for learning, and what you say that they *can* understand will impress them the more, for by putting in a sentence or two which is incomprehensible, you at once strike their minds as being a superior man, and they believe in the weight and the authority of your learning, and, therefore, give credence to the rest which they can comprehend." Now, I hold that is all wrong. Christ wants us not to preach *learning*, but to preach the good word of life in the simplest manner possible. Why, if I could only get lords and ladies to listen to me, by preaching to them so that they alone could understand me, there! they might go, and I would not so much as snap my finger for them all. I would desire so to preach that the servant maid can understand, that the coachman can understand, that the poor and illiterate may hear readily and gladly receive the Word. And mark you, there never will be much good come to the ministry until it is simplified, until our brethren learn one language, which they do not seem to know. Latin, Greek, French, Hebrew, and twenty other languages they know. There is one I would recommend to their very serious study—it is called Anglo-Saxon. If they would just try and learn that, it is astonishing what a mighty language they would find it to move the hearts of men. Saxon before every language in the world. When every other has died out for want of power, Saxon will live, and triumph with its iron tongue, and its voice of steel. We must have the common, plain language in which to address the people. And mark this, we must have Christ lifted up, Christ crucified, without the gauds and fripperies of learning, without the trappings of attempted eloquence or oratory. If Christ Jesus be earnestly preached, He will draw all men unto Him.

III. AND NOW WE GO TO THE THIRD POINT, WHICH IS, INDEED, THE ESSENCE OF THE TEXT: THE ATTRACTIVE POWER OF THE CROSS OF CHRIST. If Christ be thus preached, thus fully held forth, thus simply proclaimed to the people, the effect will be, He will draw all men unto Him. Now, I will show the attracting power of Christ in three or four ways. Christ draws *like a trumpet* attracting men to hear the proclamation. Christ draws *like a net* bringing men out of the sea of sin. Christ draws, also, *with bonds of love*. In the next place, Christ attracts *like a standard*, bringing all the soldiers round Him; and, in the last place, Christ draws *like a chariot*. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Now, I will try if I can show these points.

First. I said that Christ draws as a *trumpet*. Men have been wont to sound a trumpet to attract an audience to the reading of a proclamation. The people come from their houses at the well-known sound, to listen to what they are desired to know. Now, my brethren, part of the attractive power of the gospel lies in the attracting people to hear it. You cannot expect people to be blessed by the preaching of the gospel if they do not hear it. One part of the battle is to get them to listen to its sound. Now, the question is asked in these times, "How are we to get the working-classes to listen to the Word?" The answer is, Christ is His own attraction, Christ is the only trumpet that you want to trumpet. Preach the gospel, and the congregation will come of themselves. The only infallible way of getting a good congregation is to do this. "Oh!" said a Socinian once, to a good Christian minister, "I cannot make it out; my chapel is always empty, and yours always crammed full. And yet I am sure mine is the more rational doctrine, and you are not by any means so talented a preacher as I am"—"Well," said the other, "I will tell you the reason why your chapel is empty, and mine full. The people have a conscience, and that conscience tells them that what I preach is true, and that what you preach is false, so they will not hear you." You shall look through the history of this realm ever since the commencement of the days of Protestantism, and I will dare to say it without fear of contradiction, that you will almost in every case find that the men who have attracted the greatest mass of people to hear them have been men who were the most evangelical—who preached the most about Christ and Him crucified. What was there in Whitfield to attract an audience; except the simple gospel preached with a vehement oratory that carried everything before it. Oh, it was not his oratory, but the gospel that drew the people. There is a something about the Truth that always makes it popular. For tell me that if a man preaches the Truth his chapel will be empty. Sir, I defy you to prove that. Christ preached His own Truth, and the common people heard Him gladly, and the multitude flocked to listen to Him. My good ministering brother, have you got an empty church? Do you want to fill it? I will give you a good receipt, and if you will follow it, you will, in all probability, have your chapel full to the doors. Burn all your manuscripts, that is No. 1. Give up your notes, that is No. 2. Read your Bible and preach it as you find it in the simplicity of its language. And give up all your Latinized English. Begin to tell the people what you have felt in your own heart, and beseech the Holy Spirit to make your heart as hot as a furnace for zeal. Then go out and talk to the people. Speak to them like their brother. Be a man amongst men. Tell them what you have felt and what you know, and tell it heartily with a good, bold face; and, my dear friend, I do not care who you are, you will get a congregation. But if you say, "Now, to get a congregation, I must buy an organ." That will not serve you a bit. "But we must have a good choir." I would not care to have a congregation that comes through a good choir. "No," says another, "but really I must a little alter my style of preaching." My dear friend, it is not the style of preaching, it is the style of feeling. People sometimes begin to mimic other preachers, because they are successful. Why, the worst preachers are those who mimic others, whom they look upon as standards. Preach naturally. Preach out of your

hearts just what you feel to be true, and the old soul-stirring words of the gospel will soon draw a congregation. "Where the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together."

But if it ended there, what would be the good of it? If the congregation came and listened to the sound, and then went away unsaved, of what use would it be? But in the next place, Christ acts *as a net* to draw men unto Him. The gospel ministry is, in God's Word, compared to a fishery; God's ministers are the fishermen: they go to catch souls, as fishermen go to catch fish. How shall souls be caught? They shall be caught by preaching Christ. Just preach a sermon that is full of Christ; and throw it unto your congregation, as you throw a net into the sea—you need not look where they are, nor try to fit your sermon to different cases; but, throw it in, and as sure as God's Word is what it is, it shall not return to Him void; it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto He hath sent it. The gospel never was unsuccessful yet, when it was preached with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. It is not fine orations upon the death of princes or the movements of politics which will save souls. If we wish to have sinners saved and to have our churches increased; if we desire the spread of God's kingdom, the only thing whereby we can hope to accomplish the end is the lifting up of Christ; for, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

In the next place, Christ Jesus draws *as the cords of love*. After men are saved, they are still apt to go astray; it needs a cord to reach all the way from a sinner to heaven; and it needs to have a hand pulling at him all the way. Now, Christ Jesus is the band of love that draws the saint to heaven. O child of God, thou wouldst go astray again if Jesus did not hold thee fast; if He did not draw thee to Himself thou wouldst still, still wander. Christian people are like our earth. Our world has two forces; it has one tendency to run off at a tangent from its orbit; but the sun draws it by a centripetal power and attracts it to itself, and so between the two forces it is kept in a perpetual circle. Oh, Christian! thou wilt never walk aright, and keep in the orbit of truth, if it be not for the influence of Christ perpetually attracting thee to the centre. Thou feelest, and if thou dost not feel always, it is still there,—thou feelest an attraction between thine heart and Christ, and Christ is perpetually drawing thee to Himself, to His likeness, to His character, to His love, to His bosom, and in that way thou art kept from thy natural tendency to fly off and to be lost in the wide fields of sin. Bless God, that Christ lifted up draws all His people unto Him in that fashion.

Two little children on a cold day were walking down the street, the boy with hardly any garments at all, and the girl in a cloak which she had outgrown, and the wind was so sharp that she said, "Johnny, come under my cloak." He said, "It is too short." "Oh," she said, "it will stretch." But the cloak would not stretch enough, so she took it off and put it upon the boy. Now that was self-sacrifice. But was it not acting up to the example of Christ, who took off His robe for us, who would have been beggared for eternity without Him?

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER VI.—THE FIRST HOUSEHOLD VISIT.

As may be surmised, both on her first and second visits to Miss Morrison's mansion, but more particularly on the latter occasion, some part of the time was taken up in discussing Miss Archer's position. The question considered was how she could best devote her surplus income to philanthropic and charitable purposes, and at the same time act as her own executrix. To aid her in the proper solution of the difficulty, Miss Morrison gave her a detailed account of her own experience, and of the methods she adopted in practically carrying out her views ; and these appeared to her fair visitor to be so good and prudent that she came to the determination to act on the same lines. But, at Miss Archer's special request, it was also resolved that for a time, at least, she should accompany Miss Morrison in her personal visits as a voluntary worker on behalf of the City Mission. In this way it was felt she would get a glimpse of what was going on among the poorer classes, and from the experience thus gained be all the more able to see her way clear in regard to her future career.

"You see, Nellie," said Miss Morrison on her second visit, "I have now been engaged in the good work for more than three years, and therefore I may justly claim to know something about it. First I went to the Superintendent, and had a long talk with him about the matter. He advised me to come to

a few of their special meetings, and introduced me to several of the lady workers. Some of these meetings were intensely interesting, and when you go to them, you, Nellie, will find them to be so, too. Then I began to feel that I should like to visit a few cases, and a most efficient female missionary was selected to take me through her district, and what I saw with her in going her rounds, both by day and on one or two occasions by night, I dare not tell you. Some of the scenes on which I was permitted to gaze were, not simply painful and shameful, they were really horrible. I can assure you, dear, that after witnessing what I did one night, or rather in the early hours of the morning, I could hardly sleep for a whole night after ; and even now the revelations I witnessed in going that round seem burnt into my brain. But don't be alarmed, I will take you into no such places. It requires a strong mind to be able to witness such scenes and get through the ordeal without a disastrous effect following. To take you to such places at first would probably do you irreparable injury, and, therefore, we will shun them altogether. Our work shall be of an entirely different nature. We will visit persons specially worth visiting ; and if you will arrange to come with me, dear, next Monday afternoon, which is one of my visiting days, I will promise you an original tour in Greenheys, which, as you are aware, is not very far from your own house, in aristocratic Whalley Range."

"Then you will call for me, Grace, will you?"

"Certainly I will. But can you be ready by two o'clock?"

"I can."

"Then, if all is well, you may expect me at that hour, and we will together make a few visits."

Accordingly at the appointed time the two ladies met, and sallied out on their benevolent errand. Taking care to be plainly dressed so as not to attract unnecessary observation, in less than fifteen minutes they were wending their way through the narrow and close streets of Greenheys. Suddenly stopping at a door in one of them, Miss Morrison, without knocking, entered in, beckoning her friend to follow. Ere she could hardly see where she was, Miss Morrison, with freedom and grace, had walked to the side of a bed, on which an old but pleasing-looking woman sat propped up with pillows, and whom she greeted by saying—

"Well, Mrs. Fryar, and how are you to-day?"

"Thank you, Miss Morrison, I'm better fashion to-day; my pain is not so great as it is sometimes, you know."

"I'm so glad of that. Now, see, I've brought a dear friend with me, who I know will like to see you, and talk a bit with you; and do you know what I'm going to do?"

"No, ma'am; please, what is it?"

"Well, I'm going to leave you together, while I visit a house in the next street, and as I shall be away for ten or fifteen minutes, or perhaps even longer than that, I want you to talk with this good lady, and tell her how you feel, and how you get along."

"I'm sure, ma'am, she's very kind to come an' see a poor body like me; an' may God bless her for doin' it."

"Then I will now go; please take this seat, Miss Archer, by the bedside—but what makes you start, Mrs. Fryar?"

"What did you say this lady's name was?"

"Miss Archer."

"And is she the lady, then, that's had all that money left her?"

"What money do you mean?" asked Miss Morrison, laughing.

"Why a thousan' a year, as the newspapers said."

"Yes; this is the self-same veritable lady, and I want you to talk to her just as you talk to me."

"I'll try, ma'am, if she will only tell me what she would like to know."

Though somewhat taken aback to find she was known, Miss Archer took the offered chair, and as Miss Morrison closed the door she asked the invalid what ailed her.

"I'm suffering, ma'am, mostly now from dropsy; but I've also a tumour inside that is growing larger an' larger, an' that makes me very bad sometimes."

"And how long have you been confined to your bed?"

"About nine months, ma'am."

"Then do you never leave it?"

"Only just to have the bed made, ma'am; but, as it is a great trouble on account of my helplessness and weight to get me out and put me in again, it is only made twice a week."

"And who makes it for you?"

"My dear daughter, who lives next door but one. She and a female lodger that I have generally make it on Wednesday nights and Saturday afternoons. My lodger works at the factory, but for a small rent she attends to my daily wants; an' when she is at her work my daughter often comes in, so I'm not neglected you see, ma'am. Pain,

it is true, I often have ; but God is very good to me, very."

"How do you make that out? Do you think He is good in letting you have so much pain?"

"Are you not a Christian, ma'am?"

"Thank God, I am."

"Then you must believe what the Lord says. And what does He say? Doesn't He say in the eighth chapter of Romans that 'All things work together for good to them that love God'? To be sure He does, an' therefore God is good to me in lettin' me have this affliction; it's workin' for my good, both now an' for ever, an' therefore I bless an' praise Him for it."

"Then you are a Christian yourself, Mrs. Fryar?"

"Well, I believe so, ma'am. Shall I tell you my little tale? You know I've been better off than I am now. I had a husband an' three children, an' we lived together in this part, most comfortably. He was a plumber an' glazier, an', being sober an' steady, he generally had plenty to do. But one day he had to go down into a deep well to make some repairs, an' with another man he was suffocated with the foul air, an' neither of 'em were brought up alive. Ah! I shall never forget when he was brought home dead. I did not know anything about it till they brought in his dead body, an' when I saw it at first I thought I should have gone mad. He was such a kind husband, ma'am; oh! so kind. But what did I do? I took my trouble to the Lord, as I always had been in the habit of doin' ever since I became a Christian in my youthful days, an' He [gave me strength to bear it. But that was only the beginnin' of my troubles. My eldest son, who was then nineteen years of age, an' who undertook, good lad as he was, by carrying on the business, to be our

chief support, about twelve months after began to sicken an' feel weak. At last, poor fellow, he had to give up work altogether, and then he died—died, ma'am, the doctor said, through growing so fast. But what do you think he said to me just before he passed away? "Mother," he said, "dear mother, don't fret; you know what you've often told me, 'All things work together for good to them that love God,' an' if it's true stick to it. You will see that the Lord will provide for you. We have got through pretty well since dear father's death, an' you'll get through after my death. Stick to your text mother, an' all will be right." So we buried him, an' I thought my cup of sorrow was as full as it could well nigh be. But the Lord didn't, for Harry, my only remaining son, who took a situation when the business was sold at my eldest son's death, was also taken away two years after in just the same fashion, an' then all that we had saved up was gone. Ah! I was desolate then; as the scripture says: 'My heart knew it's own bitterness.' Then I began to tremble lest my dear daughter should be taken too, and I should be left alone in the wide world a childless widow. But God, 'who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' was merciful to me, an' did not lay on me more than I was able to bear. My daughter, who was a dressmaker, set up for herself, an' with my help, did very well, so that our heavenly Father never let us really want, though at times we were hard put to. Then, a nice steady Christian young man came after her, and won her heart, an' so they got married. That is six years ago, an' she has three children, an' nice fine children they are. Her husband is a joiner, and does fairly well; but though I know at times that work

is slack, he is always anxious that Maria shall do the best for me she can, an' so with their help, and that of kind Christian friends, I've never come to the parish yet, an' I don't believe I ever shall. But I've not told you all yet. Do you know Mr. Luke Britton, the city missionary, ma'am ?"

"Yes ; I have seen him."

"Well, he's the missionary for this district. He was appointed to it two years' ago, an' when goin' his rounds he soon found me out. An' what do you think he did ? Without me askin' him to do it, he told Miss Morrison all about my case, an' when she came and visited me, an' heard it for herself, she was so interested in it that she settled on me four shillings a week for life. So you see I want for nothing, an' am now only waitin' for the dear Lord to call me home, so that I may be for ever at rest. Now, ma'am, am I not right in saying the Lord is good ? Has He not been very

good to me all my journey through ? Are not my trials makin' me every day more fit for heaven ? Surely they are, an' therefore, as my dear dying boy urged me to do, so I am doin' ; I still stick to my text : ' All things work together for good to them that love God ' ; an' I'm never tired of quotin' it, never."

Before Miss Archer, with tears in her eyes, could reply, Miss Morrison came in, and then said they must soon be going. A few consolatory words from her to the aged suffering Christian, and a brief touching prayer, concluded the interview. But ere they left the plainly furnished but scrupulously clean apartment, Miss Archer had quietly slipped a sovereign into the astonished invalid's hand, and, without giving her time even to return her grateful thanks, had closed the door, and followed Miss Morrison into the street.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

TO THE FULL MOON.

FULL of soft brilliance to the very brim ;
 Thy tide of glory rises high to-night :
 Thy bosom heaves with dancing wavelets bright,
 That shimmer from the centre to the rim.
 The star-springs through the blue flow faint and slim,
 Drowned by the streams of thy o'erwhelming sheen ;
 Beneath thy splendid currents, scarcely seen,
 Those bubbling wells of light are dull and dim.
 Thou art to-night what thou didst seem to him,
 Who in Arabia's wilds mused deep of old ;
 Filled with the burning glories he beheld,
 Sung in sublimest strains creation's hymn—
 The moon to rule the night divinely set ;
 This latest hour of time, unrivalled queen art yet !

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

"AFTER EASTER."

Acts xii. 14.

OUTLINE OF A SERMON PREACHED BY
THE REV. J. H. BLAKE, AT PARK
STREET CHAPEL, LUTON, ON SUN-
DAY MORNING, APRIL 8TH, 1888.

THE fires of persecution burnt fiercely after the ascension of our Lord. The bitterness of the Sadducees, whose chief tenet was a denial of the doctrine of the Resurrection, joined with the proud hate of the Pharisees against the name of Jesus of Nazareth, and fanned the raging murderous spirit of Saul of Tarsus, placed the little Church in a sevenfold heated furnace, and they appeared now to have added further to their trials the cold-blooded time-serving policy of Herod, who, it should be remembered, at three years of age lost his father by death, and at the age of nine years was sent to Rome for education, and was brought up amongst the false glory and heathenism of that city. On the death of his mother he, with wild recklessness, threw himself into sin and debauchery of every kind, so that he became a bankrupt at forty, and was driven from the Capital. Nevertheless, he had gained favour with Caligula, and support from others, by bribes, and when Claudian became Emperor he gave him power and place in Judea. Here, to please the people, he professed to embrace the Jews' religion, but, like many other wicked men, he would have been less wicked if he

had left religion alone. One of his first acts was to kill James the Less; and, seeing this pleased the people, he proceeded to imprison Peter, and that he might not jar with the religious prejudices of the Jews, reserved him for their pleasures and his own base design until after Easter. You know the sequel. The little Church continues in prayer while Peter sleeps chained between the soldiers until the angel of the Lord delivers him. They did what the world would have laughed at and scorned to have done, they depended on crying in prayer unto God. The prayer is heard in heaven, and Peter is at liberty. In this verse occurs a word which is admitted on all sides to be a mistake, and our revisers have rendered the word *Passover*, which is certainly more proper than *Easter*. The names of days are sad reminders of the darkness and heathenism of our former state, *Easter* being the season when offerings were made and worship performed to one of the Saxon gods, named *Æstare*. The first letter being a diphthong, could be easily rendered *Easter*. This also reminds us of the origin of the name of our week days. Sun, Moon, Woden, Thor, and Saturn, etc., these heathen deities being their origin, when in early English days every brook, wood, river, and star, or planet, had its god. *Æstare* was also the god of the Syrians and the Hebrews, having a large temple at Hierapolis, with hundreds of priests, and was also the same whom Jezebel kept hundreds of priests offering worship to; so that we

accept with joy the words of our New revision. After Easter should be after the Passover. Let us proceed to notice.

I. The Passover, and what followed after.

Paul says "Christ is our Passover." Therefore we notice : II. The Resurrection and what followed after.

1. The Passover was divinely appointed. This is borne out on the face of it, because no state of human mind could have conceived it or ordained the circumstances and stupendous events which should grow out of it.

2. No benefit could by any means be derived from the slain Lamb unless the blood was applied by the individual to the lintel of the door-post.

3. The object of the Passover was the salvation of the Hebrew people.

4. The flesh of the Lamb was to be eaten by them.

5. The animal selected was to be perfect, and separated four days from the flock.

6. To be slain before the whole congregation in the evening.

7. Roasted with fire and eaten standing, with loins girt and staff in hand.

Now apply all this to Christ, the Antitype, and you will see that Paul is right in saying Christ is our Passover. The mere death of Christ will not save any man. God will have every saved man a free and intelligent agent in his own salvation. The hand of faith must be used and the atoning blood applied. The death of Christ was in harmony with Divine foreknowledge, and had for its object the salvation of all who have faith in it as an atoning sacrifice, and who feed on or live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved them and gave Himself

for them. Christ was the spotless Lamb, sanctified, set apart, slain in the miraculous darkness, between the sixth and ninth hour. But what followed?

1. The Destroying Angel came. Satan is the Abaddon—the Destroyer. He comes sometimes as the Angel of Light and the Religious Devil, doing more harm than the Irreligious Devil. He sometimes comes as the Angel of Reason, sometimes as the Angel of Morals, sometimes as the Angel of Good Works, and sometimes as the Theological Angel; and we have no preventive except the blood of the Passover. The cry all through Leviticus is—It is the blood that maketh atonement—maketh two one, and in the New Testament it is the blood "which cleanseth from all sin."

After the Passover the Israelites were saved from death—had the Divine Presence with them by night and by day—crossed the River, or Red Sea, in safety—were kept in their wilderness journey, and at last passed, led by Joshua, over the Jordan, and entered the promised land. Now, let the Christian apply all this, and he will see that we have here the gospel according to Exodus. After the death on Calvary, salvation and life are preached and offered to the whole world, and the assurance given of the Saviour's presence always, even to the end. Safety assured to the saved all through the wilderness, and at last all believers led across the Jordan, the river of death, by the new covenant of Joshua, or Jesus, and a glorious entrance given unto them into the Heavenly Canaan.

II. The Resurrection and what followed. A few facts may help the young to be established in the truth of the Resurrection. There can be no doubt about Christ's death; on this we are all agreed. Then it is

to be observed that He was put into a new tomb in which no corpse had ever been laid. There could have been no mistake about the body. Then there was the huge stone which covered the entrance; and also the guard of soldiers, probably about sixty. Consider that His disciples were not looking for the Resurrection, and again that they were not fanatics—they were men hard to persuade. Then, again, this was the time of the Passover and full moon, and over one million people were crowding into the city of Jerusalem. These and other things show how impossible it is that these time-seared men and a few frightened women would come, remove the stone, dress the body, take time to fold the napkin, etc., and take the body away secretly and hide it, no one seeing them or finding the missing body. We must exclaim, "The Lord hath risen indeed, and appeared unto Simon!"

After the Resurrection, what then?—Christ is the ascended Victor. He is the everlasting Mediator. He has received gifts for men. His gospel of salvation is for the whole Jew and Gentile world, to begin at Jerusalem and compass the globe.

What after?—Look at the triumphs of the Gospel during the first days of Christianity. The comforts it gives, the salvation it proclaims, the promises it breathes, the glorious heavenly prospect it holds forth; and if you will prove it true, try it, believe it, taste it, live upon it.

Oh! make but trial of His Love,
Experience shall decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His love confide.

"QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT."

1 Thessalonians v. 19.

BY REV. P. WILLIAMS.

WHEN referring to subjects of momentous importance the inspired penmen usually clothe their thoughts with language taken from objects in the material world in order to give the reader a clear and intelligible idea of what they wish to lay before him. This is invariably the case when they refer to the doctrine of the personality and work of the Holy Spirit. The figure most frequently used is that of fire. John the Baptist, when testifying of the coming Messiah, said, "He that cometh after me shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." On the day of Pentecost, when there was a miraculous descent of the Holy Spirit on the apostles, we read, "There appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire." From the original meaning of the words used by the Apostle Paul, "Quench not the Spirit," he evidently alludes to the same metaphor. Such a figure is peculiarly adapted to give us comprehensive ideas as to the works and the effects of the operation of the Spirit of God on the minds and the hearts of men. That there is such an operation I presume all readers of the MESSENGER believe, and that what was possible in the first century is also possible now, viz., "quenching the Spirit," and also take for granted as being another article in their belief.

In order to show the character and the fearful results of such a possibility, the reader's attention is asked—

First: To the figure suggested by the word—Fire. What are the functions and the effects of fire? Whatever fire does is what the Spirit does.

1. Fire illuminates. You light a fire in a dark room; in a short time it will soon send forth a flame which will render visible any object in the room—objects which before could not be seen, or seen very imperfectly. So does the Holy Spirit. When He begins to operate on the mind of the unregenerate He floods it with heavenly light; objects which hitherto had not been seen at all, or seen but slowly, now appear in clear light. The man in whose soul the light of God has entered sees himself to be what he did not think he was before—a lost sinner; he also has a new view of the character of God, he finds Him to be not a stern Judge wishing to condemn, but a loving Father, “willing that none should perish, but that all should live.”

2. Fire awakens. In the grate you place papers, chips, and coal, to the paper you apply a lighted match. What is the result? A blazing fire. Why? Because the lighted match called into action the dormant elements of combustion that lay in the paper, chips, and coal. The Spirit produces in the sinner's soul similar effects. Those faculties and feelings that were before dead, therefore inactive, are startled and awakened into new life, and where formerly there was nothing but spiritual disease and death, there are now spiritual health and life. Thus by the Spirit's operation on the “soul that was dead in trespasses and sins,” the fire of a new life is called into existence. Not, please observe, without the Spirit first communicating the principle of vitality. The fire is lighted, the candle is lit, by communicating fire first to them; so with the soul, spiritual life is produced, not by developing a something that lay dormant in the soul, but by inserting in it the germ of a new life, communicated by the Holy Spirit.

3. Fire melts. The smith holds in his hand a rod of iron; in its natural condition it is inflexible and hard; in order to bend it, and fashion it to his liking, he places it in the fire; when hot, he is able to mould it into any form he pleases. The Spirit so operates on men's hearts. Hearts that were once hard and insensitive have become tender and impressible. The Holy Spirit melts them into contrition.

4. Fire warms. It imparts heat and comfort. The Holy Ghost, by His genial influences on our cold hearts, kindles within them a flame of heavenly life which warms our entire nature. For this reason do we sing our hymn-prayer:—

“Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickened powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.”

5. Fire purifies. Metals, when cast into the fiery furnace, are cleansed of all their dross, and are made pure. It is the peculiar office of the Divine Spirit to purify the soul, to refine the human heart, and to impart purity to the sinner's fallen sinful nature.

Such are a few of the most salient features of the Spirit's work as suggested by the analogy of Paul's words, “Quench not the Spirit.” Since the Holy Ghost is the appointed agent to produce such effects—effects which are essential to every soul's salvation—well may the Apostle sound his note of warning; for if, dear reader, you will “quench the Spirit,” you hereby make your soul's salvation a matter of moral impossibility.

Secondly: The possibility suggested by the words, “Quench not the Spirit.” It is possible to do so. How? A fire can be put out in one of two ways: (a) By pouring water upon it; (b) by neglecting it. By

exactly the same process can the Spirit be quenched.

1. Fire is quenched by pouring water upon it. Why so? Because fire and water are two elements diametrically opposed in nature, hence when they come in contact with each other there is a mutual resistance. As a rule, water conquers.

So by doing anything that is contrary to the character and opposed to the work of the Holy Spirit we quench His efforts upon our minds and souls.

In Galatians v. 22 Paul describes the fruit of the Spirit. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." If we yield to temptations that will produce fruit contrary to the above, we are sure to "quench the Spirit." If we yield to anger, envy, malice, worldliness, unbelief, intemperance, impurity, and other similar sins, we are doing what must eventually put out the last "vital spark" within us. "And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God," writes Paul, "whereby ye are sealed to the day of redemption." In the very next verse he exhorts them thus: "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamour and evil-speaking be put away from you," here clearly intimating that all such things were calculated to do what he warns them against doing. Let us then, brethren, avoid everything that is at all fitted to bring about such a calamitous result.

2. Fire is quenched by neglect. A fire, if not looked after and fed with coal, will go out. Neglect is a sure way of "quenching the Spirit." Neglecting to cultivate our Christian vows; neglecting the Bible; neglecting prayer; neglecting the means of grace; neglecting the ordinances of the Church—all

these things tend to "quench the Spirit." Thus one man may quench the life of God by doing what he ought not to do; another may do so by not doing what he ought to do.

The cause of neglect is very often delay. Many of those who "quench the Spirit" through neglect do not mean to do so. They simply delay, hoping for a more "convenient season" to attend to the "things of the Spirit." Thousands have thus perished. Saul, the son of Kish, was once "among the prophets," and had the "Spirit of God" within him; but delaying to improve the tide of Divine favour which might have carried him to the highest heights of greatness and goodness, he was left on the shore of life wrecked, forsaken, and helpless. Dear reader, you may be experiencing such a tide of Divine privileges. Are you making the best use of them? Delay not to yield to the pleadings and promptings of the Spirit of God. Accept the trust He presents. Do what He tells you. Follow where He leads. "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." "Quench not the Spirit."

Nantwich.

GRUMBLERS.

BY PATERFAMILIAS.

IF all the grumblers in the world and in the Church could be summoned together, what a mighty army there would be! Since the days of Xerxes, nothing would compare with such a host. You will find them croaking everywhere as thick as the frogs in the plague of Egypt. There is no trade, no calling, no profession free from grumblers.

We have a word to say to grumblers, and we are pretty sure they will *grumble* at us for so doing.

These are a few of the distinguishing characteristics of all grumblers. Let them read the description and recognise themselves.

Grumblers are usually A VERY LAZY SET OF PEOPLE. They have no disposition to work themselves, so they spend their time in whining and complaining both about their own affairs and those of their neighbours.

Grumblers are mostly A YEAR BEHIND THE AGE. When they undertake any work, they find themselves so far down the stream, that all the winds and tides of sympathy, so necessary to success, are against them.

Grumblers generally PROFESS TO BE VERY INDEPENDENT. A favourite motto of theirs is, "I care nothing for nobody." Determined to go it "blind," they find it a "wide berth," and a "hard road to travel," wherever their footsteps may lead them.

Grumblers are EASILY SCARED, even teetotaller grumblers always see double. A lion is in the way SURE—no mistake about it. There is always "something about to happen." The great refrain of their every-day song is, "Look out for breakers."

Grumblers have a most capacious APPETITE FOR FAVOURS, as well as for food. They are always on hand and just in time to accept a gift from a very particular friend. Their special motto is, "Small favours thankfully received, and larger ones in proportion."

Grumblers are always VERY JEALOUS OF THEIR OWN CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE IN SOCIETY, and indifferent to the influence and character of everyone else. They are generally, in their own estimation, quite as good as anybody else, and a

good deal better. They always expect to be treated with great consideration, but are careless as to the way in which they treat other people.

Grumblers are, as a rule, LONG-LIVED in the opinions of their friends, and die at last very hard.

Grumblers have always a great horror of COLLECTION - SUNDAYS. They dare not enter either Church or Chapel on those days. The very word "COLLECTION" puts them in ill humour for a week, and the sight of a collecting-plate or box infuriates them like a red rag flashed in the face of a mad bull.

Grumblers are afflicted with a terribly INFECTIOUS DISEASE. Private prayer, searching of the scriptures, and meditation, are the only certain remedies against this disease.

Would you know the reason why I should not like to be a grumbler? It is because I should be sorry to be reckoned A NUISANCE by everyone around me. No sensible persons pay heed to grumblers; they rather seek to give them as wide a berth as possible. They seek to avoid them, and to pass them by as obnoxious individuals to be shunned.

Let me advise you to give grumblers and grumbling a wide berth. Shun both their company and their practice. They are useless and harmful. They are a nuisance to themselves, a bore to all who enter their company, and a hindrance to every good work. The best way to treat them is to leave them alone, and to pass by their grumbings unheeded. They are usually unworthy of notice, and the less notice that is taken of them, the less obnoxious they are. If you would not be a grumbler, be a worker. Grumbling will either kill working, or working will stay grumbling. Beware of grumblers as you would beware of mad dogs — they do as much mischief.

ENLARGED HEART.

"I will run the way of Thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.—Psa. cxix. 32.

PRAYER and resolve are among the first signs of the spiritual life. This life will show itself in similar modes to the end of the Christian pilgrimage. We have before us the freed heart and the active steps.

Physically, the enlarged heart is diseased and in a state of danger; but spiritually it is a sign of health and vigour. The past enslavement of sin narrowed and alienated the heart. Conscious of this by the teaching of the Spirit, it prays, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

Redemption by Jesus Christ, as applied by the Spirit, frees the heart and restores it to God. Light and life enter and spread the freedom. Life sees and uses the light; light and sight are mutual helpers. Light shows the truth and goodness of the gospel, while sight seeks an increased acquaintance with it. Thus light enlarges the heart; but there are disciples of narrowness in this broadening age. Christ bids us follow Him, that we may walk in the light of life; and this living light is increasing light.

Love joins with light in enlarging the heart. Light shows the true and good way, while love seeks, finds, and rejoices therein. Joy is a great expander of the heart, it throws off formalities, and enters into the spirit of freedom. Love leads to joy, and together seek great progress in the service of Christ.

The freed heart leads to the active steps. The affections have great power over the habits of the Christian life. The heart put right, the steps will come right; the willing mind, and the running

steps. Christ seeks the heart; the heart surrendered to Him, the steps will be devoted to His service. He says, "Learn of Me; take My yoke upon you; My yoke is easy and My burden is light; and ye shall find rest for your souls."

Blunham.

W. ABBOTT.

LOVE JESUS.

ADDRESS FOR THE YOUNG.

I HOPE, dear young friends, you will remember "Now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." There are many who give no heed to this important injunction. I dare say you have been told many times in your Sunday School to love the Saviour. Your Sunday school teacher earnestly desires that you will love the Saviour now. When you sit in the class and hear the message of salvation about the Saviour's love, how He died on the Cross for the sins of the world, this ought to make you seek Him at once. His great love should prompt you to seek forgiveness, and obtain that peace which alone is able to make you happy.

1. Love Jesus
2. Only indeed, and
3. Very great joy you will
4. Experience.

Many turn away from Him who would give them forgiveness and peace. Seek Him now; delays are dangerous. We cannot tell what a day may bring forth.

Many think that the world can give joy and happiness; this is a sad mistake. There is nothing in this world that will really satisfy the soul.

You may try everything around you, but it will all be disappointment. "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." I trust you

will think about this, and be led to go to Him for salvation and pardon, for "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." There is plenty encouragement in the Bible for you to flee to the refuge set before you. "Oh! may you love Jesus now."

1. Jesus, His name is above every name;
2. Eternal life He gives to all who
3. Seek salvation; He will protect, for
4. Underneath are the everlasting arms
5. Supporting His people under all circumstances.

My dear young friends, this is just the Saviour we need; this is the Saviour for you. He died for you. He is able to save the vilest. He delighteth in mercy. None is too bad for Him to heal. His love to sinners is great. He died even for His very enemies. Will you, therefore, reject this great love, this great salvation?

His love is boundless; His love knows no end. I hope, now, you will be led to see that you ought to love Him.

THOMAS HEATH,
Sunday School Superintendent.
Plymouth.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

"JUST lately the Lord has been teaching me that real personal knowledge of, and friendship with, Jesus is the whole of religion, and anything short of that is a sham."—C. T. STUDD, of China Inland Mission.

John Smith, the mighty Wesleyan preacher, used to say, "I am a broken-hearted man, not for myself, but on account of others. God has given me such a sight of the value of precious souls, that I cannot live if souls are not saved. Oh! give me souls, or else I die!"

There is need of every special effort to make men know the Bible. The Bible class, the expository lecture, the illustrative picture, none of them can do too much. But there is greater need that you and I who preach should let the people see that we are men of the Bible, that we know its letter, and are possessed of its spirit; that out of it directly come the support of our own religious life and the good which we offer in our preaching.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

IN addressing his hearers, Mr. Crabtree would often say, "You are like the doors of your own pews: you move to and fro, and never get further: woe! woe! to such." As it was in his day, so it is in our day. Numbers attend the house of God, but they never move an inch heavenward. They swing to and fro but remain in one spot: they are where they were years ago—still lingering behind, while others are taking the kingdom of heaven by force. They see others starting to run the heavenly race and win the everlasting crown, but they are not stirred up to copy their example. It is true that now and then they seem to make a start: a few tears roll down their cheeks, they make a few resolutions; but what do these tears and resolutions mean? Why, that they will start by-and-bye! Not now, but to-morrow or next week! And so there they remain: woe! woe! woe! to such."

WHEN we die to self, yielding ourselves up to the Saviour as ready sacrifices, bringing our impure souls for Him to cleanse, laying our all at His feet and imploring His acceptance of the offering, we begin to feel the first pulsations of a new moral being. Eschinus, perceiving that everyone gave Socrates something for a present, said to him: "Because I have nothing else to give, I will give thee myself." "Do so," answered the philosopher, "and I will give thee back again to thyself better than when I received thee." Whereupon Spencer remarks, "Give thyself to Me in thy prayers, praises, affections," saith God, "and I will give thee back thy lost purity and forfeited goodness."

SOME good advice has been given to students, preachers, and authors. "No day without a line." Let us enlarge the thought and let every Christian say, "No day without doing some little act for Jesus." It may be but a line in measure, just a word dropped in season; a tract given away, a visit paid to the sick, or a kind deed such as a cup of cold water given to a thirsty one in His name; but He will note it and will not let it pass unrewarded. And if we thus act, what will follow? No day without a line! then in one year three hundred and sixty-five acts will have been done for Jesus. What a glorious work that will be! It was John Wesley's maxim, "Live to-day," and those whose motto is "No day without an act for Jesus," are those who carry out the maxim.

WHEN THE VOICE WAS PAST.

"When the voice was past, Jesus was found alone."—Luke ix. 36.
 These are voices, God-sent voices, that have often cheered our hearts:
 But the voice, though God should give it, dies in silence and departs:
 Yet when voices all are passing, Jesus ever will be near,
 Though alone, no other nigh us, Him we still shall see and hear.
 Have we had a time of gladness, when our loved ones gathered round,
 In a blest transfiguration, as we stood on Holy ground.
 There were others then with Jesus; but the glory died away:
 Yet when voice and vision left us, Jesus only still would stay.
 Faithful watcher in our sorrows! ever true to those He loves!
 He will never, never leave us, till His hand to Heaven removes:
 All the glory, and the grandeur, and the miracle may end:
 But though all should darken round us, we shall have our Faithful Friend.
 'Twere not wise to trust in voices, though the Lord of Heaven seemed
 To speak loudly from the cloud-vail, where the light of wonder streamed.
 Only Jesus, Jesus only, will be with us evermore:
 All beside, though fair, is fleeting, and the bliss may soon be o'er.
 "Jesus only," found thy standing: Jesus only; Jesus near.
 Gleam and glory-light had faded, and terror, and the fear:
 Yet when all had passed and vanished, Oh how glad were they to find
 Jesus still was standing with them, Jesus still was left behind!

WILLIAM LUFF.

Reviews.

Theopneustia. The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. By L. GAUSSEN, D.D., of Geneva, with prefatory note by C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster.

Commendation of this volume is superfluous. It is merely the reprint of a work which was in high reputation fifty years ago. A fresh issue at the present time is peculiarly opportune. The theme is more simple and less embarrassing to the uninitiated than the title. Verbal inspiration is the matter which it asserts, explains, and defends. Men of genius may reject the Bible *in toto*, or they may affect to put it on a level with the Koran, the Shaster, or the Vedas; but Christians, who accept it as the Word of God, have neither right nor reason on their side when they attempt to cavil at the testimony it bears to its own authenticity and authority. The milder the hypothesis, the more mischievous that would degrade the two Testaments into a mere catalogue of books, in which Pentateuch and Prophecies, History and Psalmody, Gospels and Epistles, are catalogued, compared, and contrasted at a various and fluctuating value, like stocks and shares, at the market estimate of our modern speculative savans. With all the sweetness and light, the philosophy and science, the higher criticism and the vaunted culture of the nineteenth century, there have been no phenomena in the literary atmosphere that trench on the identification, the compactness, or the stability of the Holy Scriptures. Were it otherwise we should be in a pitiable plight. Our prayers to God would be as vain as

our preaching to the people. Not a promise to rely on in our pleadings; not a precept to be positive about in our exhortations. The style of Dr. Gaussen's book is talkative; the sections are short; the contents are copiously indexed. Seldom if ever have we seen a volume more fitly compiled to be read out loud in bible-classes. Thus using it, any village pastor or Sunday school teacher might enhance his own usefulness.

Preparations for Pulpit Exercises in Little Prescott Street Meeting House. By CHARLES STOVEL. Edited, with introductions, containing a sketch of Mr. Stovel's early life and an outline of the History of the Baptist Church, of which, for fifty-one years, he was the pastor, by WILLIAM WILLIS, Q.C. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

THERE are many whose privilege it was to be associated with the Rev. Charles Stovel, and others who have also a very vivid remembrance of some of his remarkable discoveries and platform addresses. The almost nervous manner in which he introduced his subjects, the gradual warmth, as advance was made, then the flash, followed by the roll of artillery, with which the listeners would often be carried right away and lost in the white heat of the orator and the righteousness of his object. Such readers of this book will feel deeply grateful to Mr. Willis for affording them the possession of a valuable treasure. The preparations (twenty-three in number) are truly Mr. Stovel's; he had his own plan, his own way of looking at a subject, and his own way of grasping and presenting the subject to his hearers.

"The Sleep of Death" is a fine specimen of his style. And "Tender Heart," a "Youth's Treasure," is a good illustration of the able Christian teacher leading the young to the Saviour. The *fac-simile* of one of the manuscripts is an interesting literary curiosity; and to all is added the charm of an introduction by one who was a disciple and a loving friend of Mr. Stovel. The reader will, perhaps, think, as he reads, that Mr. Willis has drank deeply into the clear style and soul-stirring spirit of his former pastor. We, for ourselves, feel the richer for the possession of this book.

Raynbirds and Robins: a Story for the Young. By E. C. MATTHEWS. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

A BOOK carefully written, well-printed, and nicely bound. It will, no doubt, be read by some of the youngest of our young people with pleasure. Its story is very simple. It would have been none the worse for a little more spirit, and little clearer manifestation of the writer's object.

The Life of Christ. By DR. SALMON, of Aberdeen. T. & T. Clark, 38, George Street, Edinburgh.

THIS work, which forms one of the excellent series of Bible Class Primers, is a gem for Sunday School Teachers, and may be had, post free, for Sevenpence.

The Funeral Oration delivered at the Grave of Dr. Gifford, in Bunhill Fields, on Friday morning, July 2nd, 1784. By JOHN RYLAND, A.M., Northampton. Elliot Stocks.

WE are glad indeed to see this powerful discourse reproduced. We have one of the earliest copies, and have always kept it amongst our best

things. It is good, very good. Would it not have been allowable to have made the first division to have run in the words of Scripture, *Appointed unto men, and not to all men.*

Don't go too near the Edge: a Temperance Story (founded on fact). By REV. J. ELLIS.

A THOROUGH good telling Temperance Tract. It will be read with profit, and will promote the writer's object. May be had of the Author, 7, Warrington Road, Richmond, at reduced price for gratuitous circulation.

The Light Extinguished; or, the Triumph of the Man of Sin. An Allegory. By a LAMP BEARER. Elliot Stock.

THIS Lamp Bearer bears sad testimony to the state of things in the different stations of the religious world. We wish we could contradict him; but we fear that his light shows the true state of things, and of many it may be said the light in them is darkness. The Lamp Bearer's Allegory ought to be read.

Our Sailors' Series. 48 Tracts, Assorted. Pictorial. Full of the Old Gospel; and suitable for general circulation. Sixpence each packet. Morgan & Scott, Paternoster Buildings.

The Footsteps of Truth, for May, is a good full Gospel number, and contains an admirable paper by the Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. Subject: "A Servant of Jesus Christ." Also one by our friend WILLIAM LUFF, and "The Gospel of Christ," as illustrated in the Book of Proverbs. J. F. Shaw & Co., 48, Paternoster Row.

THE Religious Tract Society lays us again under special obligations by No. 57 of "Present Day Tracts:" "The Unity of Faith: A Proof of the Divine Origin and Preservation of Christianity," by Dr. SROUGHTON. It is a timely and powerful essay. The May monthly part, with the exciting frontispiece of the Colours of the British Army, starts a new story, "A Tale of the Navy Ninety Years Ago," by GORDON STABLES, O.M., M.D., R.N. *The Little Dots and Child's Companion* not only maintain their interest, but seem even to grow brighter. No home where there are children ought to be without these serials. No. 55 New Biographical Series contains the life of Ulrich Z. Wingle. Just the reading for the year 1888.

Nos. '1 and 2, *Tottenham Tracts*, for the diffusion of Protestant Literature, "Glimpses of the Glories of Mary," and "Fie for Shame," "Protestant Children in Roman Catholic Schools," by Rev. H. MCSORLEY, M.A., Vicar of St. Paul's, Tottenham. Also the Monthly Edition of the *Protestant Alliance*. "The Persecuting Spirit of Popery

at the Present Date," "Assassination of Converts from Romanism." These should be distributed in thousands.

The Pulpit Treasury (Nisbet & Co.) contains two very worthy discourses on the Resurrection: one by the Rev. J. B. DONALDSON, "Why is the Resurrection Incredible?" and one by the Rev. M. D. WILLIAMSON, on "Resurrection Preservation."

Amongst Magazines approved we mention *The British Flag*, *The Church of England Pulpit*, *The Mission Field*, *Service for the King*, *Life and Light*, *Literary Opinion*, *The Philanthropist*, *Rest and Reaping*, *Evangelical Christendom*, *The Voice of Warning*, and the *Silver Moon*; this latter seems to increase in its power and claims on the attention of all students of the prophetic Scriptures.

Our own Magazines, *The Baptist*, *The Sword and Trowel*, *The General Baptist*, *The Baptist and Freeman Newspaper*, besides the usual amount of average matter, are, as usual, of special interest at this time of the year.

EVERYTHING for Jesus, the beloved of our souls! Life for Jesus! Death for Jesus! Time for Jesus! Eternity for Jesus! Hand and heart for Jesus! Brain and tongue for Jesus! Night and day for Jesus! Sickness or health for Jesus! Honour or dishonour for Jesus! Shame or glory for Jesus! Everything for Jesus! So may it be, Amen!—SPURGEON.

In Edinburgh and in London there are in active operation what are called "Medical Missions?" They consist of medical agencies expressly designed to do two things: to heal bodily sickness: and at the same time to minister to the wants of the soul. A Missionary Dispensary is opened; the poor have to pay nothing either for advice or medicine. Good advice is given with regard to the soul as opportunity affords, and the consequence is that many of the most abandoned among the poor have been reformed and converted. Of all missions this is most like that of our Saviour's and the Apostles. Their mission was to heal all manner of sickness and preach the Gospel to the poor, and none can follow it up better than Christian medical men.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

Rev. F. C. Haggart has accepted the pastorate of the Church at Loose.

Rev. James Crossly Roberts, of Nantyglo, has accepted the pastorate at Prince's Street, Northampton.

Rev. J. Morgan Houston has entered on the pastorate of the newly-formed Church in London Street, Southport.

Rev. C. F. Aked, of Syston, has accepted the invitation of the churches at St. Helen's and Earlestown, branch churches of Myrtle Street, Liverpool.

Rev. R. J. Peden, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate at Foxton.

Rev. Edward Last, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate at Kelso, N.B.

Rev. Evan Thomas, after twenty-five years' ministry at Commercial Road Church, Newport, Mon., has resigned, owing to age and infirmities. The Church, as a testimony of esteem and regard, have awarded him a superannuation allowance.

Rev. Benjamin Thomas, of Merthyr, has accepted the pastorate of Commercial Road Church, Newport, Mon.

Rev. H. J. Preece has accepted the pastorate of Marlow Road Church, Maidenhead.

Rev. E. T. Davis, of Pinhoe, Exeter, has accepted the pastorate at Wealdstone, Harrow.

Rev. Allan D. Campbell, of Cambridge (son of the late Rev. J. P. Campbell), has accepted the charge of Prickwillow Church.

Rev. G. M. McElwee, M.A., has been appointed pastor of Mansfield Road Church, Nottingham.

At the close of the Communion

service on Sunday evening, May 6th, the Rev. C. B. Sawday announced at Vernon Chapel, King's Cross Road, that he had accepted the invitation of the church at Melbourne Hall, Leicester, to become pastor. The announcement was received with deep regret, as, during a pastorate extending to nearly twenty-five years, the pastor has, by his zeal and devotion, much endeared himself to the people. About 2,500 have been received into membership during that period, and at the present time there is a membership of over 500.

Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A., late of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has accepted the pastorate of the church in Hereford.

Rev. J. Roberts, of Pysgah and Howey, Breconshire, has accepted an unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Mount Zion church, Swansea.

Rev. Alexander Gordon, M.A., of Glasgow, has accepted the pastorate of Egremont Chapel, Liverpool.

Rev. E. E. Lowell, of Maesteg, has accepted a call to the Church at West Haddon, in Northamptonshire.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. A. B. Middleditch has been recognised as pastor of the church at North Finchley. The sermon was preached by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Revs. T. Hill, J. Milnes, G. W. McCree, J. T. Brown, J. Fletcher, J. Chadwick, and W. J. Avery took part.

Rev. S. G. Woodrow has been recognised as pastor of Fuller Chapel, Kettering. The sermon

was preached by Rev. T. Wilson Tymme. The public meeting was presided over by Rev. J. T. Brown. Revs. J. B. Myers (a former pastor), J. Peet, and J. M. Watson took part in the proceedings.

Rev. H. G. Stenbridge has been recognised as pastor of the Old Meeting Church, Biggleswade. Revs. Dr. Angus, H. F. Griffin, and W. P. Irving took part.

Rev. H. C. Leonard, M.A., has been recognised as pastor at Bowden. Dr. McLaren, Dr. Mackennal, Revs. J. Lewis and O. Williams delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. A. G. Barnes has been recognised as pastor at Bilsworth. Rev. Dr. Culross gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. G. Jarman, a former pastor, addressed the church. Revs. J. T. Brown, E. R. Broom, J. Bates, and F. J. Flatt delivered fraternal addresses.

Rev. C. J. Fowler has been recognised as pastor of Commercial Street Chapel, Whitechapel, E. Mr. J. T. Dunn presided. Revs. Z. T. Dowen, A. J. Everett, C. L. Gordon, and T. F. Waddell took part.

Rev. Rowland Evans has been recognised as pastor of Gillington Church, Bradford. Mr. D. Mellor presided. Revs. G. Edmonson, H. C. Atkinson, Dr. E. Parker, W. Jones, R. Howarth, C. Rignal, and D. S. Williams took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

Rev. H. V. Thomas, pastor of the church at Kington, Hereford, has been presented with a watch by the members and friends of the Bible class.

Rev. F. Pickbourne, of Coalville, has been presented, at a "surprise" tea party, with a purse containing £10.

Mr. E. A. Vince, senior deacon and Sunday-school superintendent, on removing from Wealdstone,

Harrow, was presented by the church with an illuminated address, and by the Sunday-school with an electro-plated cake basket. "In the departure of Mr. Vince," writes a correspondent, "the church and school lose their most prominent supporter, the temperance cause its most ardent advocate, and the neighbourhood generally a most active and energetic worker in every good cause."

Rev. E. T. Davis, on leaving for Wealdstone, Harrow, has been presented with a silver salver by the church at Broadclyst.

Miss 'Laing, on leaving Little Kingshill on the occasion of her marriage, has been presented by the young men's bible class with a silver teapot and marble time-piece.

Rev. W. C. Bryan, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented by the church at Bluntisham with a purse of money.

Mrs. Jones, of Crowle, has been presented with a marble timepiece by the members of a Bible-class which she has conducted for sixteen years.

Mr. John Law, for thirty-seven years superintendent of Ebenezer Sunday-school, Bacup, has been presented with a gold chronometer.

Rev. Norman Macleod has been presented by the church at Bishop Auckland with a silver service and a study chair.

Rev. J. W. Butcher has received from Blenheim Church, Leeds, at a farewell service, a cheque for £200, in recognition of sixteen years' services.

Rev. W. J. Scott, at a farewell meeting, was presented by the church at Westbourne, Bournemouth, with a purse containing £120, together with a resolution commending him to the esteem and regard of the Baptist churches in America.

Rev. E. A. Johnson, pastor of Providence Church, Peuknap, Wilts, has been presented with a timepiece

by the members of the Bible-class, and Mrs. Johnson with a glass epergne.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ARMLEY.—The chapel anniversary and tea meeting was held on the 1st of May. Both gatherings were well attended. Mr. W. Peel presided over the public meeting. Revs. J. Wilkinson, W. Sumner, and Mr. J. Garforth gave addresses, interspersed with music by the chapel choir.

We are glad to learn that our friends at Armley intend building a new chapel, at a cost of £2,000. One half of the amount is nearly raised. It is a case well deserving of Christian sympathy, and we trust Mr. Sumner may meet with support from the friends to whom he sends his appeal.—W. A. Blake, editor of BAPTIST MESSENGER.

BAPTISMS.

Ayr, N.B.—April 13, Five, by J. Horne.
Attleborough, Warwickshire.—May 2, Four, by W. Satchwell.
Bampton, Devon.—One, by E. Scott.
Bangor—May 2, English chapel, Two, by W. R. Saunders.
Brynn, Wigan.—April 11, Seven, by D. P. McPherson.
Barnoldswick, Bethesda.—May 6, Five, by E. R. Lewis.
Bethesda, Forest-row.—On Sunday, May 6, Two, by A. W. Curwood.
Builth Wells.—April 29, Two, by W. H. Prosser.
Bacup (Zion).—April 29, Three, by E. A. Tydeman.
Caersus, Mont.—On Sunday, April 29, Ten, by W. D. Young.
Chilteris, Cambs.—May 1, West Park-street, Five, by T. H. Smith.
Coventry (Gosford-street).—April 29, Five, by A. T. Prout.
Calstock, Cornwall.—May 2, Thirteen, by A. Pidgeon.
Croughfold, Rossendale.—April 29, Four, by W. C. Davies, B.A.
Crickhowell.—May 3, Ten, by J. Jenkins.
Cumbach, Aberdare.—April 23, Three, by D. Thomas.
Cowbridge, Glamorganshire.—April 15, Thirty-five, by O. Jones.

Dorking.—April 15, Three, by A. G. Everett.
Dunfermline.—April 11, Two, by J. T. Hagen.
Dowlais.—April 1, Three, by A. Humphreys.
Eastcombe, Stroud.—April 29, Fifteen, by J. E. Brett.
Esher.—April 29, One, by J. E. Perrin.
Fenton.—April 15, Five, by T. G. Head.
Falmouth.—April 29, Two, by C. T. Johnson.
Fenton.—April 15, Five, by T. G. Head.
Forest Row, Sussex.—May 6, Two, by A. W. Ourwood.
Great Grimsby.—May 3, Victoria-street, Two, by E. Lauderdale.
Great Grimsby (Victoria-street).—April 29, Six, by E. Lauderdale.
Hope, Crosskeys.—April 1, Two; April 15, One; April 29, Eight, by C. H. Watkins.
Hamsterley.—April 30, Two, by A. G. Barton.
Ke'so, N.B.—April 15, Five, by E. Last.
Little Kingshill, Bucks.—April 15, Five, by J. Robinson.
Llanwrtyd Wells.—April 8, One, by J. W. Humphreys.
Luton (Park-street).—May 3, Eight, by H. Blake.
Mansfield.—May 2, Twenty, by J. Parks.
Macclesfield.—April 15, Three; 29, One, by J. Hollinshead.
Middleton, near Manchester.—March 25, Two; April 29, One, by H. Watts.
London District:
Abbey-road.—March 29, Seven, by W. Stott.
Hampton Court.—April 29, Three; May 2, One, by A. Hall.
Henrietta-street.—On May 3, Two, by W. Smith.
Kensington (Hornton street).—April 22, Eight, by W. Frith.
Penge.—May 21, Five, by J. W. Boud.
Norbiton (Bunyan).—April 29, Seven, by J. Clark.
Putney.—May 6, Four, by W. Thomas.
Trinity Chapel (John-street, Edgware-road).—April 29, Two, by H. Trotman.
Waltham Abbey.—April 22, Seven; 25, Four, by W. Jackson.
Newport, Mon.—April 29, Albert Hall, Three, by G. Harris.
Newport, Mon.—April 29, Seven, by A. T. Jones.
Northampton, Kettering-road.—April 15, Twelve, by H. J. Durrant.
Ogden, Rochdale.—April 29, Four, by W. S. Llewellyn.
Oldham (Pitt-street).—April 22, Four, by W. Hughes.
Prestatne, Radnorshire.—April 29, Four, by S. Watkins.
Paignton, Devon.—May 2, Four, by G. Hider.
Penknapp, Westbury, Wilts.—May 6, Nine, by A. E. Johnson.
Pontnewynydd, Pontypool.—April 8, Three, by J. G. Watts.
Rica, Mon.—April 22, Two, Bethany, by T. Thomas.
Rawdon.—On May 2, Fifteen, by A. P. Fayers.
Sarn, Mont.—April 29, One, by W. Jenkins.
Seion, Ponkey.—April 22, Three, by F. Mitchell.

St. Helens (Central).—April 19, Eight, by W. Holroyd.
Stoke Green, Ipswich.—April 29, Nine, by M. Longhurst.
Tabor, Llantrisant.—One, by L. T. Evans.
Tottlebark, Ulverston.—April 10, One; 24, Two, by J. L. Wilson.
Twynbridge Wells.—May 2, Calverley-road, Nine, by J. Smith.

Treforest.—April 15, Six, by W. Parry.
Upwell, Norfolk.—April 29, Two, by A. O. Batts.
Wigan, Lanes.—At King-street, April 22, Five; April 25, Five, by J. J. Berry.
Wythall Heath.—April 15, Four, by J. S. May.
Wincanton.—May 3, One, by J. Brown.

CHRIST is sometimes found in strange places. "I found Jesus in the foretop," said a young sailor. "And wherever I go I must speak about Him all over the world." Thus, Christ was found by him in a narrow place and proclaimed over a broad one.

LATE one evening a few poor persecuted Madagascar Christian women met in one of their cottages greatly dejected. Then a Christian friend entered their dwelling and listened to their tale of sorrow. He endeavoured to cheer them, presenting before them the promises of God's Word, the faithfulness and love of their blessed Lord, and urged them to pray. He also read to them the forty-sixth psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Then he left them trusting and cheerful. These women, one of whom was sold into slavery, remembered that evening with grateful feelings, and long afterwards declared that they had seldom since, in hours of depression, failed to find consolation and support in reading that psalm and in prayer.

What a noble stand the Waldenses of the valleys of Piedmont made for God and the Bible and truth in the middle and dark ages! Dwelling in caves and mud huts, and clothing themselves in sheep skins; persecuted by the Roman Catholics with a relentless hate and vigour that almost surpasses belief, yet were they more remarkable than any other people on the face of the earth for treasuring up the Holy Scriptures, and committing them to memory. They could procure but few copies of the Scriptures, and some of them felt that they had an inestimable treasure if they could but own a few leaves, and these at any time their enemies might pounce upon and destroy. What, therefore, did they do? They learnt off what they could by heart: the preparation for the ministry was to learn off by heart the gospels and epistles, and other portions of God's word; and the very children themselves were taught to learn off chapter after chapter that they might repeat them to the congregation when service was held in dens and mountains and caves of the earth. No one could therefore take God's word from them: it was lodged in their hearts. Let us copy the example of this noble people, for, although we stand in no danger of having the word of God thus taken from us by our foes, yet the time may come when blindness may prevent us perusing the sacred page, for in old age the eye grows dim; and if at any time the word of God is treasured up richly in the heart, it will be there to direct comfort and admonish us amid all the changes and trials of an eventful life. The "Bible on the book-shelf or table is a good thing, but in the heart it is a letter there." "Thy word," saith the Psalmist, "have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

HEAVENLY REST.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.

THE Apostle proved, in the former part of this and the latter part of the preceding chapter, that there was a rest promised in Scripture called the rest of God. He proved that Israel did not attain that rest; for God swore in His wrath, saying, "They shall not enter into My rest." He proved that this did not merely refer to the rest of the land of Canaan. David himself speaks again in after ages concerning the rest of God as a thing which was yet to come. Again he proves that, "seeing those to whom it was promised did not enter in, because of unbelief, and it remaineth that some must enter in, therefore," saith he, "there remaineth a rest to the people of God."

"My rest," says God: the rest of God! Something more wonderful than any other kind of rest. In my text it is (in the original) called the *Sabbatism*—not the Sabbath, but the rest of the Sabbath—not the outward ritual of the Sabbath, which was binding upon the Jew, but the inward spirit of the Sabbath, which is the joy and delight of the Christian. "There remaineth therefore"—because others have not had it, because some are to have it—"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

Now, this rest, I believe, is partly enjoyed on earth. "We that have believed do enter into rest;" for we have ceased from our own works, as God did from His. But the full fruition and rich enjoyment of it remains in the future and eternal state of the beatified on the other side of the stream of death. Of that it shall be our delightful work to talk a little this morning. And oh! if God should help me to raise but one of His feeble saints on the wings of love to look within the veil, and see the joys of the future, I shall be well contented to have made the joy-bells ring in one heart at least, to have set one eye flashing with joy, and to have made one spirit light with gladness. The rest of heaven! I shall try first to *exhibit it* and then to *extol it*.

I. First, I shall try to *EXHIBIT* the rest of heaven; and in doing so I shall exhibit it, first by way of contrast, and then by way of comparison.

1. To begin, then, I shall try to exhibit heaven *by way of contrast*. The rest of the righteous in glory is now to be contrasted with certain other things.

We will contrast it, first, *with the best estate of the worldling and the sinner*. The worldling has frequently a good estate. Sometimes his vats overflow, his barns are crammed, his heart is full of joy and gladness; there are periods with him when he flourishes like a green bay tree, when field is added to field, and house to house, when he pulls down his barns

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and builds greater, when the river of his joy is full, and the ocean of his life is at its flood with joy and blessedness. But ah ! beloved, the state of the righteous up there is not for a moment to be compared with the joy of the sinner—it is so infinitely superior, so far surpassing it, that it seems impossible that I should even try to set it in contrast. The worldling, when his corn and his wine are increased, has a glad eye and a joyous heart ; but even then he has the direful thought that *he may soon leave his wealth*. He remembers that death may cut him down, that he must then leave all his fair riches behind him, and sleep like the meanest of the land in a narrow coffin, six feet of earth his only heritage. Not so the righteous man ; he has obtained an inheritance which is “ undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” He knows that there is no possibility of his losing his joys ;

“ He is securely blessed,
Has done with sin, and care, and woe,
And doth with Jesus rest.”

He has no dread of dissolution, no fear of the coffin or the shroud ; and so far the life of heaven is not worthy to be put in comparison with the life of the sinner. But the worldling, with all his joys, always has *a worm at the root* of them. Ye votaries of pleasure ! the flush upon your cheek is frequently but a painted deception. Ah ! ye sons and daughters of gaiety ! the light foot of your dance is not in keeping with the heavy woe of your miserable spirits. Do you not confess that if by the excitement of company you for awhile forget the emptiness of your heart, yet silence, and the hour of midnight, and the waking watches of your bed, bid you sometimes think that there must be something more blessed than the mere wanderings of gaiety in which you now are found ? You are trying the world some of you ; speak then ! Do you not find it empty ? Might it not be said of the world, as an old philosopher said of it, when he represented a man with it in his hands smiting it and listening to its ringing ? Touch it, touch it ! make it ring again ; it is empty. So it is with the world. You know it is so ; and if you know it not as yet, the day is coming when after you have plucked the sweets you shall be pricked with the thorn, and when you shall find that all is unsatisfactory that does not begin and end with God. Not so the Christian in heaven. For him there are no nights ; and if there be times of solitude and rest, he is ever filled with ecstatic joy. His river floweth ever full of bliss, without one pebble of sorrow over which it ripples ; he has no aching conscience, no “ aching void the world can never fill.” He is supremely blessed, satisfied with favour, and full with the goodness of the Lord. And ye know, ye worldling, that your best estates often bring you great anxiety, *lest they should depart from you*. You are not so foolish yet as to conceive that riches endure for ever. You men of business are frequently led to see that riches take to themselves wings and fly away. You have accumulated a fortune ; but you find it is harder to retain than it is to get. You are seeking after a competence ; but you find that you grasp at shadows that flit away—that the everlasting vicissitudes of business and the constant changes of mankind are causes of prudent alarm to you, for you fear that you shall lose your gods, and that your gourd shall be eaten by the worm, and fall down, and your

shadow shall be taken away. Not so the Christian. He lives in a house that can never hasten to decay ; he wears a crown, the glister of which shall never be dim ; he has a garment which shall never wax old ; he has bliss that can never depart from him, nor he from it. He is now firmly set, like a pillar of marble in the temple of God. The world may rock, the tempest may sway it like the cradle of a child ; but there, above the world, above the perpetual revolution of the stars, the Christian stands secure and immovable ; his rest infinitely surpasses yours. Ah ! ye shall go to all the fabled luxuries of eastern monarchs, and see their dainty couches and their luscious wines. Behold the riches of their pleasantry ! How charming is the music that lulls them to their sleep ! How gently moves the fan that wafts them to their slumber ! But ah !

" I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great ;
And whilst my faith can keep her hold
I envy not the sinner's gold." —

I reckon that the richest, highest, noblest condition of a worldly man is not worthy to be compared with the joy that is to be revealed hereafter in the breasts of those who are sanctified. O ye spendthrift mortals, that for one merry dance and a giddy life will lose a world of joys ! O fools, that catch at bubbles and lose realities ! O ten thousand times mad men, that grasp at shadows and lose the substance ! What ! sirs, do you think a little round of pleasure, a few years of gaiety and merriment, just a little time of the tossing about, to and fro, of worldly business, is a compensation for eternal ages of unfading bliss ? Oh ! how foolish will you conceive yourself to be, when you are in the next state, when cast away from heaven you will see the saints blessed ! I think I hear your mournful soliloquy, " Oh ! how cheaply did I sell my soul ! What a poor price did I get for all I have now lost ! I have lost the palace and the crown, and the joy and bliss for ever, and am shut up in hell ! And for what did I lose it ? I lost it for the lascivious wanton kiss ; I lost it for the merry drunken song ; I lost it for just a few short years of pleasures, which, after all, were only painted pleasures ! " Oh ! I think I see you in your lost estates, cursing yourselves, rending your hair, that you should have sold heaven for counters, and have changed away eternal life for pitiful farthings, which were spent quickly, and which burned your hand in the spending of them ! Oh ! that ye were wise, that ye would weigh those things, and reckon that a life of the greatest happiness here is nothing compared with the glorious hereafter : " There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

Now let me put it in *more pleasing contrast*. I shall contrast the rest of the believer above with the miserable estate of the believer sometimes here below. Christians have their sorrows. Suns have their spots, skies have their clouds, and Christians have their sorrows too. But oh ! how different will the state of the righteous be up there from the state of the believer here ! Here the Christian has to suffer anxiety. He is anxious to serve his Master, to do his best in his day and generation. His constant cry is—" Help me to serve Thee, O my God," and he looks out, day after day, with a strong desire for opportunities of doing good. Ah ! if he be an active Christian, he will have much labour, much toil in

endeavouring to serve his Master ; and there will be times when he will say, " My soul is in haste to be gone ; I am not wearied of the labour, I am wearied in it. To toil thus in the sun, though for a good Master, is not the thing that just now I desire." Ah ! Christian, the day shall soon be over, and thou shalt no longer have to toil ; the sun is nearing the horizon ; it shall rise again with a brighter day than thou hast ever seen before. There, up in heaven, Luther has no more to face a thundering Vatican ; Paul has no more to run from city to city, and continent to continent ; there Baxter has no more to toil in his pulpit to preach with a broken heart to hard-hearted sinners ; there no longer has Knox to " cry aloud and spare not " against the immoralities of the false church ; there no more shall be the strained lung, and the tired throat, and the aching eye ; no more shall the Sunday-school teacher feel that his Sabbath is a day of joyful weariness ; no more shall the tract distributor meet with rebuffs. No, there, those who have served their country and their God, those who have toiled for man's welfare, with all their might, shall enter into everlasting rest. Sheathed is the sword, the banner is furled, the fight is over, the victory won ; and they rest from their labours.

Here, too, the Christian is always *sailing onward*, he is always in motion, he feels that he has not yet attained. Like Paul, he can say, " Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward to that which is before." But there his weary head shall be crowned with unfading light. There the ship that has been speeding onward shall furl its sails in the port of eternal bliss. There he who, like an arrow, has sped his way shall be fixed for ever in the target. There we who like fleeting clouds were driven by every wind shall gently distil in one perennial shower of everlasting joy. There is no progress, no motion there ; they are at rest, they have attained the summit of the mountain, they have ascended to their God and our God. Higher they cannot go ; they have reached the *Ultima Thule*, there are no fortunate islands beyond ; this is life's utmost end of happiness ; and they furl their sails, rest from their labours, and enjoy themselves for aye. There is a difference between the progress of earth and the perfect fixity of the rest of heaven.

Here, too, the believer is often the subject of *doubt and fear*. " Am I His, or am I not ? " is often the cry. He trembleth lest he should be deceived ; at times he almost despairs, and is inclined not to put his name down as one of the children of God. Dark insinuations are whispered into his ears ; he thinks that God's mercy is clean gone for ever, and that he will not be mindful of Him any more. Again, his sins sometimes upbraid him, and he thinks God will not have mercy on him. He has a poor fainting heart ; he is like Ready-to-halt, he has to go all his way on crutches ; he has a poor feeble mind, always tumbling down over a straw, and fearing one day he shall be drowned in a cart-rut. Though the lions are chained he is as much afraid of them as if they were loose. Hill difficulty often affrights him ; going down into the valley of humiliation is often troublesome work to him ; but there, there are no hills to climb, no dragons to fight, no foes to conquer, no dangers to dread. Ready-to-halt, when he dies, will bury his crutches, and Feeble-mind will leave his feebleness behind him ; Fearing will never fear again ; poor Doubting-heart will learn confidently to believe. Oh, joy above all joys ! The day

is coming when I shall "know as I am known," when I shall not want to ask whether I am His or not, for, in His arms encircled, there shall be no room for doubt. Oh! Christian, you think there are slips between your lips and that cup of joy; but when you grasp the handle of that cup with your hand, and are drinking draughts of ineffable delight, then you will have no doubt or fear.

"There you shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

Here, too, on earth, the Christian has to *suffer*; here he has the aching head and the pained body; his limbs may be bruised or broken, disease may rack him with torture; he may be an afflicted one from his birth, he may have lost an eye or an ear, or he may have lost many of his powers; or if not, being of a weakly constitution, he may have to spend the most of his days and nights upon the bed of weariness. Or if his body be sound, yet what suffering he has in his mind! Conflicts between depravity and gross temptations from the evil one, assaults of hell, perpetual attacks of divers kinds, from the world, the flesh, and the devil. But there, no aching head, no weary heart; there no palsied arm, no brow ploughed with the furrows of old age; there the lost limb shall be recovered, and old age shall find itself endowed with perpetual youth; there the infirmities of the flesh shall be left behind, given to the worm and devoured by corruption. There they shall flit, as on the wings of angels, from pole to pole, from place to place, without weariness or anguish; there they shall never need to lie upon the bed of rest, or the bed of suffering; for day without night, with joy unflagging, they shall circle God's throne rejoicing, and ever praise Him who hath said, "The inhabitants there shall never be sick."

There, too, they shall be free from *persecution*. Here Sicilian Vespers, and St. Bartholomew, and Smithfield, are well-known words; but there shall be none to taunt them with a cruel word, or touch them with a cruel hand. There emperors and kings are not known, and those who had power to torture them cease to be. They are in the society of saints; they shall be free from all the idle converse of the wicked, and from their cruel jeers set free for ever. Set free from persecution! Ye army of martyrs, ye were slain, ye were torn asunder, ye were cast to wild beasts, ye wandered about in sheep skins and goats' skins, destitute, afflicted, and tormented. I see you now, a mighty host. The habiliments you wear are torn with thorns; your faces are scarred with sufferings; I see you at your stakes, and on your crosses; I hear your words of submission on your racks, I see you in your prisons, I behold you in your pillories—but

"Now ye are arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noonday-sun,
Fairest of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne."

These are they who "for their Master died; who love the cross and crown;" they waded through seas of blood, in order to obtain the inherit-

ance ; and there they are, with the blood-red crown of martyrdom about their heads, that ruby brightness, far excelling every other. Yes, there is no persecution there. "There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

Alas ! in this mortal state the child of God is also subject to *sin* ; even he faileth in his duty, and wandereth from his God ; even he doth not walk in all the law of his God blameless, though he desireth to do it. Sin now troubleth him constantly ; but there sin is dead ; there they have no temptation to sin, from without or from within, but they are perfectly free to serve their Master. Here the child of God has sometimes to weep repentingly of his backslidings ; but there they never shed tears of penitence, for they have never cause to do so.

And, last of all, here the child of God has to wet the cold ashes of his relatives with *tears* ; here he has to bid adieu to all that is lovely and fair of mortal race ; here it is he hears, "Earth to earth, and dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," while the solemn music of the dust upon the coffin lid beats doleful time to those words. Here is the mother buried, the child snatched away, the husband rent from the bosom of a loving wife, the brother parted from the sister. The plate upon the coffin, the last coat-of-arms of earth, earth's last emblems are here ever before our eyes. But there never once shall be heard the toll of the funeral bell ; no hearse with plumes has ever darkened the streets of gold ; no emblems of sorrow have ever intruded into the homes of the immortal ; they are strangers to the meaning of death ; they cannot die—they live for ever, having no power to decay, and no possibility of corruption. Oh ! rest of the righteous, how blest art thou, where families shall again be bound up in one bundle, where parted friend shall again meet to part no more, and where the whole Church of Christ, united in one mighty circle, shall together praise God and the Lamb throughout eternal ages.

Brethren, I have tried thus to set the rest of the righteous in the way of contrast ; I feel I have failed. Poor are the words I can utter to tell you of immortal things. Even holy Baxter himself, when he wrote of the "Saints' Rest," paused and said, "But these are only tinklings compared with the full thunders of heaven." I cannot tell you, dear friends, nor can mortal tell, what God hath prepared for them that love him.

2. And now I shall try very briefly to exhibit this contrast *in the way of comparison*. The Christian hath some rest here, but nothing compared with the rest which is to come.

There is *the rest of the Church*. When the believer joins the Church of God, and becomes united with them, he may expect to rest. The good old writer of the "Pilgrim's Progress" says that, when the weary pilgrims were once admitted to the house Beautiful, they were shown to sleep in a chamber called "peace," or "rest." The church-member at the Lord's table has a sweet enjoyment of rest in fellowship with the saints ; but ah ! up there the rest of church fellowship far surpasses anything that is known here ; for there are no divisions there, no angry words at the church meetings, no harsh thoughts of one another, no bickerings about doctrine, no fightings about practice. There Baptist, and Presbyterian, and Independent, and Wesleyan, and Episcopalian, serving the same Lord, and having been washed in the same blood, sing the same song, and

are all joined in one. There pastors and deacons never look coolly on each other ; no haughty prelates there, no lofty-minded ministers there, but all meek and lowly, all knit together in brotherhood ; they have a rest which surpasseth all the rest of the Church on earth.

There is, again, a rest of *faith* which a Christian enjoys ; a sweet rest. Many of us have known it. We have known what it is, when the billows of trouble have run high, to hide ourselves in the breast of Christ and feel secure. We have cast our anchor deep into the rocks of God's promise ; we have gone to sleep in our chamber and have not feared the tempest ; we have looked at tribulation, and have smiled at it ; we have looked at death himself, and have laughed him to scorn ; we have had such trust by Christian faith that, dauntless and fearless, nothing could move us. Yes, in the midst of calumny, reproach, slander, and contempt, we have said, "I shall not be moved, for God is on my side." But the rest up there is better still, more unruffled, more sweet, more perfectly calm, more enduring, and more lasting than even the rest of faith.

And, again, the Christian sometimes has the blessed rest of *communion*. There are happy moments when he puts his head on the Saviour's breast—when, like John, he feels that he is close to the Saviour's heart, and there he sleeps. "God giveth His beloved sleep ;" not the sleep of unconsciousness, but the sleep of joy. Happy, happy, happy are the dreams we have had on the couch of communion ; blessed have been the times when, like the spouse in Solomon's song, we could say of Christ, "His left hand was under my head, and with His right hand did He embrace me."

"But sweeter still the fountain head,
Though sweet may be the stream."

When we shall have plunged into a very bath of joy, we shall have found the delights even of communion on earth to have been but the dipping of the finger in the cup, but the dipping of the bread in the dish, whereas heaven itself shall be the participation of the whole of the joy, and not the mere antepast of it. Here we sometimes enter into the portico of happiness, there we shall go into the presence chamber of the King ; here we look over the hedge and see the flowers in heaven's garden, there we shall walk between the beds of bliss, and pluck fresh flowers at each step ; here we just look and see the sunlight of heaven in the distance, like the lamps of the thousand-gated cities shining afar off, but there we shall see them in all their blaze of splendour ; here we listen to the whisperings of heaven's melody, borne by winds from afar, but there, entranced, amidst the grand oratorio of the blessed, we shall join in the everlasting hallelujah to the great Messiah, the God, the I AM. Oh ! again I say, do we not wish to mount aloft, and fly away, to enter into the rest which remaineth to the people of God ?

II. And now, yet more briefly, and then we shall have done. I am to endeavour to *EXTOL* this rest, as I have tried to *EXHIBIT* it. I would extol this rest for many reasons ; and oh ! that I were eloquent, that I might extol it as it deserves ! Oh ! for the lip of angel and the burning tongue of cherub, to talk now of the bliss of the sanctified and of the rest of God's people !

It is, first, *perfect* rest. They are wholly at rest in heaven. Here

rest is but partial. I hope in a little time to cease from every-day labours for a season ; but then the head will think, and the mind may be looking forward to prospective labour, and, whilst the body is still, the brain will yet be in motion. Here, on Sabbath days a vast multitude of you sit in God's house, but many of you are obliged to stand, and rest but little except in your mind ; and even when the mind is at rest the body is wearied with the toil of standing. You have a weary mile, perhaps many miles, to go to your homes on the Sabbath day. And let the Sabbatarian say what he will, you may work on the Sabbath day, if you work for God ; and this Sabbath day's work of going to the house of God is work for God, and God accepts it. For yourselves you may not labour, God commands you to rest ; but if you have to toil these three, these four, these five, these six miles, as many of you have done, I will not and I must not blame you. "The priests in the sanctuary profane the Sabbath, and are blameless." It is toil and labour, it is true, but it is for a good cause—for your Master. But there, my friends, the rest is perfect ; the body there rests perpetually, the mind too always rests ; though the inhabitants are always busy, always serving God, yet they are never weary, never toil-worn, never fagged ; they never fling themselves upon their couches at the end of the day, and cry, "Oh ! when shall I be away from this land of toil ?" They never stand up in the burning sunlight, and wipe the hot sweat from their brow ; they never rise from their bed in the morning, half refreshed, to go to laborious study. No, they are perfectly at rest, stretched on the couch of eternal joy. They know not the semblance of a tear ; they have done with sin, and care, and woe, and with their Saviour rest.

Again, it is a *seasonable* rest. How seasonable it will be for some of you ! Ye sons of wealth, ye know not the toils of the poor ; the horny-handed labourer, perhaps, you have not seen, and you know not how he has to tug and to toil. Among my congregation I have many of a class, upon whom I have always looked with pity ; poor women who must rise to-morrow morning with the sun, and begin that everlasting "stitch, stitch," that works their finger to the bone. And from Monday morning till Saturday night, many of you, my members, and multitudes of you, my hearers, will not be able to lay aside your needle and your thread, except when, tired and weary, you fall back on your chair, and are lulled to sleep by your thoughts of labour ! Oh ! how seasonable will heaven's rest be to you ! Oh ! how glad will you be, when you get there, to find that there are no Monday mornings, no more toil for you, but rest, eternal rest ! Others of you have hard manual labour to perform ; you have reason to thank God that you are strong enough to do it, and you are not ashamed of your work ; for labour is an honour to a man. But still there are times when you say, "I wish I were not so dragged to death by the business of London life." We have but little rest in this huge city ; our day is longer, and our work is harder, than our friends in the country. You have sometimes sighed to go into the green fields for a breath of fresh air ; you have longed to hear the song of the sweet birds that used to wake you when you were lads ; you have regretted the bright blue sky, the beautiful flowers, and the thousand charms of a country life. And, perhaps, you will never get beyond this smoky city ; but remember, when you get up there, "sweet fields arrayed in living

green" and "rivers of delight" shall be the place where you shall rest ; you shall have all the joys you can conceive of in that home of happiness ; and, though worn and weary you come to your grave, tottering on your staff, having journeyed through the wilderness of life like a weary camel, which has only stopped on the Sabbath to sip its little water at the well, or to be baited at the oasis, there you will arrive at your journey's end laden with gold and spices, and enter into the grand caravanserai of heaven, and enjoy for ever the things you have wearily carried with you here.

And I must say that, to others of us who have not to toil with our hands, heaven will be a seasonable rest. Those of us who have to tire our brain day after day will find it no slight boon to have an everlasting rest above. I will not boast of what I may do, there may be many who do more ; there may be many who are perpetually and daily striving to serve God, and are using their mind's best energies in so doing. But this much I may say, that almost every week I have the pleasure of preaching twelve times ; and often in my sleep do I think of what I shall say next time. Not having the advantage of laying out my seven shillings and sixpence in buying manuscripts, it costs me hard, diligent labour to find even something to say. And I sometimes have a difficulty to keep the hopper full in the mill ; I feel that if I had not now and then a rest I should have no wheat for God's children. Still it is on, on, on, and on we must go ; we hear the chariot wheels of God behind us, and we dare not stop ; we think that eternity is drawing nigh, and we must go on. Rest to us now is more than labour ; we want to be at work ; but oh ! how seasonable it shall be, when to the minister it shall be said—

"Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

It will be seasonable rest. You that are weary with state cares, and have to learn the ingratitude of men ; you that have sought honours, and have got them to your cost, you seek to do your best, but your very independence of spirit is called servility, whilst your servility would have been praised ! You who seek to honour God, and not to honour men, who will not bind yourselves to parties, but seek in your own independent and honest judgment to serve your country and your God ; you, I say, when God shall see fit to call you to Himself, will find it no small joy to have done with parliaments, to have done with states and kingdoms, and to have laid aside your honours, to receive honours more lasting amongst those who dwell for ever before the throne of the Most High.

One thing, and then once more, and then farewell. This rest, my brethren, ought to be extolled, because it is *eternal*. Here my best joys bear "mortal" on their brow ; here my fair flowers fade ; here my sweet cups have dregs and are soon empty ; here my sweetest birds must die, and their melody must soon be hushed ; here my most pleasant days must have their nights ; here the flowings of my bliss must have their ebbs, everything doth pass away, but there everything shall be immortal ; the

harp shall be unruined, the crown unwithered, the eye undimmed, the voice unflinching, the heart unwavering, and the being wholly consolidated unto eternity. Happy day, happy day, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life, and the mortal shall have put on immortality !

And then, lastly, this glorious rest is to be best of all commended for its *certainly*. "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." Doubting one, thou hast often said, "I fear I shall never enter heaven." Fear not ; all the people of God shall enter there ; there is no fear about it. I love the quaint saying of a dying man who, in his country brogue, exclaimed, "I have no fear of going home ; I have sent all before me ; God's finger is on the latch of my door and I am ready for Him to enter." "But," said one, "are you not afraid lest you should miss your inheritance ?" "Nay," said he, "nay ; there is one crown in heaven that the angel Gabriel could not wear ; it will fit no head but mine. There is one throne in heaven that Paul the Apostle could not fill ; it was made for me, and I shall have it. There is one dish at the banquet that I must eat, or else it will be untasted, for God has set it apart for me." O Christian, what a joyous thought ! thy portion is secure ; "there remaineth a rest." "But cannot I forfeit it ?" No ; it is entailed. If I be a child of God I shall not lose it. It is mine as securely as if I were there.

"Come, Christian, mount to Pisgah's top,
And view the landscape o'er."

Seest thou that little river of death, glistening in the sunlight, and across it dost thou see the pinnacles of the eternal city ? Dost thou mark the pleasant suburbs and all the joyous inhabitants ? Turn thine eye to that spot. Dost thou see where that ray of light is glancing now ? There is a little spot there ; dost thou see it ? That is thy patrimony ; that is thine. Oh, if thou couldst fly across thou wouldst see written upon it, "This remaineth for such an one ; preserved for him only. He shall be caught up and dwell for ever with God." Poor doubting one ; see thine inheritance ; it is thine. If thou believest in the Lord Jesus thou art one of the Lord's people ; if thou hast repented of sin thou art one of the Lord's people ; if thou hast been renewed in heart thou art one of the Lord's people, and there is a place for thee, a crown for thee, a harp for thee. No one else shall have it but thyself ; and thou shalt have it ere long. Just pardon me one moment if I beg of you to conceive of yourselves as being in heaven. Is it not a strange thing to think of—a poor clown in heaven ? Think, how will you feel with your crown on your head ? Weary matron, many years have rolled over you. How changed will be the scene when you are young again. Ah, toil-worn labourer, only think when thou shalt rest for aye. Canst thou conceive it ? couldst thou but think for a moment of thyself as being in heaven now, what a strange surprise would seize thee. Thou wouldst not so much as say, "What ! are these streets of gold ? What ! are these walls of jasper ? What, am I here, in white ? Am I here, with a crown on my brow ? Am I here singing, that was always groaning ? What ! I praise God that once cursed Him ? What ! I lifting up my voice in His honour ? Oh, precious blood that washed me clean ! Oh, precious faith that set me free ! Oh, precious Spirit that made me repent, else I had been cast

away and been in hell ! But oh ! what wonders ! Angels ! I am surprised ; I am enraptured ! Wonder of wonders ! Oh ! gates of pearls, I long since heard of you ! Oh, joys that never fade, I long since heard tell of you ! But I am like the Queen of Sheba ; the half has not yet been told me. Profusion, oh profusion of bliss !—wonder of wonders !—miracle of miracles ! What a world I am in ! And oh ! that I am here, this is the topmost miracle of all !” And yet ’tis true, ’tis true ; and that is the glory of it. It is true. Come, worm, and prove it ; come, pall ; come shroud ; come and prove it. Then come wings of faith, come, leap like a seraph ; come, eternal ages, come, and ye shall prove that there are joys that the eye hath not seen, which the ear hath not heard, and which only God can reveal to us by His Spirit. Oh ! my earnest prayer is, that none of you may come short of this rest, but that ye may enter into it, and enjoy it for ever and ever. God give you His great blessing, for Jesus’ sake ! Amen.

REDEEMING LOVE.

“I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ; thou art mine.”
—Isa. xliii. 1.

“The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”—Gal. ii. 20.

JESUS CHRIST has lived and died ;
What is all the world beside ?
This to know is all we need,
This to know is life indeed.

Other wisdom seek I none ;
Teach me this, and this alone ;
Jesus Christ has lived and died,
Jesus Christ was crucified.

Can my soul on shadows vain
Ever spend a thought again ?
No ! before this light they flee,
Jesus Christ has died for me.

Me, e’en me, He claims to have,
Me, e’en me, He died to save ;
’Twas for me the work was wrought,
Paid the price, the battle fought.

Lord, before Thy cross I lie,
Singly fix on Thee mine eye :
Every other hope resign,
Thou hast bought me : I am Thine.

Miss Archer's Fortune; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER VII.—A LESSON ON GIVING.

FOR three hours that afternoon Miss Archer accompanied Miss Morrison in her round of visits among the poor. Some dozen cases were visited during that time, the greater portion of which were exceedingly interesting. Every house, however poorly furnished, was clean and tidy; and each case had its own special characteristics. This served not only to save the lady visitors from wearisome monotony, but also gave Miss Archer, in particular, views of humble life to which in the higher circle in which she moved she had hitherto been a complete stranger. What she thought of these new revelations may be gathered from the conversation held afterwards at the tea-table in her own dining-room, it having been arranged that, when the visitation for the day was over, Miss Morrison should spend the evening at Swan Villa.

"Well, Nellie," she asked, with a roguish smile, "how do you like mission work? Do you like it well enough, after half a day's experience, to offer yourself forthwith as a female missionary?"

"Not exactly," said Miss Archer, laughing heartily. "But I must say that my notions of life among the poor and lowly have undergone a great change through this afternoon's experience."

"In what respect, dear?"

"In this respect, Grace. When I set out with you on our benevolent errand I imagined that what I should see would give me a great

shock. With an heroic spirit, therefore, I strove to brace up my poor nerves for the occasion. But really the whole round has given me pleasure beyond all expectation. The clean rooms, the plain but useful furniture, the pictures adorning the walls, the patience of the sufferers, the spirit of resignation that some of them manifested, their strong expressions of faith in God's love and goodness, their simple faith in Christ, and their gratitude for the kindness shown to them quite charmed me. The conclusion that I came to was that, if all the poor were as deserving as those we have visited, more ought to be done for them than is done."

"But, then, Nellie, I am sorry to say they are not all like those we have visited. Do you know what I have done with you this afternoon?"

"Done with me, Grace! What do you mean?"

"Why, that I have taken you to see the very cream of the deserving poor. Do you think, dear, that it would have been wise or prudent of me to have taken you at the outset into wretched houses and hovels where drunkenness, vice, and crime abound? If I had done that, possibly you might have received a shock that would have prevented you attempting such visits again. By degrees, however, you may get accustomed to enter such abodes without fear, as the city missionaries themselves do, but at present you are not prepared for it, and therefore I spared you the ordeal. You know what is done in a

Turkish bath. When the time comes for the cold shower, the attendant, to save you from a severe shock, gives you the water at first warm; then she gives it to you tepid, and gradually allows it to become colder and colder, until it strikes you like ice, and you puff and pant like a broken-winded old horse. This afternoon I gave you the warm shower. It did not even become tepid, and therefore you have enjoyed the luxury. But the time will come for the shower of ice-water, and then you *will* shiver. God only knows, besides those who visit such dens, what is to be seen in the back courts and alleys. It is only on rare occasions that I dare venture to visit them, and then as a rule I am accompanied by a male missionary. But I never come away from them after such visits without feeling my heart ache."

"Why so, Grace? Is it because of the suffering you behold?"

"Partly so, Nellie; but not always. Don't be surprised, dear, at what I am going to say, or think me hardened for saying so, but not a few of those who inhabit such places deserve to suffer, and it would be a pity if they did not get their just deserts. Now, dear, what did you do this afternoon? Mind, I am not going to blame you—not for a moment. You relieved every needy case we visited, and you gave gold away where I should have given silver, if, indeed, I had given at all. Why, then, did I let you do it? Because I saw that such giving did you good, was, in fact, a means of grace to you, and it gave all these poor people an unexpected treat. It was like a birthday or Christmas gift to them, and each receiver inwardly showered blessings on your generous head. But, if we were

going the same round again, I should venture to stay your hand. I should quietly tell you that such liberal gifts would nullify your spiritual influence rather than increase it, and lead even these poor people to value your charity more than yourself. Prudent giving is as much needed among the deserving poor as the undeserving. You may pauperise the one as well as the other. I did just as you have done at first, for I thought I could not do too much for some deserving cases; but I soon found out that the fame of such gifts spread abroad, and, as the natural result, in every neighbourhood I had a host of needy applicants. What sort of a tale is being told now while we sit here? I can tell as well as if I were within earshot. One is saying, and another, 'O! what do you think? That lady, called Miss Archer, has been here this afternoon with Miss Morrison, the lady, you know, who has had a thousand a year left her, and she gave me this; and then the sovereign or half-sovereign will be produced, with the remark, 'Wasn't she kind now? Only think of that!' And then, consequently, most who hear the benevolent story will wish that the same kind lady had called upon them, and given them the like donations. Depend upon it, Nellie, next time you go into that neighbourhood you will find yourself very popular."

"Then I wish, Grace, I had not been so liberal," said Miss Archer, in a vexed tone. "Why did you not check me? I almost feel inclined to be cross with you for not doing so. But perhaps you thought I might be offended if you crossed my benevolent impulses and therefore you said nothing."

"But you must not be cross with me, Nellie. Have I not told you

that I rather rejoiced in your doing it on this occasion than otherwise? It pleased me to see how happy both the giver and the receivers were; and I had not the slightest desire to put a stop to such happiness. Under the special circumstances of the case the good done has been great, and the evil is reduced to a minimum. All that I say is this: such generous giving to do good must be rare and discriminative, and your practical experience will afford you convincing proof of it. But leaving that, love, please allow me to justify the apparently harsh statement I have made, that not a few deserve all the suffering they get, and even more too. Why do hundreds and thousands herd in these wretched places, amid squalor and filth, crowded together like pigs in a sty, and breathing the foulest air? The answer is, because vast numbers of them choose evil rather than good, and prefer darkness to light. Don't think they are all born and bred there. Numbers of them have been fairly educated, have had good wages, and splendid opportunities of living in happiness and comfort. But the love of drink and idleness, and lust, and the incessant desire for low, sensual, fleshly gratification have been cherished until they have sunk into beasthood, and their poverty and sufferings are simply the bitter harvest of seed which they have themselves sown. And, when you try to do them any good, what do you find? You will find that their constant aim will be to cheat you, and impose upon you, and they will lie to your face like Satan, the father of liars, himself; and the deeds they sometimes perpetrate in these foul dens are often too horrible even to think of. Their fiendish cruelty towards each other, and especially towards their half-starved, neglected

offspring, is often too appalling almost to be believed. Now and then you do get a revolting revelation in the newspapers; but three-parts of the cruelty never comes to light. Talk about heathenism in foreign lands, from what I have seen myself, I will dare to say that anything you can see there can be matched in the foul purlieus of our own so-called Christian land; yet the worthy and courageous city missionaries face it all, and even from such seats of Satan win trophies of grace for the Lord Jesus."

"Then, Grace, you don't regard such cases as hopeless?"

"No one, Nellie, can positively say that any case is hopeless, because none are beyond the reach of Omnipotent Power. But, while that is true, it is also equally true that, practically, the vast number of these cases are hopeless. With rare exceptions these people die as they live, and pass into the eternal world with all their sins upon their guilty heads. Let me, as a sample, give you a case, and you will learn from it what sort of people some of these are, and what is the cause of their suffering. One day—it is about a year ago now—Mr. Luke Briton came to me, and he said, 'Miss Morrison, I want you to come with me this evening, if you please, to see a dying man, who says he knows you, and that he should like to make a confession to you before he departs this life.' I went, and where do you think I found him? He was lying in a low, damp, filthy cellar, on a bed of dirty straw, and was covered merely with an old tattered coat, and a few bits of matting. He was slowly wasting away, with foul disease brought on by intemperance and vice. It made me shudder to go near him, and so I sat on a broken chair a yard or so off. He turned his sunken eyes

and hollow cheeks towards me, and, as he breathed slowly, he said, "You do not recognise me, Miss Morrison?" I said, 'I do not.' 'But you knew Dr. Musgrove, who once lived in this town?' 'Yes, very well; he attended my sister for several years after her accident.' 'Well, I am his son.' 'What!' I exclaimed, almost starting from my chair, 'the son that ran away from home?' 'Yes, their son Charles; and they have never seen me since, and never will, either alive or dead, in this world.' 'Then why,' I asked, 'have you sent for me?' 'Because I want you,' he said, 'when I'm buried in a pauper's grave, to send this to my father, and tell him that I've come to my end. My brother will then come into the property that I might have inherited, and there will be no doubt about the right of succession.' He then took, with his trembling, wasted hand, out of his coat pocket, a kind, loving letter, safely enclosed in a dirty envelope, sent to him years before by his father, imploring him to return home, with the assurance that if he did so all would be forgiven. But how came he to get that letter? It was a letter sent to him about two years after he had run away from home with fifty pounds of his father's money, when wandering up and down in America, and living a wasted life. Being hard up and threatened with jail for debts accrued, he had screwed up his courage to write an apparently penitent but lying letter home, asking for a certain sum of money

to free himself from his liabilities, and set himself up in some honest profession. The money he asked for, and even more, was sent, and from that hour he had never been heard of. His mother died of a broken heart through his misconduct; and the grey hairs of his good father were nearly brought to the grave from the same cause. From a wretched companion, whose name and address he gave me, as a further proof of his identity, and who had been with him in some of his wanderings in America, I learnt the most of his history. And what was that history? It was the history of a wandering vagabond, who actually preferred a life of sin to a good life, and who wilfully resisted all efforts put forth by pitying friends to effect his reform. Yet he had received a first-class education, and was surrounded at home by good influences; but taking to bad company and gambling and drinking he gradually went to ruin. Now, I ask, did he not deserve his sufferings? Did he not 'sow to the wind and reap the whirlwind?' From first to last he was the author of his own miseries, of all that might come upon him in this world, and, with solemn reverence I say it, of all that might come upon him in another. And yet I am sorry to be compelled to draw the conclusion that his case is only one of multitudes, of whom the good old Book says: 'Woe unto the wicked; it shall be ill with him: for the reward of his hands shall be given him.'

(To be continued.)

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

JEHOVAH'S SERVANT AND HIS WORK.

BY REV. R. C. ROBERT S.

"Behold My Servant, whom I uphold; Mine Elect, in whom My soul delighteth; I have put My spirit upon Him. He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench: He shall bring forth judgment unto truth. He shall not fail, nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth; and the isles shall wait for His law."—Isaiah xlii. 1-4.

THERE can be no doubt that Jesus Christ is the person here referred to as the Servant of Jehovah. In Matthew's Gospel this prophecy is quoted by Him, and would be fulfilled in Him. And it must be admitted that the graphic description here given is one that is exactly and entirely applicable to Christ. It is as applicable as if it were made after He appeared—as if it were the language of biography and not prophecy. Special attention is called to Him by Jehovah, "Behold My Servant," etc. Thus, we have here a description of the Servant and His work; and we shall look upon Him: first in His relation to God; and, secondly, in relation to His work.

I. In His relation to God there are several things in the text said of Him.

1. He is designated God's Servant. "My Servant." This was the very position assumed by Him through-

out His humiliation. He often served men during His earthly ministry, and impressed on their minds, both by words and actions, that "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." He came not into our world in the capacity and with all the pomp and dignity of a prince. Although the Son of God, He had no august retinue of servants attending Him, and thus following Him from place to place. When royal princes visit a town or city they have their attendants, who are always at their call. And the purpose of their visits is to render very light service, requiring no expenditure of physical power—simply the opening of an exhibition or a dock, or a benevolent institution. They come in their royal capacity, and with much pomp and dignity. But Christ came as a Servant—came to work, to accomplish some great good, and not simply for personal enjoyment.

Great distinctions may be pointed out in the position of servants. With some it is one of honour and responsibility. It is a very responsible office to be a minister of the Crown, and yet many are willing to bear the responsibility for the sake of the honour and emoluments attached to it. Well, Jesus Christ is God's Servant—"My servant." There is a speciality about this phrase. Jehovah has a vast host of servants in the universe. Those myriads of angels go and come at His command. Creation is entirely under His control; fire and hail, snow and vapours, stormy winds, they are all His

messengers. The prophets are spoken of as His servants. But here He calls particular attention to Christ. "Behold, My Servant." He speaks of Him as if He were the only being who served Him. Christ undertook a work which no one else ever could accomplish. He came to work—to do the will of His Father. He made Himself of no reputation, took upon Him the form of a servant. Although He rendered valuable service to men, He was, nevertheless, God's Servant.

2. God speaks of Him also as His chosen Servant—"Mine Elect." He was the One whom He had chosen to accomplish His great purposes. This phrase would imply that Christ did not thrust Himself into the service, but was called of God and chosen as the fittest person for it. "He was foreordained," says the Apostle Peter, "before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you." Redemption was no afterthought to remedy an unforeseen evil. A Saviour was elected in the counsel of the Almighty before man fell. He was chosen, set apart for the great work of redemption. He was no usurper. He frequently spoke of Himself when upon earth as being the Sent of God. He came to do the will of Him who had elected Him.

3. As a Servant, again, He was one in whom God had put confidence. Some render the words, "He is My Servant, on whom I lean." The Father confided in Him that He would go through with His great undertaking, and bring many souls unto glory. It was a great task, but He knew Him to be equal to it; both faithful and true. Pharaoh had such confidence in Joseph that all the treasures and riches in Egypt were

entrusted to him. It was he who opened all the storehouses, and thus supplied the people with corn. Everything was left in his hands. Pharaoh did not interfere the least. The people were all directed by him to Joseph, in whom he had every confidence. Thus it was with Christ. He Himself declared that the Father loved Him, and had put all things in His hand. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." All the riches of heaven, both of grace and glory, are committed to Him. "He is My Servant," says God, "on whom I lean; My Servant on whom I depend, in whom I have every confidence that He will successfully accomplish that to which I called Him."

4. Christ is also spoken of as being divinely supported. "He is My Servant," says God, "whom I uphold." The Father bore Him up, and bore Him out in His undertaking. He kept, held, supported Him, as one that had His confidence and affection. God upheld Him lest He should sink under the pressure of the Divine wrath against man's sin, which was laid upon Him. A good master will uphold his servant if he is faithful and true—will uphold his character—uphold him in all his weakness. So did God uphold His Servant in His great undertaking. His enemies maligned Him, they heaped upon Him some of the worst epithets malice and hatred could select, they called Him a gluttonous man and a winebibber. They accused Him of being in league with Beelzebub, the prince of devils. But God upheld Him, and from the excellent glory there came a voice, saying, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

5. There is here also intimated the great complacency of God in Jesus Christ, as His Servant. "In whom My soul delighteth." God regarded Him qualified for His work. He approved of what He did, was well pleased with all He performed. "I do always," says Christ, "the things that please My Father." In the Book of Proverbs Solomon describes Christ as being with God before creation, looking with special interest upon the preparation of this world as the habitation of men and the scene of redemption. The Father is depicted as being well pleased with the Son, and the Son delighting in the Father's presence. "I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." The Father speaks in the most affectionate terms of Him. "My beloved," "My well-beloved Son." Thus the relation of Christ in the capacity of Servant to God is a most exalted one. Heaven and earth are invited to behold Him. "My Servant, My Elect, whom I uphold, in whom My soul delighteth."

II. Let us now consider the relation of Jesus Christ to His work. There are here stated—the nature of His work—His qualifications for it—and the spirit and manner He carries it on.

1. The nature of His work is pointed out three times in these verses. "He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles." "He shall bring forth judgment unto truth." "He shall set judgment in the earth." This word "judgment" evidently means *rectitude* or *righteousness*, and not judgment in the sense of discipline. Moral rectitude has been, and is, the great want of the age. Man, through sin, has departed from God, and a vast number of evils have inevitably followed. Oppression, injustice,

fear, hatred, cruelty, and other wickednesses prevail where this work of Christ has not been felt. Just think of those nations which are as yet not under the Gospel rule, but are governed by Pagan or Papal power. Compare or contrast any heathen nation ruled by despotism, and a nation the laws of which are based on the teaching of Christ, and you will at once perceive a vast difference between them. It is to the teaching of Christianity we are indebted in a great measure, if not wholly, for our present civilization. Different remedies have been prescribed for some of the disturbed and lawless parts of the earth, but the best panacea is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Christ's work involves tremendous revolutions—social, political, ecclesiastical, and moral. "He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles." This may mean that Christ would establish true religion among the Gentiles—that the influence and benefit of His work should extend to the heathen world.

2. Observe, again, His qualifications for this work. "I have put My spirit upon Him," says Jehovah. Before Christ entered upon His mighty work the Spirit of God descended on Him at His baptism, and in all that He performed He gave abundant proof of the influence of the Divine Spirit upon Him. In the very first sermon He preached at Nazareth He emphatically declared that the Spirit of the Lord God was upon Him. As the Servant of Jehovah He is everywhere represented as being endowed with the Divine Spirit. He went forth in the power of the Spirit to accomplish the momentous work for which He was sent, viz., to establish true religion among men.

3. Our text further indicates the

spirit and manner in which this work is attended to by Him.

(1.) There is a marked absence of any noise or ostentation on His part. "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause His voice to be heard in the street." This was characteristic of His whole life. There was no pomp, no show, no noise, no clamour in connection with what He did. He never lifted up His voice with the air of a hero or a sovereign. He had no trumpet sounded before Him, nor any noisy retinue following Him. He was uniformly unostentatious, modest, and gentle. He sought no display; He did not even desire that His beneficent deeds should be blazoned abroad. Those who make the greatest noise and who are wonderful talkers are not always the most efficient workers. The greatest worker that ever expended His energies in this world was calm, gentle, and quiet.

(2.) His work, again, was characterised by tenderness and compassion. "A bruised reed shall He not break." There is something very beautiful in this figure. One of our greatest preachers describes it thus:—"A slender bulrush growing by the margin of some pond; its sides crushed and dented in by some outward power, some gust of wind, some sudden blow, the foot of some passing animal. The head is hanging by a thread, but it is not yet snapped or broken off from the stem. It is *bruised*, but the bruise is not irreparable. And so, says my text, there are reeds bruised and shaken by the wind but yet not broken. And the tender Christ comes, with His gentle, wise, skilful surgery, to bind these up and to make them strong again." We are all bruised reeds. But here comes the solacing thought, that there is no man so bruised that

Christ will break him off; none so injured as to be irreparable. Many illustrations are to be found of the tenderness of Christ with wounded, crushed souls. There is an old saying, that the weak have to go to the wall. The tendency of some is to despise and crush the weak and feeble. But the Son of God, the Servant of Jehovah, will not break the bruised reed.

(3.) Christ was also gentle and patient in His work. "The smoking flax shall He not quench." This metaphor may denote a state of very feeble piety, of one which, owing to the absence of grace, is about expiring. Society makes very short work of such. The extinguisher is soon put on them. Very little patience is exercised on their behalf. They feel that there is nothing worth in them, so there is no encouragement held out for such. A smoking flax may be anything but pleasant to society. When a lamp gives more smoke than light it is by no means agreeable. So is it often with persons whose piety is struggling between life and death. Christ, however, will not extinguish it, but seek rather to feed and fan it into a flame. If there is the least spark of goodness in a man, the humblest faith in Him, how gently and patiently will Christ deal with such!

(4.) There is again asserted the invincible perseverance of the Servant of Jehovah in His work. "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged, till He have set judgment in the earth." There is a grand hopefulness breathing through these words. Christ shall not fail nor be discouraged in His work. What a many things cause men to fail and to be discouraged! Difficulties they never anticipated have baffled and conquered numbers. A want of

sufficient support to strengthen many an enterprising person has made him leave his plans unfinished. Many a noble work has been interrupted by the cold hand of death. The last enemy comes and breaks man's purposes, and leaves his work undone. But Christ shall never fail in the accomplishment of His work on account of any of these.

There are two things that inspire Christ with hopefulness in His work, and which should also inspire His people with the brightest prospect of success—faith in God, and unshaken confidence in the ultimate triumph of the truth. There is nothing speculative in all this, but the most blessed assurance of success. "He shall not fail, nor be discouraged." Through successive generations, in the face of gigantic difficulties, Christ will work on and on until He hath set judgment in the earth. "The isles shall wait for His law." This is becoming fulfilled. There are nations ready to receive it. Doors that have been closed for centuries are being opened. And may the time not be far distant when "the kingdoms of this earth shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever."

Pembroke Dock.

FOR THE YOUNG.

ATTENTION.

SOME time ago I was addressing the children in our Sunday School on the "Ten Virgins." I was anxious that they should understand what I was speaking about by asking them some questions. In the course of my remarks and questions, I asked why the five wise virgins were ready. One dear lad promptly replied, "Because they had the grace of God in their hearts." Now, I noticed this lad was giving attention during the address being given. Let me here say, dear young friends, always be very attentive in your class, or when the address to the whole school is given, whether by the minister or your Sunday School teacher, or any other friend who may be appointed. There is a verse in one of the Gospels that reads, "The people were very attentive to hear Him." May you be led to seek pardon through the great love and salvation which Christ made on the cross for you.

THOMAS HEATH.

Sunday School Superintendent.
Plymouth.

It would be well to remember the remark which Johnson, in his life of Cowley, applied to the metaphysical authors, and which is still more true in reference to scriptural subjects, every one of which has been so frequently examined. "These writers who lie on the watch for novelty could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation." It would be well also to recollect even in this borrowed sense the adage of the apostle, "Every man in his own order." If we follow what is natural, though it may not render us popular, it will keep us from being ridiculous. It is better to effect well what is within our grasp than to beckon people together to see us fall into a ditch by reaching after fruit that requires longer arms.—JAY.

"HE WAS WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSIONS."

Isaiah liii. 5.

Jesus, Thou Son of God most high,
Who art enthroned above the sky,
What sufferings didst Thou once endure
Salvation for us to procure!

For our transgressions wounded sore,
Thy body scourged and stained with gore;
That by Thy stripes we healed might be,
And from sin's penalty set free.

Despised, rejected, and outcast,
Unjustly with transgressors classed;
That with the holy angels we
Our Saviour glorified might see.

Upon Thine head was placed with scorn
A platted crown of prickly thorn,
That we with glory crowned might be,
And dwell in bliss for aye with Thee.

When dying in the sinner's stead
Jehovah's face from Thee was hid,
That we His favour might enjoy
For evermore without alloy.

Thy life Thou didst lay down for man,
And finish then salvation's plan;
That we eternal life might gain,
At Thy right hand for ever reign.

O Thou, who hast such love displayed,
For sinners full atonement made,
Thy Spirit's aid impart that we
May give our souls, our all, to Thee.

J. DORE.

SEATED in the verandah of an aged Brahmin's house, I told him, says a Baptist missionary, and his neighbours who had collected round us, of the love of Christ in giving His life that we might obtain "eternal life." The possibility of escaping future births and misery, which had hitherto been dreaded, and at the moment of death entering the rest and bliss of heaven, was quite a new idea to my aged friend, and one to which he clung with intense anxiety. "Repeat the Saviour's name again," he said, "while I write it down, so that I may never forget it." Asking for a piece of chalk, he wrote, in large characters on the wall, "Jesu Christu," the name which is above every name. I then placed a copy of the four Gospels in his hand, for which he was most grateful, and promised to read it carefully.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

CAPTAIN RICHARDSON, of the Sailors' Home, tells us of a pious sailor who spent much of his time in trying to do good to his brother seamen in the boarding-houses and other places. One morning he noticed him coming out of his room in the Sailors' Home where he boarded, and going forth into the streets. Shortly after he returned to his chamber, and after remaining there some time he again came down to go out. Having observed something peculiar in his manner, the captain inquired why he had so suddenly returned. He replied, "After I got out I found that Jesus was not with me. I felt that I could not go without Jesus, so I went back to my closet to find Him. Now He is with me I can go." Does not this humble sailor teach a practical lesson to all Christian workers? Should we ever attempt work without first seeking the presence of the Master? and can we expect blessing if we do not?

HAVE you never heard of fossil rain? In the stratum of the old red sandstone there are to be seen the marks of showers of rain which fell centuries and centuries ago, and they are so plain and perfect that they clearly indicate the way the wind was drifting, and in what direction the tempest slanted from the sky. So may the tracks of youthful sins be traced upon the tablet of the life when it has merged into old age, tracks which it is bitter and sad remorse to look upon, and which call forth many a longing for the days and months which are past.—ARTHUR MURSELL.

RELIGION is not like a plant that is bred in a hot-house: it is rather like the hardy fern that grows on the bleak mountain sides. If you were to take some of those beautiful ferns and plant them on the sunny side of your garden and well water them and shelter them from wind and cold they would die. They must be planted in the bleakest part, and be exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, if they are to live. And it is just so with religion. True religion thrives most when the breezes are allowed to blow upon it, and it has plenty of freedom.

OF the carbuncle it is remarked that it looks on fire, but when touched it is as cold as other stones. There are persons who soon rectify our mistakes concerning them by our intercourse with them. They will not endure close inspection. Their piety is official rather than personal. It consists in certain exercises and appearances which are resigned with the occasions that require them; and in company they are the merry companions, the temporising associates; in the house the cruel husbands, the negligent fathers, the tyrannical masters.—JAY.

ALL the greatest forces in the world seem weak at a first view. The rays of the sun are the source of most of the power in the world. They move our factories, they lift up all the waters of the great rivers to the sky and carry them to their source; and yet the smallest insect moves unharmed in those rays. A child plays in the waters of the infinite ocean. What is gentler than the force of gravitation? what of more common use than the powers of chemical action? But what powers are greater than these? The power of ideas and feelings in changing the world is another example.

Reviews.

Six Addresses on the Being of God, by J. C. ELLICOT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

WE have read these powerful chapters with much pleasure. They are sound logical essays on a most vital subject, and will be of service to Christians in grounding them in the faith of God. Will prove of great help to any who have fallen into doubt on this fact, which underlies every fact.

Words of Warning respecting the Jesuits—blasphemously called the Society of Jesus, by HENRY H. BOURN. S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

WE are right glad that our good brother, who has been so long afflicted, is once more wielding his pen in defence of the truth. Those who read history, and all who are frequently brought into contact with Romanism, may not need that for them the hideous thing of darkness should be dragged into light; but here the evil doings and teachings of these men are put forth in a cheap popular form. We wish for it extensive reading. It is a sad revelation of that which is earthly, sensual, and devilish. We should like to see, in similar form, the exposure of the Jesuitry carried on by many who call themselves the Protestant clergy.

Old Letters. A Layman's Thoughts on Current Religious Topics, 1860 to 1884, by J. M. B. Hamilton, Adams, & Co., London; David Bryce & Son, Glasgow.

WE have read these letters with very mixed feelings. There are so

many topics, and most of them of grave importance, that one cannot fail to read carefully what an intelligent writer may have to write. The author states his views most clearly, and mostly states his reasons for his conclusions. We have followed him, sometimes agreeing with him, at others antagonistic, for we cannot go far without finding some angle against which we strike. We have no doubt that it will have many approving readers, but for us we decidedly take exception to many of the views put forth in these letters.

Where is Calvary? and other Pointed Papers and Personal Appeals. By WALTER J. MAYERS, Minister of City Road Chapel, Bristol. S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row, London.

THESE pages are inscribed to C. H. Spurgeon with warm gratitude, sincere esteem, and ever-deepening love. Mr. Mayers has produced a book which will go about doing good, sweetly full of Jesus and the glorious gospel. It is prettily bound, neatly printed, and appropriately illustrated. The aged will read it with profit, and will add to the joys and well-being of the young by circulating amongst them a few presentation copies.

The Principles of Divine Truth: a Catechism for the use of Families and the School; with Scripture Proofs. Baptist Tract Society.

WE advise all who approve of the use of Catechisms in families or in schools to obtain a copy of this excellent, sound little book.

The True Evangel: an Essay on the Great Nonconformist (Down Grade) Controversy, by VERITAS UNITAS. Dedicated to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon and the Rev. John Clifford, D.D. William Isacke, 211, Edgware Road.

THE desire and design are good, but we question if anything will come of it. We should think Mr. Spurgeon has had enough of both abuse and advice, and would be thankful to be left alone. If there are two sides, and both are sincere in their belief that they are right, and that in some of the things in which they hold differences of thought or belief are those most precious and even vital to Christianity, what is to be done but to cherish sincere Christian love, and each work and win souls for the Master on his own lines?

The Possibilities of Congregationalism, by PRESBYTER. Elliot Stock. Price Twopence.

EXCEPTING the pages on Baptism, we should like to hear of a large circulation of this tract. It has many most important points and suggestions, which if put into practice would greatly strengthen and give new force to our Church life.

The Weekly Pulpit: a Series of Suggestive Sermons, Outlines, Critical and Homiletical Notes, Illustrations, Addresses, etc., etc., for the use of Preachers. Vol. 3. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS serial is one of the best of this class of publication. It is a ministerial help, well got up, clear printing, strong binding, and a capital index of texts. The volume presents us with fifty-five Sermons, fifty-three Homiletic Outlines, ten Homiletic Expositions of Jude's Epistle, twelve Illustrative Teachings, thirteen Illustrations, and eight Outline Addresses. The subjects chosen are popular, and of good service, worked out in a most easy and natural manner. It is full of sug-

gestive matter, and will help all who possess it to work in the vineyard of the Lord.

The Jewish Prophets, from the Babylonian Captivity till the Close of the Old Testament Canon. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

A VALUABLE contribution to the prophetic history of the minor prophets. It is a small book full of condensed information and facts. Every line tells, and it will prove of considerable use to our Bible class Teachers.

The Voice of the Year. By ANDREW SIMON LAMB, Scotch Advocate of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. James Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners Street.

WE have had several pleasurable readings from this author's pen, and always agree with him in his expositions of the vital points of Christianity, but sometimes fail to agree with him in his conclusions or deductions. The following has the Gospel:—A Christian is one who believes in Christ as He is described in the Bible. He accepts Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King, and a true acknowledgment of His Scriptural attributes in these three characters involves, or rather necessitates, absolute agreement in all the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Faith; involves the recognition of our true natural character as altogether wicked, utterly helpless, and absolutely lost; demonstrates the indispensable necessity of the miraculous operation of the Holy Spirit—first to lead to Jesus for justification, and then to inhabit, guide, and govern the justified individual for the purposes of sanctification. This is beautiful, and we agree with the writer in all his condemnations of the teachings of the Church of Rome. But we fail to see that our chief danger is there. We fear it most under the wing of the law. The existence of a State

Protestant Church tolerating thousands of her priests in taking Protestant incomes and yet teaching the people the deadliest errors of Romanism, and whose churches are daily the half way houses to Rome. We wish our author every success in his aim at counteracting errors.

The June part of the *Christian World Pulpit* contains an admirable address by the Rev. Richard Glover. The first of a course of five lectures delivered at the Regent's Park College. Subject, "The Ministry to the Young."

How I Passed through Scepticism into Faith. A Thrilling Story taken from a dying bed, and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Religious Tract Society.—In the June part of *Leisure Hour* there is a valuable timely paper on the "Story of the Spanish Armada," as told from State Papers, with portraits by W. J. HARDY; also the *Sunday at Home* for June contains a good illustrated historical story, by Crona Temple. Subject: "In the Days of the Great Armada." We are glad to know that the *Friendly Greeting* still keeps to the front as one of the most popular and welcome tracts, either for loan or gratuitous distribution. *The Cottager and Artizan*

gives a full page likeness of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. We should say that no living man has been so photographed and engraved, sculptured and painted as Mr. Spurgeon, and still the millions welcome them. For one penny you can have a good likeness and a well told story of the life of Matthew Henry in No. 56 of the *Biographical Series*. The *Boy's Own* and *Girl's Own* for June are good average numbers.

Magazines which have our good word and wishes—*Temperance Reporter*, Marlborough & Co. *The Hospital* (weekly), J. S. Hanning, Old Jewry. *Open Doors*, Elliot Stock. *Life and Light*, Banks & Co. *The British Flag*, 4, Trafalgar Square. *Rest and Reaping*, Morgan & Scott. *The Voice of Warning*, Bridge House, Blackfriars. *The Charity Record*, 160, Fleet Street. *In His Name*, 18, Exeter Hall. *The Bible Treasury*, Walters, 53, Paternoster Row. *Evangelical Christendom*, Johnson, 121, Fleet Street.

The June *Sword and Trowel* has a kind word for us. It also contains the report of the Pastor's College and the President's address. *The Baptist Magazine* has a finely executed photo of the late Rev. Thos. Davies, of South Wales; and *The General Baptist* is full of profitable matter.

COMMIT thy way to God,

The weight which makes the faint;
Worlds are to Him no load:—

To Him breathe thy complaint,
He who for winds and clouds

Maketh a pathway free,
Through waste, or hostile crowds,
Will make a waste for thee.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. A. JOHNSON, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate at Upton-on-Severn.

Rev. F. Robertson has accepted the pastorate at Twerton, Bath.

Rev. G. Wainwright, under medical advice, has intimated his intention of resigning the pastorate at Coupland Street, Manchester.

Rev. B. Davies has entered upon the pastorate of Moriah Welsh Church, Dowlais.

Rev. A. Wood, late of Agra, India, has accepted the pastorate at Broughton.

Rev. T. Philpot, of the Pastor's College, has accepted the pastorate at Burwell.

Rev. J. Thomas, of Pontypool College, has accepted the pastorate at Salendine Nook, Yorks.

Rev. H. Saunders has resigned the pastorate of the church at Kirton in Lindsey.

Rev. E. Needham has entered upon the pastorate at West Vale.

Rev. Thomas Cotes, the senior student of Nottingham College, has accepted the pastorate of Wellington Road Church, Todmorden.

Rev. James Mann, of Wantage, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Umberslade, near Birmingham.

Rev. W. F. Stead, of Worthing, has accepted the pastorate at Shoreham.

Rev. J. Watmough has preached farewell sermons at Ibstock, having accepted the pastorate at Headcorn.

Rev. F. Samuels, formerly of Clay Cross, has entered upon the pastorate at Melbourne, Derbyshire.

Rev. J. T. Forbes has been recognised as pastor of Westgate Road Church, Newcastle.

Rev. T. H. Martin, of Bradford, has

accepted the pastorate of Adelaide Place Church, Glasgow.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. W. CAREY SAGE, late of Rawdon College, was recognised on the 6th of May as pastor at Clitheroe. Rev. J. H. Jones presided. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. J. Sage (father of the minister.) The charge to the pastor was delivered by Rev. T. G. Rooke; Revs. C. Williams, S. W. Bowser, J. Waterhouse. J. Taylor, C. Wareing. A. S. Caldwell, and C. G. Croome took part.

Mr. Arthur Budgen, of the Pastor's College, was recognised on the 7th of May as pastor of Boundary Road Chapel, Walthamstow. Professor Gracey gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. W. Stott addressed the church. At the public meeting Mr. John Budgen, of Kensington, uncle of the pastor, presided. Rev. H. O. Mackey and other friends took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

A FAREWELL meeting has been held at Syston, when Rev. C. F. Aked, who has accepted the pastorate of the churches at St. Helen's and Earlstown, was presented with four volumes of Dr. Cox's "Expositions" and other books, and with a valuable timepiece.

Mr. J. Lucas, on completing the jubilee of his connection with the school at Corton, has been presented with an address.

Rev. E. Francis, on leaving Bridport for Fifehead, near Langport, has been presented with a purse of sovereigns and a portrait.

Mr. Jas. Taylor, on leaving Preston for Watford, has been presented with an Oxford Bible by the teachers

of the Fishergate School, of which he was superintendent.

Mr. Henry Burden, on retiring from Sunday school work at the close of nearly forty years' labour, has been presented by the teachers, scholars, and friends of the church at Chipping Norton, with a timepiece. The presentation was made by the venerable ex-mayor (Mr. H. F. Wilkins), a former superintendent.

Rev. J. T. Forbes, on leaving for Newcastle-on-Tyne, has been presented by the church at Cupar with a gold watch.

Rev. James Briggs, on leaving Shoreham for Longton, has been presented with an illuminated address and a purse of gold.

Mr. E. Isley, on his retirement as Sunday-school teacher, at Back Street, Trowbridge, was presented, on Thursday, with the works of Josephus, as a token of esteem from his late scholars.

Mr. William Coats, on attaining his 90th year, has been presented with an illuminated address in recognition of his valuable services to the church at Dunoon.

NEW CHAPELS.

BIRMINGHAM.—Memorial stones of the new chapel, which is to succeed Lombard Street Chapel, have been laid in Moseley Road. The estimated cost of the structure is £3,000, and the freehold has been purchased for £950. The building will seat about 700. Stones were laid by Mrs. Aitken, Mrs. Lear, Mr. S. D. Rickards, and Rev. J. J. Brown. Previous to the stone-laying, the sum of £1,630 had been received towards the cost. Rev. Dr. Clifford took part in the proceedings.

SANDY (Beds.)—The new chapel, erected at a cost of £2,000, for the congregation to which the Rev. T. Voysey has ministered for the last thirty years, has been opened with a sermon by Rev. F. G. Tarn. Towards the cost about £1,300 has been sub-

scribed. The collections at the opening service amounted to £61. The closing service at the old chapel took place on Sunday.

The memorial stone of a new chapel, to bear the name of Beulah, has been laid in Acton Lane, between Acton and South Acton railway stations.

A new chapel, to seat 300 persons, has been opened in Linthorpe Road, Middlesborough, for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. John Haslam.

BAPTISMS.

Aberaman, English.—May 24, Eight, by W. Williams.

Abergavenny, Priory.—May 23, Four, by H. D. Brown.

Aberyschan.—May 6, Two, by J. Coles.

Aldershot.—May 30, Tabernacle, One, by J. Aubrey.

Bacup.—May 27, Four, by E. A. Tydeman
Barrow-in-Furness, Abbey-road.—May 27
Four, by F. Wynn.

Beccles.—April 29, Three, by L. H. Colls.

Beckington.—May 31, Four, by W. Price.

Bethel, Bassaleg.—May 20, Three, by W. Maurice.

Bishops Stortford.—May 20, Five, by G. Kilby.

Bristol, Stapleton-road.—May 27, Thirteen
by C. Griffiths.

Buckland Newton, Dorset.—May 13, Four.
May 14, Three, May 27, Two, by A. Tovey.

Bungay, Bethesda.—May 2, One, by L. H. Colls.

Cheam, Surrey.—Two, by A. Prites.

Cheltenham.—May 20, at Cambray Chapel,
One, by T. J. Longhurst.

Crawley, Sussex.—Three, by J. McAuslane.

Crickhowell.—June 1, One, by J. Jenkins.

Cutsdean, Worcestershire.—May 31, Three,
by C. Sirett.

Cwmifor, Caermarthen.—June 7, Two, by
M. Jones.

Dartford, Kent.—June 3, Four, by T. A. Carver.

Dorset, Wimborne.—May 27, Nine; May 3,
Two, by J. Hooper.

Dowlais.—May 20, Two, by A. Humphreys.

Elim, Llangyfelach.—May 6, One, by E. W. Davies.

Elmgrove, Southsea.—May 20, Four, by J. P. Williams.

Great Marlow, Glad-road.—June 3, Two, by
D. Witton.

Gretton, Northamptonshire.—May 20, Two,
by W. Rowton-Parker.

Guernsey, St. Sampson's.—May 30, Two, by
F. T. Snell.

Hackleton.—May 13, Nine, by S. Williams.
Harefield, near Uxbridge.—May 20, Four, by H. J. Dyer.

Hephzibah, Pem.—May 20, Three, by J. Johns.

Kelso, N.B.—May 20, Three, by E. Last.

Leeds, Hunslet Tabernacle.—May 27, Two, by A. E. Greening.

Llandyfau, Soar.—June 2, One, by M. Jones.

Lockerley.—June 4, Fifteen, by M. Mizen.

Lumb-in-Rossendale.—May 20, Six, by D. Muxworthy.

Lydney, Glos.—May 27, Four, by E. Davis.

Metropolitan District :—

Berkley-road, Chalk Farm.—May 20,

Six, by G. Scudamore.

Hornion-street, Kensington.—May 27,

Six, by W. Frith.

John-street.—May 15, Nine, by J. E.

Shepherd.

Lee, S.E., Bromley-road.—May 13, Four,

J. W. Davies.

Penge, Tabernacle.—May 2, Five, by

J. W. Boud.

Putney.—May 27, Three; and June 3,

Three, by W. Thomas.

Teddington.—Two, by A. Walker.

Thornton Heath.—May 2, Beulah Chapel,

Three; May 3, One, by W. Harrauld.

Trinity Chapel (John-street, Edgware—

May 27, Four, by H. Trotman.

Woolwich, Queen-street.—May 30,

Twelve, by T. Jones.

Middleton, near Manchester. June 10, Two,

by H. Watts.

Morlais, Merthyr.—May 27, Three, by J.

Morgan.

Mountain Ash, Nazareth.—June 10, Three,

J. Howells.

New Mill, Tring.—Two, by L. R. Foskett.

Newport, Mon.—May 27, One, by A. T.

Jones.

Nantwich.—May 27, Seven, by P. Williams.

New Romney.—June 3, One; June 10, Three,

by A. W. Welch.

Noddfa, Abersychan.—May 13, Nine; May

20, Thirteen, by D. Lewis.

North Curry (Somerset).—May 29, One, by

W. Fry.

Northampton, Kettering-road.—May 27,

Seven, by H. J. Durrant.

Oldham, First Church.—May 27, Three, by W. F. Edgerton.

Oldham, Mill's Hill.—May 8, One, by W. F. Edgerton.

Pisgah, Talywain, Mon.—June 10, Twelve;

May 13, Seven, by D. B. Richards.

Pontnewydd, Pontypool.—May 28, Mer-

chant's Hill, Three, by J. G. Watts.

Portsmouth, Lake-road.—May 30, Two, by

T. W. Medhurst.

Prickwillow, Cambs.—June 3, Six, by A. D.

Campbell.

Redditch, Ipsley-street.—May 2, Seven; May

9, Eight, by E. W. Berry.

Romsey, Bell-street.—May 13, Two, by J.

Smith.

Rugby.—May 9, Six, by A. Morgan.

Salem, Llangyfelach.—May 10, One, by E.

Davies.

Salendine Nook.—May 6, Six, by J. Thomas,

B.A.

Seion Ponkey.—May 13, Fourteen, by E.

Mitobell.

St. Sampson's, Guernsey.—May 24, Three,

F. T. Snell.

St. Helens (Central).—May 31, Ten, by W.

Holroyd.

St. Heliers, Jersey.—May 27, Four, by C. A.

Fellowes.

Stratford-on-Avon.—May 30, Two, by J.

Pugh.

Stow-on-the-Wold.—May 2, Six, by F. E.

Blackaby.

Smethwick, Birmingham.—May 27, Five, by

W. H. Purchase.

Southampton, Carlton Chapel.—May 20,

One, by E. Osborne.

Ton-y-pandy, English Chapel.—April 15,

Two; May 20, One, by D. Daires.

Upwell, Norfolk.—May 27, One, by A. C.

Batts.

Wimborne, Dorset, Grove-road.—May 27,

Nine, by J. Hooper.

Wisbeck, Hill-street.—May 29, One; June

3, Five, by J. W. Campbell.

Yarcombe, Devon.—May 13, Four, by J.

Powell.

York Town, Surrey.—May 16, One, by J. W.

Spears; Five, by J. H. Topping.

LUTHER said once, "I thank thee, oh! God, that Thou has made me a poor man on the earth. When the Elector sent him a valuable present, he wrote back that he could not receive what had been given by his prince: but begged his Highness to send no more, and not to give ear to those who said he was in need of anything, for he was not: that somebody else had sent him sixty florins (about £7); and he began to be afraid that he should be numbered among those whose portion is in this world." Ah! it was this contempt for the world's wealth that helped to make Luther the great Reformer.

THY REDEEMER.*

A SERMON, BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel."—Isaiah xli. 14.

AND why does it say, "and thy Redeemer"? What was the use of appending the Redeemer's name to this precious exhortation? By God's help it shall be the business of this evening to show why there is a peculiar blessedness in the fact that God hath not only said, "I will help thee, saith the LORD," but has added, "and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel."

You will please to notice that it looks as if this were a repetition by three different persons. Israel was cast down; and Jehovah, for that is the first word—(you will notice that the word "LORD" is in capitals, and should be translated "Jehovah")—says to His poor, tried, desponding servant, "I will help thee." No sooner is that uttered than we think we shall not be straining the text if we surmise that God the Holy Spirit, the Holy One of Israel, adds His solemn affidavit also; and declares by oath and covenant, "I will help thee." Does not this, we say, look somewhat like repetition? Was it not sufficient that Jehovah the Father should declare that He would help His people! Why did the other persons of the divine Trinity unite in this solemn declaration? We think we shall be able, if God shall help us, to show great usefulness therein, especially dwelling to-night upon that word, "thy Redeemer," and marking how the repetition of the word by our Lord Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, adds a peculiar blessedness to the exhortation—"Fear not, thou worm Jacob."

First, methinks this was added *for amplification*; secondly, *for sweetness*; thirdly *for confirmation*.

I. First, when it says, "and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel," it was added FOR AMPLIFICATION. There are some preachers from whom you will never learn anything; not because they do not say much which is instructive, but because they just mention the instructive thought once, and immediately pass on to another thought, never expanding upon the second thought, but immediately passing on, almost without connection, to a third—just casting forth, as it were, bare thoughts, without opening them up and explaining them to the people. Such preachers are generally complained of as being very unprofitable to their hearers. "Why," said the hearer, "it made no impression upon me; it was good, but there was so much of it that I could not recollect it. I had nothing to bring away." Other preachers, on the other hand, follow a better method. Having given one idea, they endeavour to amplify it, so that their hearers, if they are not able to receive the idea in the abstract, at least are able to lay hold upon some of its points, when they come to the

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amplification of it. Now, God, the great Author of the book, God, the great Preacher of the truth by His prophets, when He would preach it, and when He would write it, so amplifies a fact, so extends a truth, and enlarges upon a doctrine, says, "I will help thee, saith Jehovah." That means Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. "Ah! but," said God, "My people will forget that, unless I amplify the thought; so I will even break it up; I will remind them of My Trinity. They understand My Unity; I will bid them recollect that there are Three in the One, though these Three be One;" and He adds, "thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel." Jehovah—Redeemer—Holy One of Israel—three persons, all included, indeed, in the word Jehovah, but very likely to be forgotten unless they had been distinctly enumerated.

Now, brethren, suffer your thoughts for a moment to enlarge upon the fact that the promise contained in this verse, "Fear not, I will help thee" (*I will help thee*), is a promise from Three Divine Persons. Hear Jehovah, the everlasting Father, saying, "I will help thee." "Mine are the ages: before the ages began, when there were no worlds, when nought had been created, from everlasting I am thy God. I am the God of election, the God of the decree, the God of the covenant; by My strength I did set fast the mountains, by My skill I laid the pillars of the earth, and the beams of the firmament of heaven; I spread out the skies as a curtain, and as a tent for man to dwell in; I the Lord made all these things. 'I will help thee.'" Then comes Jehovah the Son. "And I also am thy Redeemer, I am eternal; My name is Wisdom. I was with God when there were no depths, before He had digged the rivers. I was there as one brought up with Him. I am Jesus, the God of ages; I am Jesus, the Man of Sorrows: 'I am He that liveth and was dead, I am alive for evermore.' I am the High Priest of your profession, the Intercessor before the throne, the Representative of My people. I have power with God. 'I will help thee.'" Poor worm, thy Redeemer vows to help thee; by His bleeding hands He covenants to give thee aid. And then in comes the Holy Spirit. "And I," saith the Spirit, "am also God—not an influence, but a person—I, eternal and everlasting, co-existent with the Father and the Son—I, who did brood over chaos, when as yet the world was not brought into form and fashion, and did sow the earth with the seeds of life when I did brood over it—I, that brought again from the dead your Lord Jesus Christ, the Shepherd of the sheep—I, who am the Eternal Spirit, by whose power the Lord Jesus did arise from the thralldom of His tomb—I, by whom souls are quickened, by whom the elect are called out of darkness into light—I, who have power to maintain My children and preserve them to the end—'I will help thee.'" Now, soul, gather up these three; and dost thou want more help than they can afford? What! dost thou need more strength than the Omnipotence of the United Trinity? Dost thou want more wisdom than exists in the Father, more love than displays itself in the Son, and more power than is manifest in the influences of the Spirit? Bring hither thine empty pitcher! Sure this well will fill it. Haste! gather up thy wants, and bring them here—thine emptiness, thy woes, thy needs. Behold, this river of God is full for thy supply. What canst thou want beside? Stand up, Christian, in this thy might. Jehovah Father, Jehovah Jesus, Jehovah Spirit—these are with thee to help thee. This is the first thing. It is an *amplification*.

II. And now, secondly, concerning that word, "thy Redeemer," it is a SWEETENING OF THE PROMISE. Did you never notice that a promise always seems all the sweeter for having Jesus in it? All the promises are yea and amen in Him; but when a promise mentions the name of the Redeemer, it imparts a peculiar blessedness to it. Brethren, it is something like, if I may represent it by such a figure, the beautiful effect of certain decorations of stained glass. There are some persons whose eyes are so weak that the light seems to be injurious to them, especially the red rays of the sun, and a glass has been invented which rejects the rays that are injurious, and allows only those to pass which are softened and modified to the weakness of the eye. It seems as if the Lord Jesus were some such a glass as this. The grace of God the Trinity, shining through the man Christ Jesus, becomes a mellow, soft light, so that mortal eye can bear it. My God, I could not drink from Thy well, if thou hadst not put there the earthen pitcher of my Saviour; but with Him living waters from Thy sacred well I draw. Heaven! thou art too bright; I could not bear Thine insufferable light, if I had not this shade with which I cover Thee; but through it, as through a mist, I do behold the halo of Thy glory, undiminished in its effulgence, but somewhat diminished in their potency which would be my destruction. The Saviour seems to calm His glory, to tone it down to our poor feeble frame. His name put into this wine of heaven does not diminish in the least degree its sparkling and its exhilarating power; but it takes out of it that deep strength which might upset an angel's brain, if he could drink to his full. It takes away the profundity of mystery, which would make the deep old wine of the kingdom intoxicating rather than cheering. Christ Jesus, cast into the river of God, makes all the streams more sweet; and when the believer sees God in the person of the Saviour, he then sees the God whom he can love, and to whom with boldness he can approach. Surely I love this promise all the better, because I think I see my Saviour, with His hand all bleeding, stamping His hand upon it, and saying, "And thy Redeemer," and there is the blood-mark left upon the promise. It does seem to me as if when God uttered that promise to the poor worm Jacob, Jesus Christ could not be still. He heard His Father say, "Fear not, worm Jacob;" and He saw the poor worm, with his head on one side, with his eyes all flowing with tears, with his heart palpitating with terror, and his arms folded in dismay; and when His Father had said, "Fear not," He stepped from behind, and whispered in a voice more soft than the voice of His Father, "Fear not, worm Jacob, it is God that speaks;" and then the soft voice says, "And it is Thy Redeemer that speaks too." He says, "Fear not." He who loves thee, who knows thee, who has felt what thou feeblest, who has passed through the woes which thou art now enduring—he who is thy Kinsman and thy Brother, He also says "Fear not, worm Jacob." Oh, it is sweet, it is precious to look upon that word, as spoken by our Redeemer.

III. And now we come to the other point. I think this is put in by way of CONFIRMATION. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses surely the whole shall be established."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err."

It needs many witnesses to make such unbelieving souls as we are

believe the promises. "Now," says God, "I will help thee." Unbelief! wilt thou doubt Jehovah? Can the "I Am that I Am" lie? Can the God of faithfulness and truth deceive thee? O unbelief! infamous traitor! wilt thou dare to doubt Him? Yes, and Christ knew it would; and so He comes in and He says, "and thy Redeemer," as a second witness; whilst the Spirit is the third. "Thy Redeemer" volunteers to be second guarantee, the other security to the faithfulness of this promise. The Father will lose His honour if He breaks His word; and I too do give, as the security for the fulfilment of this promise, My troth and honour also. "Thy Redeemer" engages that He will help thee, O thou worm!

And now, I want you to read the promise, recollecting that it says, "Thy Redeemer;" and then, as you read it through, you will see how the word "Redeemer" seems to confirm it all. Now begin. "*I will help thee*:" lay a stress on that word. If you read it so, there is one blow at your unbelief. "*I will help thee*," saith the Redeemer. "Others may not, but I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and by the bands of my lovingkindness have I drawn thee. "*I will help thee*," though the earth forsake thee; though thy father and thy mother forsake thee, I will take thee up. Wilt thou doubt Me? I have proved My love to thee. Behold this gash, this spear thrust in My side. Look hither at My hands: wilt thou doubt Me? 'Tis I.' I said that on the waters, and I said to My people 'Be not afraid; it is I.' I say to thee, now thou art on the waters, "Be not afraid; *I will help thee*.' Sure thou needst not fear that I shall ever forget thee. 'Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee.' 'I have graven thee on My hands; thy walls are ever before Me.' '*I will help thee*.'" Now, you must just suppose the Saviour standing here—that Man whose garments are red with blood: you must suppose Him standing where I stand to-night, and saying to you, personally, "Fear not, *I will help you*." O, my Lord, I have ungratefully doubted Thy promise many a time; but methinks, if I could see Thee in all Thy woe and sorrow for me, if I could hear Thee say, "*I will help thee*," I should cast myself at Thy feet, and say, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." But though He is not here to speak it, though the lips that utter it are but the lips of man, remember that He speaks through me to-night, and through His word, as truly as if He spoke Himself. If some great man should by a servant, or by a letter, send to you this message, "*I will keep you*," though you had not heard his own lips declare it, yet if you saw his own handwriting, you would say, "It is enough, I believe it; there is the master's handwriting; it is his own autograph, it is written by himself, behold the bloody signature!" It is stamped with His cross, and I His messenger am sent to-night to myself and to you, and I say to my own heart and to you, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him;" for the Redeemer says, "*I will help thee*," and if He saith, "*I will help thee*," who can doubt Him? who dare distrust Him?

And now let us read the promise again, and lay the stress on the "will." Oh, the "wills" and the "shalls:" they are the sweetest words in the Bible "*I will help thee*." When God says "*I will*," there is

something in it, brethren. The will of God started worlds into existence; the will of God made nature leap from chaos; the will of God sustains all worlds, "bears the earth's huge pillars up," and establishes creation. It is God's "I will." He lets the world live; they live on the "will" of God; and if He willed that they should die, they must sink as the bubble into the breaker, when its moment has arrived. And if the "will" of God is so strong as that, may we not lay a great stress upon it here—"I *will* help thee?" There is no doubt about it. I do not say I may help thee peradventure. No; I *will*. I do not say, that possibly I may be persuaded to help thee. No; I voluntarily *will* to help thee. "I *will* help thee." I do not say that, in all probability, ninety-nine chances out of a hundred, it is likely I may help thee. No; but without allowing any peradventure, or so much as a jot or tittle of hap or hazard, I *will*. Now, is there not strength in that? Indeed, my brethren, this is enough to cheer any man's spirit, however much he may be cast down, if God the Holy Spirit does but breathe upon the text, and let its spices flow abroad into our poor souls, "Fear not, I *will* help thee."

And now we lay stress on another word: "I will *help* thee." That is very little for Me to do, to *help* thee. Consider what I have done already. What! not help thee? Why, I bought thee with My blood. What! not help thee? I have died for thee; and if I have done the greater, will I not do the less? *Help* thee, My beloved! It is the least thing I will ever do for thee. I have done more, and I will do more. Before the day-star first began to shine I chose thee. "I will *help* thee." I made the covenant for thee, and exercised all the wisdom of My eternal mind in the scheming of the plan of salvation. I will *help* thee." I became a Man for thee; I doffed My diadem and laid aside My robe; I laid the purple of the universe aside to become a man for thee. If I did this, I will *help* thee. I gave My life, My soul, for thee; I slumbered in the grave, I descended into Hades, all for thee; I will *help* thee. It will cost Me nothing. Redeeming thee cost Me much, but I have all and abound. In helping thee, I am giving thee what I have bought for thee already. It is no new thing, I can do it easily. "Help thee?" Thou needest never fear that. If thou needest a thousand times as much help as thou dost need, I would give it thee; but it is little that thou dost require compared with what I have to give. 'Tis great for thee to need, but it is nothing for Me to bestow. "*Help* thee?" Fear not. If there were an ant at the door of thy granary asking for help, it would not ruin thee to give him a handful of thy wheat; and thou art nothing but a tiny insect at the door of My all-sufficiency. All that thou couldst ever eat, all that thou couldst ever take, if thou wert to take on to all eternity, would no more diminish My all-sufficiency, than the drinking of the fish would diminish the sea. No; "I will *help* thee." If I have died for thee, I will not leave thee.

And now, just take the last word—"I will *help* thee." Lay the stress there: "Fear not, thou worm Jacob; I will *help* thee." If I let the stars fall, I will *help* thee; if I let all nature run to rack and ruin, I will *help* thee. If I permit the teeth of time to devour the solid pillars upon which the earth doth stand, yet I will *help* thee. I have made a covenant with the earth, "that seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, shall never cease;" but that covenant, though true, is not so great as the

covenant that I have made concerning thee. And if I keep My covenant with the earth, I will certainly keep My covenant with My Son. "Fear not; I will help thee." Yes, thee! Thou sayest, "I am too little for help;" but I will help thee, to magnify My power; thou sayest, "I am too vile to be helped," but I will help thee to manifest My grace. Thou sayest, "I have been ungrateful for former help;" but I will help thee to manifest my faithfulness. Thou sayest "But I shall still rebel, I shall still turn aside." "I will help thee," to show forth My longsuffering: let it be known, "I will help thee."

And now just conceive my Master on His cross bleeding there, looking down on you and on me. Picture Him, whilst His voice falters with love and misery conjoined; and hear Him. He has just now spoken to the thief, and He has said to him, "To-day, shalt thou be with Me in paradise." And after He has said that, He catches a sight of you and of me, poor and depressed, and He says, "Fear not, worm Jacob; I will help thee; I helped the thief—I will help thee. I promised him that he should be with Me in paradise; I may well promise thee that thou shalt be helped. I will help thee." O Master! may the love that prompts Thee thus to speak, prompt us to believe Thee.

And now hear Him again. He is exalted on high; He hath "led captivity captive and received gifts for men;"—now hear Him, as in the midst of the solemn pomp of heaven He is not unmindful of His poor relations. He looks down, and He sees us in this world still struggling with sin and care and woe; He hears us claiming kingship with Himself; and He says, "Worm Jacob! though I now do reign exalted high, My love is still as great. I will help thee." I pray the Lord apply the sweetness of that pronoun to your hearts, my brethren, and to mine. "I will help thee." O surely when the husband speaks to the wife in the hour of darkness and sorrow, and comforts her, you can easily understand what arguments he uses, when he says, "Wife of my youth! my joy, my delight, I will help thee. You can easily conceive how he enumerates times of love, seasons when he stood by her in the hour of trouble; you can easily think how he reminds her of the days of their espousals, and tells her of their struggles, and of their joys; and he says, "Wife, canst thou doubt me? No; as I am a husband I will help thee!" And now you hear the Saviour speaking to His church. "Retrothed to Me ere time began, I have taken thee into union with My adorable person; and O my bride, though My palace stand in ruins, and heaven itself should shake, I will help thee. Forget thee? Forget My bride? Be false to My troth? Forsake My covenant? No; never. I will help thee. Hear the mother speaking to her little child in great danger; "Child," she says, "I will help thee;" and then she reminds that child that she is its mother, that from her breast the child drew its needed nourishment in the days of weakness; she reminds it how she has nursed it and dandled it upon her knee, and how in every way she has been its solace and support. "Child!" says she, and her heart runs over—"I will help thee!" Why, the child never doubts it; it says, "Yes mother, I know you will; I am sure of that, I do not need to be told it, I was certain you would, for I have had such proofs of your love." And now ought not we who love the Saviour just to let our eyes run with tears, and say, "O thou blest Redeemer! Thou needst not tell us Thou wilt help us, for

we know Thou wilt. O do not suppose that we doubt Thee so much as to want to be told of it again ; we know Thou wilt help us ; we are sure of it ; Thy former love, Thine ancient love, The love of Thine espousals, Thy deeds of kindness, Thine everlasting drawings, all these declare that Thou never canst forsake us." No, no ; "*I will help thee.*"

And now, brethren, we are coming down stairs to eat the body of Christ and drink His blood in a spiritual manner ; and I hope whilst we are partaking of that bread and wine, the emblems of the Saviour, we shall think we hear every mouthful of bread and every sip of wine saying out in the Master's behalf, "*I will help thee, I will help thee.*" And then let you and I just frighten Satan, by cheering up our spirits through the power of the Holy Ghost, and buckling on our armour, let us go forth into the world to-morrow, to show what the Redeemer can do, when his promise is applied by the Spirit. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel ; I will help thee." Come, bring you fears out to-night, and serve them in the worst way you can. Hang them here upon the scaffold this night. Come, now, and blow them away at the great guns of the promises, let them be destroyed for ever. They are renegade mutineers ; let them be cut off, let them be utterly destroyed, and let us go and sing, "Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea ; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof." "*I will help thee,*" saith the Redeemer.

O sinners, I pity you that this is not your promise. If this were all that you did lose by being out of Christ, it were enough to lose indeed. May God call you, and help you to trust in the Redeemer's blood. Amen.

THERE is much that in this world passes under the name of love which but little deserves that appellation. Least of all, is it entitled to be called Christian love. Attachment to those to whom we are united by the ties of kindred and choice, to those who in every way are entitled to our affection and esteem, and who are prodigal of their love in return, is well in its way, but is not the special kind of love of which Jesus has set us so divine an example. If you would love as *He* loved, you must love men not because they *deserve* love, but because they *need* it. You must love contrary to the impulses of your nature ; you must love by preference the poorest, most ignorant, and most sinful—aye, love them till your love has drawn them out of their wretched condition. That love which is awakened by the attractive qualities of the person beloved is not necessarily sinful, but it is not divine ; it is inspired by self, and, so far from being capable of rendering us happy, it prepares for us future disquietude because it places us in a state of servile dependence on the creature. But happy in itself, whether it finds a response in another's breast or not, is that love which is not idolatrous but self-abnegating, being willing to take all the wants, both spiritual and temporal, of its neighbour into its own life, the love of compassion and divine sympathy, even that which led the Son of God to exchange heaven for the depths of our misery.—DR. FRANZ DELITZSCH.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER VIII.—RESCUED FROM THE FIRE.

It will be readily believed that Miss Archer did not fail to profit by the kind lesson on giving that had been imparted to her by her frank and well-meaning friend, Miss Morrison. In subsequent visits to the poor she gave with the discrimination that prudence and experience suggested, and so often did real good unmixed with even a modicum of evil. Gradually becoming acquainted with lower phases of society, she obtained abundance of proof that more caution is needed in the distribution of charity than probably in the prosecution of any other good work. Thus it came to pass that in the long run she gave money personally to but few, reserving to herself merely the plan of taking notes of probably deserving cases, and then entrusting them for rigid investigation to one of the city missionaries. Of many cases that might be given, we record one which will serve as a sample to indicate the method adopted.

In the dead of the night a fire had broken out in one of the small streets of Greenheys. A policeman passing by on his beat saw a flaring light in an under-room. Peering beneath the window blind, he observed that the room was on fire in several places, and that clothes hung on lines and clothes-horses were blazing away. Thundering energetically at the door, in a few moments he woke the inmates of the dwelling and of the adjoining houses, and in five minutes the

street was all alive with people who had turned out partially dressed to see what was the matter. Meanwhile, the blinding smoke had found its way up the stairs, and prevented the sleepers from coming down, thus making their escape impossible by the only mode of egress in that quarter. Fortunately, however, there were only two persons in the upper room, an aged man and his wife, who appeared at the window and shrieked for help. In the shape of a ladder near at hand that help was soon procured, but only just in time to rescue them from a horrible death. But the fire below had gained too much strength to save the house itself, which, in less than two hours, in spite of all the efforts of a fire brigade, was burnt to the ground, leaving four bare black sooty walls alone to show the havoc that the fire had made. When the firemen saw that the house itself was doomed, like wise men, they directed all their energies towards preventing its extension, and were so far successful that, with the exception of some slight damage from falling fiery embers and sparks and deluging streams of water, the neighbouring houses were preserved from harm.

But who were these two aged people on whose devoted heads this serious calamity had fallen? They were none other than Mr. and Mrs. Swallow. The latter, as we have already seen, most industriously earned her living with the mangle, and, according to her own estimate, was an exceedingly clever workwoman in that useful line.

But merit in this fallen world, sad to state, does not always get its deserts, and thus for over twenty-five years this industrious woman had laboured on without being able to save a penny, and had the greatest difficulty week by week to make two ends meet. And now, poor soul, where was she? With a crippled husband who could only do odd jobs, which brought in a sixpence or shilling now and then, she was burnt out of house and home; the very mangle, which had up till then been the source of her living, having caught fire, and so tended to promote this wholesale destruction! Not a single article of clothes or furniture had been saved from the wreck, and thus both she and her husband were as destitute, and even more so, as when they were born. Now what were they to do? Charitable neighbours helped them to a little decent clothing and a temporary lodging, and the parish overseer, when doling out a couple of shillings each per week for a fortnight, generously suggested that at the end of that period they had better take up their permanent abode within the high walls of the poor-house. The shock that such a suggestion gave to Mrs. Swallow was indescribable. If possible, it even exceeded that which was produced by the fire. As soon as she could find vent for her injured feelings, she gave the benevolent overseer such an overwhelming torrent of indignant abuse, which, if he had not been pretty well used to from like quarters, he would never either have forgiven or forgotten. "What! part," she said, "from her owd man in the workhouse, the husband with whom she had lived in peace an' happiness for over thirty-three years, an' who had been the father of her six children, all

of whom she was thankful to say were in Heaven, they havin' died in their infancy, an' him, therefore, the only comfort she had left—no, never! Sooner would she beg her bread from door to door, an' live on one meal a day, or even lie down an' die in a ditch than go to the workhouse, she being in one part of the buildin' and her poor owd man in the other." So giving this decisive deliverance, she snapped her fingers in the face of the overseer, and candidly told that dignified official that he was at perfect liberty to convey that message to the Board.

Such heroism in humble life could not fail but exert a most salutary influence on the neighbourhood around. As the overseer was reputed to be both hard-hearted and insolent to the poor, and a petty tyrant into the bargain, this manifestation of pluck on the part of Mrs. Swallow met with so much approval that a subscription was started immediately to buy the loving couple a little furniture, and procure either a new or a second-hand mangle, with which she might begin business again. But, alas! all that could be gathered fell far short of the mark. One pound nineteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny was all that could be screwed out of a sympathetic neighbourhood, even by the most pathetic and persevering appeals. What else, then, could be done? Must the hard-hearted overseer be allowed to triumph, and conjugal virtue and faithfulness go unrewarded? At last a brilliant idea suggested itself to Mrs. Swallow's old mangle-woman, Mrs. Tipper. She had heard of the charitable disposition of Miss Archer. Had she not on more than one occasion helped a neighbour of hers who had been in deep distress? Surely, then, if she were appealed

to she would give aid in such a needy and deserving case as this? At any rate, there would be no harm in trying, more especially as Mrs. Swallow worked for Miss Archer's laundress, through whom the appeal might be made. Accordingly, no sooner was the suggestion made than it was at once acted upon, and, through her laundress, Miss Archer's attention was called to the case.

To test its genuineness, she found an early opportunity of visiting the neighbourhood alone, and by a series of observations ascertained that the reports given of the catastrophe were correct. But one or two admissions made by Mrs. Swallow herself, in the course of conversation, roused her suspicion in regard to the origin of the fire, and therefore, before she would consent to give aid, she determined to place the case in the hands of Mr. Luke Briton. He consequently subjected Mrs. Swallow to a little cross-questioning, which brought to light the fact that on the night on which the fire broke out Mrs. Swallow had entertained Mrs. McDoodle and two or three more female chums at supper, and that the brandy bottle, which was professedly kept merely to make the tea stronger, had been emptied of its contents to promote the convivial enjoyment. The conclusion of the missionary was that, after the genial company had departed, Mrs. Swallow, in anything but a sober state, must have left a clothes-horse too near the fire or gas, and then have staggered up to bed unconscious of the danger. It was of course not for a moment to be expected that Mrs. Swallow would admit this conclusion, though she was candid enough to confess that "for once she might have had just a drop too much." As the worthy missionary, however, had good reasons for believing that "the

drop" professedly taken on this isolated occasion was frequently indulged in, he straightforwardly declined to recommend Miss Archer to render any aid whatever unless Mrs. Swallow consented to sign the pledge, and gave good evidence that she intended to keep it. Mrs. Swallow was shrewd enough to see that if she did not want total abstinence in the workhouse, she had better consent to practice that admirable virtue out of it, and therefore readily affirmed that not only she, but that her "poor old man" also would comply with the condition. To her credit, be it said, she not only signed it, but kept it, and thus, in less than a month after, she found herself located in a better house than the one even that had been destroyed. With a new mangle, which called forth the unqualified admiration of the indefatigable Mrs. Tipper, she soon had a larger business than ever, and therefore was able to raise the efficient assistant's wages from eighteen-pence to half-a-crown a week, much to that fortunate mangle-woman's satisfaction.

It is needless to say that Miss Archer's character now appeared to both these industrious workwomen in a new light. No longer confounded by the conflicting dispensations of Providence, which bestows wealth on one and leaves another to endure poverty, they both agreed that if there was one person who deserved to be a lady, and to have untold riches, it was Miss Archer, and they never failed to ring out her praise to all with whom they came in contact. Mr. Swallow, being a quiet man and totally under his voluble wife's control, said very little; but what he did say to a confidential friend now and then served to indicate that he was most grateful to Mr.

Briton, as well as to Miss Archer, for bringing about in his new home the abolition of the brandy bottle. Through its disuse not only had Mrs. Tipper's wages been raised, and the home made more comfortable, but some small sums had also found their way into the Post Office Savings Bank, that might tend to give seasonable help on a rainy day. Through that good missionary's counsel he had also been led to give up his Sunday excursions by rail, and to attend a place of worship, which he affirmed he found to be more profitable, both to body and soul: and he declared that when he could induce his wife to go with him—which he regretted to say was not as often as he would like—his happiness was largely increased. How much farther the good done may extend time alone will show, but so far as it is gone the fruit borne indicates that neither Miss Archer nor Mr. Luke Briton have any cause to regret that they "did what they could" to benefit this singular couple.

This case, as we have already intimated, Miss Archer proved to be only a type of numbers that came under her own personal observation. Each one, however genuine, had its own special features, which demanded both inves-

tigation and prudent management. As time rolled on, therefore, she proved it to be more and more both to her own interest and that of the poor, whom she was only too willing to help, to put almost every case into a missionary's hands and to act in accordance with the reports given. In this way numbers of the most deserving and needy cases were relieved year by year, and many were saved from utter ruin and death. Not a few thus helped have left the city to dwell in other parts of Great Britain or distant countries in the world. Among them are widows and orphans, the sick restored to health, poor people who had been long out of work, tradespeople once in good circumstances, but brought low by severe and unexpected losses, young married couples needing a little aid to enable them to start in life, emigrants forced to seek situations abroad, and numbers of needy cases that cannot be enumerated. Thus it has come to pass that from all quarters of the globe the benevolent lady has received letters from loving hearts, full of grateful thanks for the discriminating aid given through the faithful missionaries whom, in her philanthropic work, she found it so needful to employ.

(To be continued.)

ROCHESTER AND ISAIAH LIII.

It is well known that this extraordinary man was, for many years of his life, an avowed infidel, and that a large portion of his time was spent in ridiculing the Bible. One of his biographers has described him as "a great wit, a great sinner, and a great penitent." Even this man was converted by the Holy Spirit in the use of His Word. Reading Isa. liii., he was convinced of the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures, the Deity of the Messiah, and the value of His atonement as a Rock on which sinners may build their hopes of salvation. On that atonement he rested, and died in the humble expectation of pardoning mercy and heavenly happiness.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

HOW MAY I KNOW THAT I LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST?

By REV. T. W. MEDHURST,
of Portsmouth.

"He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself unto him."—John xiv. 21.

So then it is clearly taught by the Lord Jesus Christ that *the evidence of love to Him is obedience to His commandments*. "If a man love Me, he will keep My word." "If ye love Me, ye will keep My commandments." "Ye that loveth Me not keepeth not My words." "If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love; even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love." "If ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them."

When Jesus spake these words He was about to leave the world and go to His Father. Sorrow filled the hearts of His disciples. He comforted them with the assurance that He would not leave them "desolate," but that He would visit them again. This promise receives its primary fulfilment in the gift of the Holy Spirit, "the Spirit of Truth," who would be to the disciples "another Comforter." By faith Christians can always enjoy the presence of Christ with them. The life of believers is bound up with the life of Christ. "Because I live, ye shall live also," is His

own sure word. The Christian's life flows from Christ, is secured in Christ, and runs parallel with the life of Christ. "In that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me, and I in you." There are glorious mysteries to be revealed to us by the "Spirit of truth;" mysteries concerning the union of Christ with His Father, concerning the union of believers to Christ as their covenant Head, and concerning the indwelling of Christ with all believers. The evidence of union with Christ is love to Christ, and the proof of love to Christ is obedience to the commandments of Christ.

I.—REASONS WHY BELIEVERS LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST. We love where we see *excellency*. We love Jesus because in Him there dwells all superlative excellencies. He is "the effulgence of the Father's glory, and the very image of His substance." None can adequately speak His worth or tell His praises. Angels worship Him. He created all things that are created, and He preserves all things that His hands have fashioned. In Christ is found all moral beauty in its highest perfection. The Divine glory beams forth in the character of Christ in its most engaging lustre. Well has *Leighton* sung concerning Him in these glowing verses:—

"O Jesus! the glory, the wonder,
and love,
Of angels and glorified spirits above,
And saints, who behold Thee not,
yet dearly love,
Rejoicing in hope of Thy glory.

Thou only, and wholly, art lovely
and fair,
Who robb'st not Jehovah with Him
to compare,
Jehovah's own image glows in Thee ;
shines there

In visible bodily glory.

Whenever we view Thee, new glories
arise ;

The Man whose God's Fellow, who
rides on the skies,

Made flesh, dwelt among us ; brought
God to our eyes

In grace and truth showing His
glory.

Thou spak'st to existence, the heavens
and their hosts,

The earth and its fulness, the seas
and their coasts ;

Time hangs on Thy word, and eternity
boasts

To crown and adorn Thee with
glory.

But how lovely dost Thou appear in
our eyes,

When we view Thee Incarnate, in
childhood's disguise !

Thy love's past all knowledge, with
rapture's surprise,

And ravish our hearts with Thy
glory.

Thou in Thine own body, upon the
curs'd tree,

Didst bear all our sins, while Thy
God frown'd on Thee,

Expiring in blood in our stead ; and
now we

Exult in Thy power and glory.

Thy blood all Divine from the grave
back again

Brought Thee, King of glory, Thou
Lamb who wast slain !

First-born of the dead, crown'd with
honour supreme,

Thy throne is established in glory.

There reign in thy glory, O Thou
great Ador'd !

Till Thy foes, crush'd under Thy
feet, be no more :

Thy throne shall triumph over all
things restor'd,

And eternity blaze with Thy glory.

Worth Divine dwells in Thee ; excel-
lent dignity,

Beauty and majesty, glory environs
Thee,

Power, honour, dominion, and life
rest on Thee,
O Thou chiefest among the ten
thousands !"

Believers love the Lord Jesus because He to them is *nearly related*. He has become bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. He is not ashamed to call them brethren, and as such to acknowledge them openly. He is their Friend, their best and kindest Benefactor. He has done for them what none other would or could have done. He has suffered for them what none else would or could have suffered. For them and on their behalf He gave His own life a ransom. They were transgressors against God, prisoners under the hand of His justice, and had become obnoxious to His deserved wrath. Jesus became their Surety and stood as their Substitute. As such He "once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring them to God." To all His people Jesus is the great Physician, the Healer of all the diseases of their souls, therefore it is that they love Him.

Do any object, "Jesus is unseen : how can we love one who is invisible ?" The answer is at hand. Jesus is to sense invisible, but to *faith He is ever visible*. To the believer Christ is always present in all the tenderness of His love and care. He enters into all that concerns His people ; He sympathises with them in all their sorrows ; He supports them under all their trials and conflicts. The objects of our love are not always the objects we see with the bodily vision. It is more than the outward form of our friends that we love. It is more than the hand that gives. It is more than the feet that run to help. It is the soul, the heart of our friends that engages our love. It is the kindness

that never fails, the sincerity upon which we can always rely, and the sympathy that always feels our joys and sorrows, that engage our affections. We do not cease to love when the body of the loved one is laid in the cold and silent grave; it is often not till then that we really discover the strength of our love to the dear departed. It is even so with respect to our love to the Lord Jesus. "Whom not having seen ye love; on whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing ye rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable and full of glory; receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls." 1 Peter i. 8.

II. THE NATURE OF THE BELIEVER'S LOVE TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.—It is a *sincere* love, "love without hypocrisy." Love to Christ is of nothing worth if it be not sincere and decided, if it be not the love of the whole heart.

It is a *supreme* love. Our love should be according to the worth and the excellency of the object loved. Christ Jesus is the most excellent of all objects, therefore to Him belongs our supremest love. If we saw more of the beauty of Jesus, and knew more of His love to us, we should love Him more. His person and work would become increasingly precious in our estimation. Our love to Christ will always be according to the measure of our apprehension of His love to us. Our love must ever be fed upon and be cherished by a sense of His love to us.

It is a *constant* love. The Christ whom we love is unchanging, "the same yesterday and to-day, yea, and for ever." Our obligations to Christ can never lessen. Our love to Him should be constant as His kindness, and lasting as His favours. Alas! we must lament that our love too

often is languishing, and losing its freshness; but though our love may languish, it shall not perish. It is a sacred fire kindled by the Holy Spirit which shall not be utterly extinguished. Though here for a time it may lose its brightness, it shall blaze forth in eternal glory when the mists of sin and ignorance shall have rolled away. It shall eternally be true of all believers, that they will never cease to love Christ, because He will never cease to love them and to manifest Himself to them.

III. THE TEST BY WHICH OUR LOVE TO CHRIST IS ASCERTAINED.—It must ever be a vital question of the very highest possible importance, "*How may I know that I love the Lord Jesus Christ?*" Here is the answer given by Jesus Himself: "*He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me.*" It is a good thing, and an inestimable privilege, that we have the commandments of the Lord Jesus in our Bibles. It is a cause for continual thankfulness that we live where the will of Christ is known, where His truth is taught, and where His commandments are enforced. But this is not enough. We must both *have* and *keep* the commandments of the Lord Jesus. What do we understand by this having and keeping? Surely this, that we diligently and honestly search the Scriptures that we may become acquainted with the commandments of the Lord Jesus, and that we frequent the place where these commandments are explained and enforced. It is that we have a taste, a desire, a relish after all that the Lord Jesus has commanded. There are among professed Christians those who have a liking for Scripture history, because it interests them and informs their minds; they have a liking

for Scripture doctrines, because they afford food for speculation; they have a liking for Scripture promises, because they derive comfort from them; but they have no desire after *Scripture precepts and commandments*, because they require personal practice and constant obedience. They who are Christians indeed, who really in deed and in truth do love the Lord Jesus, they love the whole of "the Scripture of truth," the whole of the word of the living God; they love Christ in all His offices, characters, and relationships; they love the Lord Jesus as their atoning *Priest*, in whom they implicitly trust for their salvation from sin; they love the Lord Jesus as their instructing *Prophet*, at whose feet they rejoicingly sit that they may learn of Him; they love the Lord Jesus as their commanding *King*, and they delight to run in the way of all His commandments. The sincere lover of the Lord Jesus is ever desirous to hear and to obey all things whatsoever He has commanded. Their heartfelt language is, "Speak, Lord Jesus, for we Thy servants are hearkening that we may render to Thee our glad obedience."

Practical obedience to the commands of Christ is the only certain test of love to Christ. Disobedience to the commands of the Lord Jesus indicates an absence of true love to Him. They who live in the careless omission of a known duty are living in the actual commission of allowed sin. It is in vain that we call Christ "Lord, Lord," if we do not the things He has commanded us to do. It is in vain that you talk concerning Jesus, that you say you acknowledge the authority of Jesus, that you profess to love Jesus, if you refuse to obey the plain commandments and precepts of His Word.

If we would know our love to the Lord Jesus our obedience must be *impartial*; not superficial, not fluctuating. "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." "This is His commandment, that we should believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ." A true faith stimulates to a sincere, loving, and universal obedience.

To keep the commandments of the Lord Jesus means that we hold them in safe custody, that we jealously guard them lest they be lost or wrested from us. We must hold fast the *very words of the Lord Jesus*, if we would have a Scriptural evidence of our love to Him. This test is one that is adapted to all believers in all situations and in all circumstances. It is not those who are most wise who are most loving. It is not those who have most learning who have most love. It is not those who talk best who love best. It is not those who do most, or who give most, who love most. They most truly prove their love to the Lord Jesus who are most sincere, constant, and cheerful in their obedience to His commandments. Love and obedience to the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ are the most certain tests of the Christian character.

IV. THE REWARD OF LOVE TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.—"He that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself unto him." The reward is purely of grace. Love to Jesus is first produced by the love of Jesus shed abroad in the soul by the Holy Spirit, and then our love to Jesus is rewarded by fresh communications of love from the Father and from the Son. It is natural for us to desire the favour

of the great, to be gratified with the respect of men of rank and influence, yet all such favours and respect are but of little real and lasting worth or value. They only are truly happy whose God is Jehovah. His smile is everlasting. His favour is the greatest possible good. It confers the highest honour, and imparts the most distinguished happiness of which we are capable. If we have on our side the love of the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we have on our side Omnipotent power to defend, unerring wisdom to guide, unchanging truth to support, boundless mercy as our treasure, infinite and immutable goodness as our present and our eternal portion. With God is the fountain of life, in His favour is life, and His lovingkindness is better than life.

"He that loveth Me—I will love him, and will manifest Myself unto him." The breadth and depth and length and height of the love of Christ passeth knowledge. Once this love was expressed upon the cross, now it is displayed in the heights of glory. All whom He loves He loves eternally. All whom He saves He saves effectually.

Jesus "will manifest" Himself to all who love Him. He does this to their faith, not to their bodily vision. The world cannot understand this spiritual manifestation. The Holy Spirit enlightens the mind of believers into the knowledge of the truth concerning Christ, into a perception of the grace and glory of Christ. He purifies their hearts by faith. He enlivens their graces causing them to grow, imparting to them strength, and making them fruitful. He fills all who love Jesus with joy and peace in believing. Jesus says, "If a man love Me, he will keep My word, and My Father

will love Him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." This is not the promise of a transient visit, but of an abiding dwelling. Here we have the kindest love, the most familiar intercourse, a perfect security, an exalted enjoyment, and eternal happiness.

Learn from this subject, *the insufficiency of mere external privileges*. You may enjoy these, but these are not enough. It is not enough to have Christ's commandments, we must keep them. They must have an abiding place in our hearts. We must be in the faith. We must have the love of the Lord Jesus dwelling within our hearts. If we would have the only reliable evidence of our love to the Lord Jesus our obedience to all His commandments must be steady, uniform, and consistent. We must improve and live up to our privileges.

There is an honour which accompanies real Christianity, even the favour of the greatest Father, the love of the kindest Saviour, and the abiding presence of the chiefest Friend. It is this that exalts the character of believers, and that inspires them with a genuine happiness. A Christian is the noblest work of God. He is the temple in which God dwells. He is the highest style of man. He is the first favourite of heaven.

Let us never forget the proper use of religious ordinances. It is that in them we may realise the manifested presence of Jesus. It is in His own appointed ordinances that Jesus Himself is present to meet with His true worshippers. In all places where He records His name, He will come unto us and He will surely bless us. In keeping of His commands, with humble, believing, waiting hearts, let us be found constantly waiting to receive Him, and to welcome the communications

of His grace. He manifests Himself to obedient hearts peculiarly in His own memorial supper. That is His own appointed trysting-place. There it is the believer beholds the King in His beauty. There it is he sits under His shadow with great delight, and there it is he finds His fruit sweet to his taste. They who keep not the Saviour's commandment, "*Do this in remembrance of Me,*" show no desire that He should manifest Himself unto them. By obedience to the commandments of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we may have an assurance of our love to Him. We can have it in none other way.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned." (Mark xvi. 16.) Jesus says, "All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the age."—Matt. xxviii. 18—20.

Reader, do you love the Lord Jesus?

Reader, do you show your love to the Lord Jesus by keeping His commandments?

Reader, do you believe on the Lord Jesus?

Reader, have you been baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus?

Reader, is your obedience the test of your love to the Lord Jesus?

SORROW AND JOY.

"And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your joy no man takes from you."—John xvi. 22.

We have before us the common

subjects of sorrow and joy; but the teaching of Christ makes the common uncommon. He vitalises and gives interest to every subject that He touches.

Joy is older than sorrow. Joy was first with man, then came sorrow. Sorrow is the sadness of sin; joy is the gladness of innocence.

The recognition of sorrow. Christ did not treat the sorrow of His disciples lightly, not as the effect of disordered imaginations, but as real, occasioned by passing and painful circumstances. Christ knew the cause, and prescribed the remedy. He did not seek to lessen their feeling of the trouble, but points them to the sure source of comfort.

The relieving of sorrow. It is the first act of friendship to notice our sorrows, and the next to relieve them. In this capacity and with this disposition Christ is here seen. He is both the Counsellor and Comforter. His absence occasioned their sorrow, and His presence restored their joy. His visits are friendly in spirit, and joyous in result. "I will see you again." "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord."

The retention of joy. Here is a transition from sorrow to joy. Joy sustains in sorrow, succeeds it, and lives on an endless life. Sorrow prepares the heart for joy, and helps it to prize it. Joy is said to be transient, but here is a joy Christ pronounces to be permanent. "And your joy no man takes from you." Christ gives the joy of salvation, which both saves and comforts. The saved must rejoice. It is the joy of simple trust in the rejoicing Saviour. It is "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Blunham.

W. ABBOTT.

"SING PRAISES UNTO HIS NAME."

Psalm cxxxv. 3.

SING of the Saviour, God's dear Son,
 His praise proclaim.
 Great things for sinners He hath done,
 Praise ye His name.
 He left His glorious throne on high,
 And came on earth to bleed and die.

Sing of the Saviour who hath died,
 His praise proclaim.
 And Justice fully satisfied,
 Praise ye His name.
 Mercy through Him to all is free,
 He is our hope, our trust, and plea.

Sing of the Saviour's wondrous love,
 His praise proclaim.
 He pleads for us in heaven above,
 Praise ye His name.
 He knows how frail and weak we are,
 And cares for us with tenderest care.

Sing of the Saviour, our best Friend,
 His praise proclaim.
 His faithfulness will never end,
 Praise ye His name.
 He leaves us not in time of need,
 And ever proves a "Friend indeed."

Sing of the Saviour's boundless grace,
 His praise proclaim.
 In heaven He has prepared a place,
 Praise ye His name.
 Where we shall e'er unite to sing,
 And praise Him as our Saviour King.

J. DONE.

A LITTLE SERMON.

A RIGHT act strikes a chord that extends through the whole universe, touches all moral intelligence, visits every world, vibrates along its own extent, and conveys its vibration to the bosom of God! Pray learn to understand how all work has in it a spiritual element; how the meanest thing on earth has a divine side; how all temporary forms include essences that are to be eternal. Whatever be the meanness of a man's occupation, he may discharge and prosecute it on principles common to him with Michael, or Gabriel, or any of the highest spirits of Heaven.—BINNEY.

ONE IN CHRIST.

"Ye are all one in Christ Jesus."
—Gal. iii. 28.

"For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones."—Eph. v. 30.

There is a holy, universal Church ; —*universal*, diffused through the several ages, and places, and nations of the world ; —*holy*, washed in the blood of Christ, and sanctified by the Spirit. The saints make His one Church, and have a very near communion together ; they are one body united to that glorified Head that is above. They have all one spiritual life flowing from Him ; and this communion holds not only on earth and in heaven, but even betwixt heaven and earth. The saints on earth make up the same body with those already in glory ; they are born to the same inheritance by new birth, though the others are entered into possession before them.

Faith makes them one with Christ, and He makes them one with the Father, and hence results this oneness amongst themselves ; concentrating and meeting in Jesus Christ, and in the Father through Him, they are made one together. And that this was His great work we may read in His prayer, John xvii., where it is the burden and main strain, the great request that He so reiterates, "That they may be one, as we are one," ver. ii. A high comparison, such as man durst not name, but after Him who so warrants us ! And again, ver. 21, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in

Thee, that they also may be one in us."—LEIGHTON.

That which linketh Christ to us is His mere mercy and love. That which linketh us to Him, is our faith in the promised salvation, revealed in the word of truth. That which linketh and joineth us amongst ourselves in such sort that we are now, as if we had but one heart and one soul, is our love.—HOOKER.

Oh, divine Love ! the sweet harmony of souls ; the music of angels ! the joy of God's own heart ! the very darling of His bosom ! the source of true happiness ! the pure quintessence of Heaven ! that which reconciles the jarring principles of the world, and makes them all chime together ! that which melts men's hearts into one another ! See how St. Paul describes it, and it cannot choose but enamour your affections towards it :—"Love envieth not, is not puffed up, doth not be have itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." Let this soft and silken knot of Love tie our hearts together.—CUDWORTH.

O Thou God of love, who hast made us one flesh, make us but one soul also ; let our love be mutual, constant and inviolate, full of compliance, and condescensions, and sympathy, and forbearance towards each other. O God, make me like Thine own Self, all meekness and benignity, all goodness and sweetness, all gentleness and long-suffering.—BR. KEN.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

To spend the hours and days in composing a few sermons, smooth and elegant to the ear, which should be employed in preaching many with energy to the heart is a waste of time. Of many good men it may be said, they are "laboriously doing nothing," where as if they would study usefulness, they would give many of these moments to public labour, that are now devoted to unnecessary exactness.—C. WINTER.

ALEXANDER, when young, was asked to run a race with some common people. Said he, "I will not." "Why will you not?" "Because," said he, "I am a king's son, and I must keep that company suited to my birth and rank." So God's children are kings' sons, and they want king-like company. A man is known by the company he keeps.

MANY repeat the Lord's Prayer who are not children of God. They say, "Our Father, who art in heaven." But is God their father? Dr. Mackay, once in the course of a sermon made the following remark, he said:—"If the unsaved soul said, 'Our Father, which art in hell,' instead of 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' it would be nearer the truth." And what happened? There was a man there who had often repeated the Lord's prayer. But he felt that he was still unsaved, and that remark so strongly put was the means of his conversion. If we call God "Our Father," let us see to it that we are His children.

A SCOFFER offered a poor woman half a sovereign if she would not pray all day. But she rejected the bribe with feelings of horror. "No, sir," said she, "not for all the worlds this side heaven. But I'll ask the Lord to teach you to believe on Him, and if He does you will love prayer as much as I do."

A LADY in a secluded village wrote to Mr. Sankey, stating that she had been an invalid for nine months. One Sunday morning, at the expiration of that time, she was disappointed in not being able to go to her place of worship. She went, however, into her garden and got a blessing. But how? In an adjoining garden she heard a sweet voice singing. She listened, and soon discovered that it was a little girl, and that her song was, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me." That song came home to the lady's heart. She said she felt it to be as good as a sermon to her, and she re-entered her house with a glad heart, there to sing it for herself. See how in this case the Lord made a little girl's song the means of rich blessing to a poor disappointed invalid! She hoped to have had a blessing through the preacher; and, instead, the Lord gave her a little girl's song for a sermon. And it evidently did her more good than many a sermon she had previously heard.

I CAN myself go back almost twelve years and remember two holy women who used to come to my meetings. It was delightful to see them there. When I began to preach, I could tell by the expression of their faces that they were praying for me. At the close of the Sabbath evening meetings they would say to me, "We have been praying for you." I said, "Why don't you pray for the people?" They answered, "*You need the power.*" "*I need power?*" I said to myself: "Why, I thought I had power." I had a large Sabbath school, and the largest congregation in Chicago. There were some conversions at the time. I was, in a sense, satisfied. But, right along, these two godly women kept praying for me, and their earnest talk

about "anointing for special service" set me thinking. I asked them to come and talk with me, and we got down on our knees. They poured out their hearts that I might receive an anointing from the Holy Spirit, *and there came a great hunger into my soul.* I did not know what it was. I began to cry as I never did before. The hunger increased. I was crying all the time that God would fill me with His Spirit. Well, one day in the city of New York—oh, what a day! I cannot describe it; I seldom refer to it; it is almost too sacred an experience to name. Paul had an experience of which he never spoke for fourteen years. I can only say God then revealed Himself to me, and I had such an experience of His love that I had to ask Him to stay His hand, I went to preach again. The sermons were not different; I did not present any new truths; and yet hundreds were converted. I would not now be placed back where I was before that blessed experience if you would give me all Glasgow—it would be as the small dust of the balance.—DWIGHT L. MOODY.

IN order to show ministerial students that manner is of use as well as matter the late Rev. W. Walters gives them this good advice:—"It is exceedingly desirable that you pay some attention to the graces of oratory. You will have to *communicate* as well as to *acquire*; unless you are able to impart to others in a clear, forcible, and interesting manner that which you know you will fail to profit them by your knowledge. What you have to say may be most excellent in its quality; but if you cannot say it well you spoil it all. A tradesman's wares may be of the best kind, his shop may be crowded with them, but if he cannot make a good window and display them well he is not likely to attract passers by. So is it with *preachers*. There are men whose matter is weighty, and such as if properly delivered could not fail to instruct and interest, but whose utterance is so bad, and whose attitudes and gestures are so ungainly and even grotesque, that they make no impression. There are others who, with a rhetorical style, a good voice, and appropriate gestures, readily pass their small change and persuade their hearers that it is gold coin. Depend upon it you cannot afford to neglect manners. You may think people foolish for paying so much attention to it, and perhaps they are; nevertheless there is the fact, they do attend to it, and they will, and now is *your* time to attend to it. You are now acquiring style, mode of utterance, habits of reading and preaching. Aim to read and speak clearly and distinctly. Cultivate a natural, easy delivery. You do a wrong to yourselves, to your hearers, and to the truth you desire to publish, if you are careless touching your method of public address."

"THOUGH I HAVE ALL FAITH, AND HAVE NOT CHARITY,
I AM NOTHING."

KNOWLEDGE shall fail, and prophecy shall cease :—
Yea, constant faith and holy hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy ;
While thou more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsumed thy flame,
Still shalt survive :—
Shall stand before the host of heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest !

THE GLOW-WORM.

I was wandering over a seaside moor,
As the evening gathered o'er me,
When glittering fair in my path I saw
A jewel, a star before me.

It seemed as an emerald lit with light
From the sun of the noontide borrowed,
And I thought in my innocent heart's delight
I would gather it as I followed.

So I stopped; but found that the beautiful thing,
A worm in a robe of glory,
Was shedding its light in the sheltering wing
Of a thorn-bush that ruthlessly tore me.

And I thought of the beautiful Christian light
In the thorns of wild persecution,
As it shines with a lustre divinely bright,
Without quiver or diminution.

Then I thought of the heavenly gleam of grace
In the night of a stern temptation,
When a worm of earth in its shining place
Is bright amidst desolation.

And then of the glow of a holy faith
On the sick one's thorny pillow,
A ray in the darkened vale of death,
In the shade of the grave's green willow.

I had stooped with a rude and intruding hand;
But the thorns were the worm's safe hiding,
And foiled the robbery I had planned,
While bright in its place abiding.

So I learned that the thorns need not hinder light,
Nor position hinder shining,
For the worms of earth that have been most bright
Often shone 'mid the world's repining.

And I learned that the thorns where we humbly shine,
Submissive to God's disposing,
Will ever an harbour of safety twine,
The light of His grace enclosing.

WILLIAM LUFF.

Reviews.

Christian Living. By Rev. F. B. MEYER, B.A. London : Morgan & Scott.

NINE chapters consisting of addresses delivered at several conferences and missions. They breathe a very devout spirit, and are well calculated to help on that spirituality of mind which is life and peace. It must, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, prove a profitable companion to the Christian reader, and be very promotive of spiritual growth.

The Sun. James Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

WE have received Nos. 1 and 2, monthly parts, of this new penny weekly. It has a staff of writers of well-known power, and these magazine specimens of the work bear the stamp of first-class literature.

The Summer Number of the Girl's Own Paper. Religious Tract Society.

THE Rosebud Garden contains a good frontispiece, "Fresh Mackerel," and is embellished with several good engravings, and amongst its excellent reading a story entitled, "Dear Miss Meg," told in seven chapters, by Ruth Lamb; "How the Girls spent their Summer Holiday," by Lady

Dunboyne; "The Story of a Noble Life retold"; "Rembrandt's Sister," and other stories, which will make this Summer Number to have a hearty welcome from our young people.—

The Boys' Own Summer Number is amusing, instructive, and useful, edited by our friend G. A. Hutchinson, Esq., and contains contributions from David Ker, Ascot Hope, Paul Blake, and others.

The Treasury for Pastors and People. Vol. 6. Number 1. J. Nisbet & Co.

THE *Southern Pulpit of Richmond* was consolidated with this Magazine July, 1884. This American monthly is very ably conducted by J. Sanderson, D.D., who is sustained by a thorough good staff of American writers.

The Christian World Pulpit for July contains the last three lectures delivered at Regent's Park College by the Rev. Richard Glover, Subject: "The Ministry to the Young."

OUR own Magazines are good average numbers. The *Baptist* gives an excellent likeness of the Rev. Robert Wallace. *The Sword and Trowel* continues the Presidential Address by Mr. Spurgeon.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. BAYLEY has accepted the pastorate of the church at Addlestone. Mr. Bayley was for 22 years pastor at Kingston.

Rev. W. Chapman, who for the past eight years has officiated at Hucknall Torkard, has announced his intention of resigning.

Rev. W. L. Crathern proposes to terminate his pastorate of the English church at Holyhead.

Rev. J. J. Williams proposes to resign the charge of Camrose and Sutton churches, and to sail about the end of August for the United States.

Rev. H. C. Field has resigned the pastorate at Milnbridge, near Huddersfield.

Rev. J. D. Rodway, of South Street Chapel, Hull, in consequence of declining strength and advancing years, proposes to retire from the stated pastorate.

Rev. R. O. Johns, of Regent's Park College, has accepted an invitation to become co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. Davies, of Bethesda Church, Haverfordwest.

Rev. W. Waite, late of Jireh, City Road, has accepted the invitation of the church at Rehoboth, Wellesley Street, Arbour Square, Stepney, to become their pastor.

Rev. W. J. Harris has resigned the pastorate of the church at Spring Hill, Birmingham.

Rev. S. Jones, of Liverpool, has accepted the pastorate at Oswaldtwistle.

Rev. H. Oakley, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate at Cottenham.

Rev. G. Rice, who has completed a four years' course of study at the Bristol College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Woodchester, near Stroud.

Rev. J. Fenwick, of New College, Manchester, has accepted the pastorate of Ebenezer Chapel, Millgate, Bacup.

Rev. G. McMichael has, in consequence of failing health, resigned the pastorate at Dudley.

Rev. J. Bolton closes his eleven years' pastorate of the church meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Liquorpond Street, Boston.

Rev. R. C. Ford, M.A., of Nottingham College, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Riddings and Swanwick Churches.

Rev. C. Hood, of Hugglescote, has accepted the pastorate of North Parade Church, Halifax.

Rev. S. H. Case, M.A., of Great Missenden, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Caversham, Reading.

Rev. J. Appleby, of Tring, has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of Union Chapel, Weston Turville.

Rev. W. A. Findlay, of Regent's Park College, has accepted the pastorate of Carey Chapel, Reading.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. C. B. SAWDAY, formerly of Vernon Chapel, King's Cross, London, has received recognition as pastor of Melbourne Hall Church, Leicester. Rev. T. Carryer presided. An address of welcome on behalf of the church and congregation was read; the leaders of the various branches of the work gave assurances of sympathy and co-operation. A letter was read from the church at Vernon Chapel, warmly commending Mr. Sawday.

Rev. Arthur J. Parker, of the Pastor's College, has been recognised as pastor of Old Sodbury Church. The charges to the pastor and church were given by the Rev. W. Davy. The sermon was preached by Rev. H.

Knee. A public tea followed. At the public meeting, presided over by Mr. A. Morton, addresses were delivered by Revs. W. J. Mayers, G. Jarman, H. Knee, J. J. Knight, A. Lemon, and T. Webb.

Rev. W. T. Adey has been recognised as pastor of the church at Haven Green, Ealing. At the services in celebration of the event and the seventh anniversary of the opening of the church sermons were preached by Rev. J. Angus, M.A., D.D., president of Regent's Park College, and by Rev. A. Fergusson, of Ealing Dean.—At the public recognition service there was a large attendance. Rev. Dr. Clifford presided, and on the platform were the Revs. Dr. Todd, Evan Thomas, J. T. Briscoe, W. Page, W. Slack, J. Byles, and Dr. Stoughton; also Mr. J. T. Young, one of Mr. Adey's former deacons. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Stoughton. Following the chairman, Mr. A. E. Bugby read the annual report. Rev. W. T. Adey said he desired to reproduce as far as he could the primitive Christianity which was alluded to so fully and forcibly in the address of the president of the Baptist Union under the title of "The Great Forty Years." Mr. J. T. Young, one of the deacons where Mr. Adey formerly laboured, next spoke. Rev. Dr. Todd sincerely congratulated Mr. Adey on the auspicious commencement of his ministry. Rev. Evan Thomas referred to his association with Mr. Adey as a student at Regent's Park College. Rev. J. T. Briscoe said he predicted a very successful course for Mr. Adey if upheld by the congregation. Revs. W. Page, J. Byles, W. Slack, and J. T. Wigner, also addressed the meeting.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. J. FRANK TOONE has been presented by the Church at Tiverton with a purse of £20.

Rev. A. English has been presented by Bethesda Church, Trow-

bridge, with an illuminated address, assuring him of their high appreciation of his past efforts on their behalf; and a purse of £20.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE foundation-stone of a new chapel for the church meeting in Stapleton Hall Road, Stroud Green, was laid on Friday, July 6th, by Mr. John Barran, M.P. Revs. J. T. Briscoe, J. H. Barnard, Dr. Duncan, G. Simmons, Dr. G. W. Anderson (of Philadelphia), Dr. Ellis (of Baltimore), and Mr. J. S. Macmaster took part in the proceedings. The chapel is to be called the Dowson Memorial. It will seat when finished 600 persons. The portion now to be erected will accommodate about 350 persons and provide several class-rooms and a church parlour. The amount raised already is over £900, and the contract price for the building is £2,820. Nearly £300 was received at the meeting.

A new place of worship, situated in Rice Lane, Walton, has been opened for the church constituted in 1879, and now under the pastorate of Rev. A. G. Beaver. A freehold site was purchased for £700, and the present structure, which will accommodate 400 persons on the ground floor, has been erected at a cost of £2,263, of which about £1,200 has been subscribed. The Baptist Building Fund has granted a loan of £500 free of interest. The plan, when fully carried out, provides for a tower at the front entrance, galleries in the chapel, and school buildings. An early morning devotional service was conducted by Mr. P. Lockhart; a special sermon was preached by Rev. E. G. Gange. The collections at the opening services amounted to £25.

The new Tabernacle erected in Talbot Road, Bayswater, for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. Frank H. White, has been opened for public worship. The cost has been about £6,000, towards which £5,100 has been raised,

A new chapel is in course of erection at New Brompton for the congregation of which Rev. W. W. Blocksidge has been pastor during the last seven years.

Under their new pastor, Rev. Gyles Williams, the congregation at Attercliffe is renewing its efforts to provide a new chapel. Thanks to the generosity of the late Mr. Henry Wilson, an excellent site in Lee Street has been secured, and a sum of £400 has been raised. A new building, to seat 700 persons, is estimated to cost £1,800. Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has written a letter, wishing the movement "the largest possible measure of success."

SANDY, BEDS.—The opening services in connection with a new chapel took place on Tuesday, June 5th, when the Rev. W. Abbott, Blunham, read the scriptures and offered prayer. The Rev. G. Tarn, Cambridge, preached the sermons. Dr. Brown, Bedford, and Rev. R. Cooper, St. Neots, led the devotions in the evening. The choir sang special hymns and anthems. Special services were continued on four succeeding Sundays by the Revs. A. Walker, J. E. Farley, T. Voysey, pastor, P. Griffiths. The Rev. W. Abbott conducted the first general service on Sunday morning, July 8th, having been a former pastor here. It is a neat, light, capacious meeting house, on a commanding site, costing about £2,000.

GROVE PLACE, MORRISTON.—The new chapel here has recently been opened. The proceedings of the day commenced by singing and prayer. A silver key was then presented to Mr. Richard Cory, J.P., of Cardiff, by Rev. D. Davies, of Swansea. Another silver key was presented to Mr. Edward Roberts, of Swansea, by Mr. T. Harding, deacon of the church. In the absence of the Mayor of Swansea, through illness, Rev. D. Davies presided, and after an address, called upon Mr. R. Cory, Rev. W. H. Standbury, Mr. Roberts, and others to speak. In the evening another

service was held, under the presidency of Mr. Cory. Addresses were delivered by the gentlemen named above, who congratulated the pastor, Rev. W. John, on his efforts in building a place of worship in a locality where it was so much needed, and for his previous good work in being instrumental in establishing and planting three flourishing churches in the Swansea district. The services of the day proved very successful, and the collections satisfactory.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BEDS ASSOCIATION.—The annual meetings have been held at Park Street Chapel, Luton. Rev. J. H. Blake officiated as moderator, and most of the churches in the district were represented by their pastors and some of their members. The proceedings began with a public meeting in the chapel on the Tuesday evening, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. H. W. Taylor, J. S. Bruce, H. Blake, and T. G. Atkinson upon different subjects. On Wednesday morning, at seven o'clock, there was a prayer-meeting in the schoolroom, when Rev. A. Smith, of Shefford, gave an address. The proceedings were resumed at eleven o'clock in the chapel, a considerable number assembling to listen to a paper read by Rev. A. Walker, of Markyate Street, on "The Study of the Scriptures the Pressing Need of the Present Day." A short discussion followed, in which the Revs. Mr. Blake, Watts, and Atkinson took part. At one o'clock about a hundred of those attending the conference sat down to luncheon in the upper schoolroom. The Deputy-Mayor (Mr. H. Blundell) presided. Rev. E. Hawkin, in proposing success to the Nonconformists of Bedfordshire, said that he was more than ever persuaded that the world could not do without Nonconformists. True religion could not do without them, the Established Church could not do without them. They were acting a very useful and profitable part

towards that part of the Church of Christ. Rev. H. Collings referred with gratitude to the advantages that they as Nonconformists enjoyed as the result of the heroism and fidelity of their forefathers. He spoke of the great need of Nonconformists being fully alive to the privilege God had conferred upon them in placing them in this country. After various toasts the company again adjourned to the chapel, in which a good many others had assembled, and reports were given in respecting the work carried on at the various charges throughout the district. These were, as a rule, very satisfactory, in most cases an increase of members being reported. Thereafter there was a celebration of the Lord's Supper, a considerable number taking part, a brief address being given by Rev. H. Collings. In the evening a sermon was preached by Rev. J. T. Briscoe, of London.

Very successful anniversary services were held in connection with the Baptist Sunday School, Fenton, on Sunday, June 17th, when sermons were preached by Rev. W. G. Clow, of Newcastle, and the pastor, the Rev. T. G. Head, to crowded congregations. Collections were good, exceeding the previous year by over £7.

The report read at the 21st anniversary of Penge Tabernacle (Rev. J. Wesley Boud, pastor) showed that each of the twelve branches connected with the church was prosperous, and that the members of the church had increased so rapidly during Mr. Boud's ministry that it was found necessary to enlarge the chapel. The school buildings also require enlargement, the number of scholars being over 400. Several ministers and others delivered congratulatory addresses. The collections amounted to over £30.

The manual of East Hill Chapel, Wandsworth (Rev. J. W. Ewing, pastor), shows a total income for all purposes, £852 7s. 3½d. A novelty

in Sunday-school work is noted—a tea meeting to which the parents of the scholars invited the teachers. "That such pleasant relations subsist between those to whom is entrusted the main responsibility of moulding the young life of the children," says the report, "is a proof of mutual confidence and a happy augury of success in one great object of Sunday-school work, the reaching of the entire home through the mediumship of the child."

PARK STREET, CHAPEL, LUTON.—Lord's Day, June 28th. The pastor, James H. Blake, completed the twelfth year of his ministry here. During the year eighty-five have been received into fellowship, and the number of members now stands at seven hundred.

BISHOPS STORTFORD.—Rev. George Kilby celebrated his first anniversary as pastor at this place on 3rd and 4th of June. On Sunday Rev. J. Levinsohn preached morning and evening at the chapel, and in the afternoon in the Corn Exchange to crowded congregations. On Monday Rev. H. E. Stone preached in the afternoon; after which a large company sat down to tea. In the evening C. F. Allison, Esq., presided at the public meeting, which was of a most enthusiastic character. Mr. Robinson (church secretary) said Mr. Kilby entered upon the work when the church was low and weak, and many difficulties in the way. But that was an Ebenezer meeting; the congregation had increased four fold, the weekly offerings had increased to seven times the amount formerly given, and nineteen had been received into church fellowship. They had not had such a year of blessing during the 89 years of the church's history. Congratulatory speeches were given by the chairman and other. Mr. D. Handy, in the name of the Bible classes, presented Mr. Kilby with a written address accompanied by six volumes of Standard Theological Works. The offerings

and gifts for the Pastor's Anniversary Fund amounted to £14.

BAPTISMS.

Aldershot.—June 17, Tabernacle, One, by J. Aubrey.
Amphill.—June 20, Three, by D. Chinnery.
Ayr, N.B.—June 13, Three; June 20, Two; July 4, Two by J. Horne.
Billymena, Ireland.—June 12, Six, by T. Whiteside.
Bangor, English Chapel.—June 20, One, by W. R. Saunders.
Barrow-in-Furness.—June 24, Four, by F. Wynn.
Blaenavon, King Street Chapel.—June 14, Three, by O. Tidman.
Blaina, Mon.—June 14, One, by C. Rees.
Bodedern and Ainoz, Anglesea.—June 24, Twelve, by O. Davies.
Brighton, Sussex Street.—June 24, Two, by J. O'Neill Campbell.
Builth Wells.—Ebenezer, June 22, Two, by W. H. Prosser.
Cambuslang, Glasgow.—July 1, One, by D. Lewis.
Crawley, Sussex.—July 5, Six, by J. McAuslane.
Chadwell Heath, Essex.—Three, by D. Taylor.
Chesham, Bucks.—June 22, Zion, Seven, by R. Hughes.
Cloughfold, Rossendale.—June 23, Eight, by W. O. Davies, B.A.
Corte.—June 10, Two, by W. E. Glanville.
Crawley, Sussex.—June 14, Five, by J. McAuslane.
Dronfield.—July 1, One, by S. Hewitt.
Elm, Llangyfelach.—June 3, One, by E. W. Davies.
Gladebury.—July 1, Two, by G. Phillips.
Goodshaw, Lanc.—July 8, Ten, by T. Thomas.
Guernsey, St. Sampson's.—June 20, Three, F. T. Snell.
Harlington.—June 24, Seven, by F. T. Smythe.
Hepzibah Honeyborough.—July 1, One, by J. Johns.
Leeds, Hunslet.—July 1, Three, by A. E. Greening.
Loughwood, Deron.—June 10, Five, by R. Bastable.
Luton, Park-street.—June 25, Five, by J. H. Blake.
Lumb-in-Rossendale.—July 1, Four, by D. Muxworthy.
Metropolitan District:—
Commercial-street.—June 24, Four, by C. J. Fowler.
Highgate, Southwood Lane.—June 25, Three, by J. H. Barnard; One, by R. R. Finch.

Ilford.—July 1, Two, by J. Young.
Kensington, Hornton-street.—June 24, Four, by W. Frith.
King's Cross, Arthur-street.—June 10, Four; June 24, Five, by H. J. Martin.
Lee, S.E., Bromley-road.—July 8, Four, by W. Davies.
Penge.—June 27, at the Tabernacle, Five, by J. W. Boud.
Shepherd's Bush, Avenue-road.—June 21, Nine, by W. Frith, for C. Graham.
West Woolwich, Joseph-street.—July 1, Two, by A. Read.
Woolwich, Parson's Hill.—June 24, Nine, by J. Wilson.
Wood green.—June 17, Three, by W. Haines.
Minsterley (Salop), Lord's Hill.—July 5, Four, by W. Jenkins.
Mursley, Bucks.—July 1, Thres, by G. Parker.
Newcastle-on-Tyne, Jesmond-street.—June 24, Seven; Westgate.—June 17, One, by J. T. Forbes, M.A.
Norbiton, Bunyan.—June 24, by J. Clark.
Newport, Mon.—June 24, One, by A. T. Jones.
Newport, Mon.—June 24, Four, by G. Harris.
Oxford, Commercial-road.—May 31, Five, by G. Wilson.
Pembroke Dock, Bethany.—June 24, Fifteen, by J. D. Jones.
Portsmouth, Lake-road.—June 27, Two, by T. W. Medhurst.
Prestegne, Radnorshire.—June 17, Two, by S. Watkins.
Redditch, Ipsley-street.—June 27, Seven, by E. W. Berry.
Rochdale, Milnrow-road.—One, by D. O. Davies.
Rye-ford, Ross.—July 8, Four, by E. Watkins.
Salem, Llangyfelach.—June 3, One, by E. W. Davies.
Siloam, Machen.—July 8, One, by J. Morgan.
South Molton.—July 8, Two, by T. Yauldren.
South Woodford, Essex.—June 27, Three, by J. B. Oox.
Stanningley.—June 30, One; and July 1, Five, by J. A. Yeadon.
St. Helens (Central).—July 5, Nine, by W. Holroyd.
Swanbourne.—July 8, Two, by M. D. Young.
Tattlebank, near Ulverston.—June 18, Three, by J. L. Wilson.
Taynnilt, Argyllshire.—June 25, Five, by A. Macdougall.
Tydd St. Giles.—June 10, Four, by D. C. Chapman.
Upwell Tabernacle.—June 24, Two, by A. O. Batts.
Willingham.—July 8, Tabernacle, Ten, by W. Ruthven.
Ystrad Rhodda Tabernacle.—On May 17, Two, by M. H. Jones.

CONFESSION OF SIN—A SERMON WITH SEVEN TEXTS.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

My sermon this morning will have seven texts, and yet I pledge myself that there shall be but three different words in the whole of them ; for it so happens that the seven texts are all alike, occurring in seven different portions of God's holy Word. I shall require, however, to use the whole of them to exemplify different cases ; and I must request those of you who have brought your Bibles with you to refer to the texts as I shall mention them.

The subject of this morning's discourse will be this—CONFESSION OF SIN. We know that this is absolutely necessary to salvation. Unless there be a true and hearty confession of our sins to God, we have no promise that we shall find mercy through the blood of the Redeemer. "Whosoever confesseth his sins, and forsaketh them, shall find mercy." But there is no promise in the Bible as to the man who will not confess his sins. Yet, as upon every point of Scripture, there is a liability of being deceived, so more especially in the matter of confession of sin. There be many who make a confession, and a confession before God, who, notwithstanding, receive no blessing, because their confession has not in it certain marks which are required by God to prove it genuine and sincere, and which demonstrate it to be the work of the Holy Spirit. My text this morning consists of three words, "I have sinned." And you will see how these words, in the lips of different men, indicate very different feelings. While one says, "I have sinned," and receives forgiveness ; another we shall meet with says, "I have sinned," and goes his way to blacken himself with worse crimes than before, and dive into greater depths of sin than heretofore he had discovered.

THE HARDENED SINNER.

PHARAOH—"I have sinned."—*Exodus ix. 27.*

I. The first case I shall bring before you is that of the HARDENED SINNER, who, when under error, says, "I have sinned." And you will find the text in the book of Exodus, the 9th chapter and 27th verse : "And Pharaoh sent, and called for Moses and Aaron, and said unto them, I have sinned this time : the Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked."

But why this confession from the lips of the haughty tyrant ? He was not often wont to humble himself before Jehovah. Why doth the proud one bow himself ? You will judge of the value of his confession when you hear the circumstances under which it was made. "And Moses stretched forth his rod toward heaven ; and the Lord sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along upon the ground ; and the Lord rained hail upon the

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land of Egypt. So that there was hail, and fire mingled with the hail, very grievous, such as there was none like it in all the land of Egypt since it became a nation." "Now," says Pharaoh, whilst the thunder is rolling through the sky, while the lightning-flashes are setting the very ground on fire, and while the hail is descending in big lumps of ice, now, says he, "I have sinned." He is but a type and specimen of multitudes of the same class. How many a hardened rebel on shipboard, when the timbers are strained and creaking, when the mast is broken, and the ship is drifting before the gale, when the hungry waves are opening their mouths to swallow the ship up alive and quick as those that go into the pit—how many a hardened sailor has then bowed his knee, with tears in his eyes, and cried, "I have sinned!" But of what avail and of what value was his confession? The repentance that was born in the storm died in the calm; that repentance of his that was begotten amidst the thunder and the lightning, ceased so soon as all was hushed in quiet, and the man who was a pious mariner when on boardship became the most wicked and abominable of sailors when he placed his foot on *terra firma*. How often, too, have we seen this in a storm of thunder and lightning? Many a man's cheek is blanched when he hears the thunder rolling; the tears start to his eyes, and he cries, "O God, I have sinned!" while the rafters of his house are shaking, and the very ground beneath him reeling at the voice of God which is full of majesty. But, alas, for such a repentance! When the sun again shines, and the black clouds are withdrawn, sin comes again upon the man, and he becomes worse than before. How many of the same sort of confessions, too, have we seen in times of cholera, and fever, and pestilence? Then our churches have been crammed with hearers, who, because so many funerals have passed their doors, or so many have died in the street, could not refrain from going up to God's house to confess their sins. And under that visitation, when one, two, and three have been lying dead in the house, or next door, how many have thought they would really turn to God? But, alas! when the pestilence had done its work, conviction ceased; and when the bell had tolled the last time for a death caused by cholera, then their hearts ceased to beat with penitence, and their tears did flow no more.

Have I any such here this morning? I doubt not I have hardened persons who would scorn the very idea of religion, who would count me a cant and hypocrite if I should endeavour to press it home upon them, but who know right well that religion is true, and who feel it in their times of terror. If I have such here this morning, let me solemnly say to them, "Sirs, you have forgotten the feelings you had in your hours of alarm; but, remember, God has not forgotten the vows you then made." Sailor, you said if God would spare you to see the land again, you would be His servant; you are not so, you have lied against God, you have made Him a false promise, for you have never kept the vow which your lips did utter. You said, on a bed of sickness, that if He would spare your life you would never again sin as you did before; but here you are, and this week's sins shall speak for themselves. You are no better than you were before your sickness. Could'st thou lie to thy fellow-man, and yet go unreprieved? And thinkest thou that thou wilt lie against God, and yet go unpunished? No; the vow, however rashly made, is regis-

tered in heaven ; and though it be a vow which man cannot perform, yet, as it is a vow which he has made himself, and made voluntarily too, he shall be punished for the non-keeping it ; and God shall execute vengeance upon him at last, because he said he would turn from his ways, and then when the blow was removed he did it not. A great outcry has been raised of late against tickets-of-leave ; I have no doubt there are some men here who, before high heaven, stand in the same position as the ticket-of-leave men stand to our government. They were about to die, as they thought ; they promised good behaviour, if they might be spared, and they are here to-day on tickets-of-leave in this world : and how have they fulfilled their promise ? Justice might raise the same outcry against them as they do against the burglars so constantly let loose upon us. The avenging angel might say, "O God, these men said if they were spared, they would be so much better ; if anything, they are worse. How have they violated their promise, and how have they brought down Divine wrath upon their heads !" This is the first style of penitence ; and it is a style I hope none of you will imitate, for it is utterly worthless. It is of no use for you to say, "I have sinned," merely under the influence of terror, and then to forget it afterwards.

THE DOUBLE-MINDED MAN.

BALAAH—"I have sinned."—*Numbers xxii. 34.*

II. Now for a second text. I beg to introduce to you another character—the *double-minded man*, who says, "I have sinned," and feels that he has, and feels it deeply too, but who is so worldly-minded that he "loves the wages of unrighteousness." The character I have chosen to illustrate this is that of *Balaam*. Turn to the book of Numbers, the 22nd chapter and 34th verse : "And Balaam said unto the angel of the Lord, I have sinned."

"I have sinned," said Balaam ; but yet he went on with his sin afterwards. One of the strangest characters of the whole world is Balaam. I have often marvelled at that man ; he seems really in another sense to have come up to the lines of Ralph Erskine—

"To good and evil equal bent,
And both a devil and a saint."

For he did seem to be so. At times no man could speak more eloquently and more truthfully, and at other times he exhibited the most mean and sordid covetousness that could disgrace human nature. Think you see Balaam ; he stands upon the brow of the hill, and there lie the multitudes of Israel at his feet ; he is bidden to curse them, and he cries, "How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed ?" And God opening his eyes, he begins to tell even about the coming of Christ, and he says, "I shall see Him, but not now : I shall behold Him, but not nigh." And then he winds up his oration by saying—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." And ye will say of that man, he is a hopeful character. Wait till he has come off the brow of the hill, and ye will hear him give the most diabolical advice to the king of Moab which it was even possible for Satan himself to suggest. Said he to the king, "You cannot overthrow these people in battle, for God is with them ; try and entice them from their God." And ye know how

with wanton lusts they of Moab tried to entice the children of Israel from allegiance to Jehovah ; so that this man seemed to have the voice of an angel at one time, and yet the very soul of a devil in his bowels. He was a terrible character ; he was a man of two things, a man who went all the way with two things to a very great extent. I know the Scripture says, "No man can serve two masters." Now this is often misunderstood. Some read it, "No man can *serve two* masters." Yes, he can ; he can serve three or four. The way to read it is this : "No man can serve two *masters*." They cannot both be masters. He can serve two, but they cannot both be his master. A man can serve two who are not his masters, or twenty either ; he may live for twenty different purposes, but he cannot live for more than one master purpose—there can only be one master purpose in his soul. But Balaam laboured to serve two ; it was like the people of whom it was said, "They feared the Lord, and served other gods." Or like Rufus, who was a loaf of the same leaven ; for you know old king Rufus painted God on one side of his shield, and the devil on the other, and had underneath the motto "Ready for both ; catch who can." There are many such, who are ready for both. They meet a minister, and how pious and holy they are ! on the Sabbath they are the most respectable and upright people in the world, as you would think ; indeed they effect a drawling in their speech, which they think to be eminently religious. But on a week-day, if you want to find the greatest rogues and cheats, they are some of those men who are so sanctimonious in their piety. Now, rest assured, my hearers, that no confession of sin can be genuine, unless it be a whole-hearted one. It is of no use for you to say, "I have sinned," and then keep on sinning. "I have sinned," say you, and it is a fair, fair face you show ; but, alas ! alas ! for the sin you will go away and commit. Some men seem to be born with two characters. I remarked when in the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, a very fine statue of Lord Byron. The librarian said to me, "Stand here, sir." I looked, and I said, "What a fine intellectual countenance ! What a grand genius he was !" "Come here," he said, "to the other side." "Ah, what a demon ! There stands the man that could defy the Deity." He seemed to have such a scowl and such a dreadful leer in his face ; even as Milton would have painted Satan when he said—"Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." I turned away and said to the librarian, "Do you think the artist designed this ?" "Yes," he said ; "he wished to picture the two characters—the great, the grand, the almost superhuman genius that he possessed, and yet the enormous mass of sin that was in his soul." There are some men here of the same sort. I dare say, like Balaam, they would overthrow everything in argument with their enchantments ; they could work miracles ; and yet at the same time there is something about them which betrays a horrid character of sin, as great as that which would appear to be their character for righteousness. Balaam, you know, offered sacrifices to God upon the altar of Baal : that was just the type of his character. So many do ; they offer sacrifices to God on the shrine of Mammon ; and whilst they will give to the building of a church, and distribute to the poor, they will at the other door of their counting-house grind the poor for bread, and press the very blood out of the widow, that they may enrich themselves. Ah ! it is idle and useless for you to say "I have sinned" unless

you mean it from your heart. That double-minded man's confession is of no avail.

THE INSINCERE MAN.

SAUL—"I have sinned."—1 *Samuel* xv. 24.

III. And now a third character, and a third text. In the first book of Samuel, the 15th chapter and 24th verse: "And *Saul* said unto Samuel, I have sinned."

Here is the *insincere man*—the man who is not like Balaam, to a certain extent sincere in two things; but the man who is just the opposite—who has no prominent point in his character at all, but is moulded everlastingly by the circumstances that are passing over his head. Such a man was *Saul*. Samuel reproved him, and he said, "I have sinned." But he did not mean what he said; for if you read the whole verse you will find him saying, "I have sinned: for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and Thy words: *because I feared the people*," which was a lying excuse. Saul never feared anybody; he was always ready enough to do his own will—he was the despot. And just before he had pleaded another excuse, that he had saved the bullocks and lambs to offer to Jehovah, and therefore both excuses could not have been true. You remember, my friends, that the most prominent feature in the character of Saul was his insincerity. One day he fetched David from his bed, as he thought, to put him to death in his house. Another time he declares, "God forbid that I should do aught against thee, my son David." One day, because David saved his life, he said, "Thou art more righteous than I; I will do so no more." The day before he had gone out to fight against his own son-in-law, in order to slay him. Sometimes Saul was among the prophets, easily turned into a prophet, and then afterwards among the witches; sometimes in one place, and then another, and insincere in everything. How many such we have in every Christian assembly; men who are very easily moulded! Say what you please to them, they always agree with you. They have affectionate dispositions, very likely a tender conscience; but then the conscience is so remarkably tender that when touched it seems to give, and you are afraid to probe deeper,—it heals as soon as it is wounded. I think I used the very singular comparison before, which I must use again: that there are some men who seem to have india-rubber hearts. If you do but touch them, there is an impression made at once; but then it is of no use, it soon restores itself to its original character. You may press them whatever way you wish, they are so elastic you can always effect your purpose; but then they are not fixed in their character, and soon return to be what they were before. O sirs, too many of you have done the same; you have bowed your heads in church, and said, "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways;" and you did not mean what you said. You have come to your minister; you have said, "I repent of my sins;" you did not then feel you were a sinner; you only said it to please him. And now you attend the house of God; no one more impressible than you; the tear will run down your cheek in a moment, but yet, notwithstanding all that, the tear is dried as quickly as it is brought forth, and you remain to all intents and purposes the same as you were before. To say, "I have sinned," in an unmeaning

manner, is worse than worthless, for it is a mockery of God thus to confess with insincerity of heart.

I have been brief upon this character ; for it seemed to touch upon that of Balaam ; though any thinking man will at once see there was a real contrast between Saul and Balaam, even though there is an affinity between the two. Balaam was the great bad man, great in all he did ; Saul was little in everything except in stature—little in his good and little in his vice ; and he was too much of a fool to be desperately bad, though too wicked to be at any time good : while Balaam was great in both—the man who could at one time defy Jehovah, and yet at another time could say, “ If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the Word of the Lord my God, to do less or more.”

THE DOUBTFUL PENITENT.

ACHAN—“ I have sinned.”—*Joshua vii. 20.*

IV. And now I have to introduce to you a very interesting case ; it is the case of the doubtful penitent, the case of *Achan*, in the book of *Joshua*, the 7th chapter and the 20th verse : “ And Achan answered Joshua, indeed I have sinned.”

You know that Achan stole some of the prey from the city of Jericho—that he was discovered by lot, and put to death. I have singled this case out as the representative of some whose characters are doubtful on their death beds ; who do repent apparently, but of whom the most we can say is, that we hope their souls are saved at last, but indeed we cannot tell. Achan, you are aware, was stoned with stones, for defiling Israel. But I find in the *Mishna*, an old Jewish exposition of the Bible, these words, “ Joshua said to Achan, the Lord shall trouble thee *this* day.” And the note upon it is—“ He said *this* day, implying that he was only to be troubled in this life, by being stoned to death, but that God would have mercy on his soul, seeing that he had made a full confession of his sin.” And I, too, am inclined, from reading the chapter, to concur in the idea of my venerable and now glorified predecessor, Dr. Gill, in believing that Achan really was saved, although he was put to death for the crime, as an example. For you will observe how kindly Joshua spoke to him. He said, “ My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him ; and tell me now what thou hast done ; hide it not from me.” And you find Achan making a very full confession. He says, “ Indeed I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done. When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them, and took them ; and, behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it.” It seems so full a confession, that if I might be allowed to judge, I should say, “ I hope to meet Achan the sinner, before the throne of God.” But I find Matthew Henry has no such opinion ; and many other expositors consider that as his body was destroyed, so was his soul. I have, therefore, selected his case, as being one of doubtful repentance. Ah ! dear friends, it has been my lot to stand by many a death-bed, and to see many such a repentance as this ; I have seen the man, when worn to a skeleton, sustained by pillows in his bed ; and he has said, when I have talked to

him of judgment to come, "Sir, I feel I have been guilty, but Christ is good; I trust in Him." And I have said within myself, "I believe the man's soul is safe." But I have always come away with the melancholy reflection that I had no proof of it, beyond his own words; for it needs proof in acts and in future life, in order to sustain any firm conviction of a man's salvation. You know that great fact, that a physician once kept a record of a thousand persons who thought they were dying, and whom he thought were penitents; he wrote their names down in a book as those, who, if they had died, would go to heaven; they did not die, they lived; and he says that out of the whole thousand he had not three persons who turned out well afterwards, but they returned to their sins again, and were as bad as ever. Ah! dear friends, I hope none of you will have such a death-bed repentance as that; I hope your minister or your parents will not have to stand by your bedside, and then go away and say, "Poor fellow, I hope he is saved. But alas! death-bed repentances are such flimsy things; such poor, such trivial grounds of hope, that I am afraid, after all, his soul may be lost." Oh! to die with a full assurance; oh! to die with an abundant entrance, leaving a testimony behind that we have departed this life in peace! That is a far happier way than to die in a doubtful manner, lying sick, hovering between two worlds, and neither ourselves nor yet our friends knowing to which of the two worlds we are going. May God grant us grace to give in our lives evidences of true conversion, that our case may be not doubtful!

THE REPENTANCE OF DESPAIR.

JUDAS—"I have sinned."—*Matthew xxvii. 4.*

V. I shall not detain you too long, I trust, but I must now give you another bad case; the worst of all. It is the REPENTANCE OF DESPAIR. Will you turn to the 27th chapter of Matthew, and the 4th verse? There you have a dreadful case of the repentance of despair. You will recognize the character the moment I read the verse: "And Judas said, I have sinned." Yes, Judas the traitor, who had betrayed his Master, when he saw that his Master was condemned, "repented, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood, and cast down the pieces in the temple, and went" and what?—"and *hanged himself*." Here is the worst kind of repentance of all; in fact, I know not that I am justified in calling it repentance; it must be called remorse of conscience. But Judas did confess his sin, and then went and hanged himself. Oh! that dreadful, that terrible, that hideous confession of despair. Have you never seen it? If you never have, then bless God that you never were called to see such a sight. I have seen it once in my life, I pray God that I may never see it again,—the repentance of the man who sees death staring him in the face, and who says, "I have sinned." You tell him that Christ has died for sinners; and he answers, "There is no hope for me; I have cursed God to His face, I have defied Him; my day of grace I know is past; my conscience is seared with a hot iron; I am dying, and I know I shall be lost!" Such a case as that happened long ago, you know, and is on record—the case of Francis Spira—the most dreadful case, perhaps, except that of Judas, which is upon record in the memory

of man. Oh ! my hearers, will any of you have such a repentance ? If you do, it will be a beacon to all persons who sin in future ; if you have such a repentance as that, it will be a warning to generations yet to come. In the life of Benjamin Keach—and he also was one of my predecessors—I find the case of a man who had been a professor of religion, but had departed from the profession, and had gone into awful sin. When he came to die, Keach, with many other friends, went to see him, but they could never stay with him above five minutes at a time ; for he said, “ Get ye gone ; it is of no use your coming to me ; I have sinned away the Holy Ghost ; I am like Esau, I have sold my birthright, and though I seek it carefully with tears, I can never find it again.” And then he would repeat dreadful words, like these : “ My mouth is filled with gravel stones, and I drink wormwood day and night. Tell me not, tell me not of Christ ! I know He is a Saviour, but I hate Him and He hates me. I know I must die ; I know I must perish ! ” And then followed doleful cries, and hideous noises, such as none could bear. They returned again in his placid moments only to stir him up once more, and make him cry out in his despair, “ I am lost ! I am lost ! It is of no use your telling me anything about it ! ” Ah ! there may be a man here who may have such a death as that ; let me warn him, ere he come to it ; and may God the Holy Spirit grant that that man may be turned unto God, and made a true penitent, and then he need not have any more fear ; for he who has had his sins washed away in a Saviour’s blood, need not have any remorse for his sins, for they are pardoned through the Redeemer.

THE REPENTANCE OF THE SAINT.

JOB—“ I have sinned.”—*Job vi. 20.*

VI. And now I come into daylight. I have been taking you through dark and dreary confessions ; I shall detain you there no longer, but bring you out to the two good confessions which I have to read to you. The first is that of Job in the 7th chapter, at the 20th verse : “ I have sinned ; what shall I do unto Thee, O Thou preserver of men ? ” This is the *repentance of the saint*. Job was a saint, but he sinned. This is the repentance of the man who is a child of God already, an acceptable repentance before God. But as I intend to dwell upon this in the evening, I shall now leave it, for fear of wearying you. David was a specimen of this kind of repentance, and I would have you carefully study his penitential psalms, the language of which is ever full of weeping humility and earnest penitence.

THE BLESSED CONFESSION.

THE PRODIGAL—“ I have sinned.”—*Luke xv. 18.*

VII. I come now to the last instance which I shall mention ; it is the case of the prodigal. In Luke xv. 18, we find the prodigal says : “ Father, I have sinned.” Ob, here is a *blessed confession* ! Here is that which proves a man to be a regenerate character—“ Father, I have sinned.” Let me picture the scene. There is the prodigal ; he has run away from a good home and a kind father, and he has spent all his money with

harlots, and now he has none left. He goes to his old companions and asks them for relief. They laugh him to scorn. "Oh," says he, "you have drunk my wine many a day; I have always stood paymaster to you in all our revelries; will you not help me?" "Get you gone," they say; and he is turned out of doors. He goes to all his friends with whom he had associated, but no man gives him anything. At last a certain citizen of the country said,—"You want something to do, do you? Well, go and feed my swine." The poor prodigal, the son of a rich landowner, who had a great fortune of his own, has to go out to feed swine; and he a Jew too!—the worst employment (to his mind) to which he could be put. See him there, in squalid rags, feeding swine; and what are his wages? Why, so little, that he "would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine eat, but no man gave to him." Look, there he is, with the fellow commoners of the sty, in all his mire and filthiness. Suddenly a thought, put there by the good Spirit, strikes his mind. "How is it," says he, "that in my father's house there is bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger? I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants." Off he goes. He begs his way from town to town. Sometimes he gets a lift on a coach, perhaps, but at other times he goes trudging his way up barren hills and down desolate vales, all alone. And now at last he comes to the hill outside the village, and sees his father's house down below. There it is; the old poplar tree against it, and there are the stacks round which he and his brother used to run and play; and at the sight of the old homestead all the feelings and associations of his former life rush upon him, and tears run down his cheeks, and he is almost ready to run away again. He says, "I wonder whether father's dead. I daresay mother broke her heart when I went away; I always was her favourite. And if they are either of them alive, they will never see me again; they will shut the door in my face. What am I to do? I cannot go back, I am afraid to go forward." And while he was thus deliberating, his father had been walking on the housetop, looking out for his son; and though he could not see his father, his father could see him. Well, the father comes down stairs with all his might, runs up to him, and whilst he is thinking of running away, his father's arms are round his neck, and he falls to kissing him, like a loving father indeed, and then the son begins,—"Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son," and he was going to say, "Make me as one of thy hired servants." But his father puts his hand on his mouth. "No more of that," says he; "I forgive you all; you shall not say anything about being a hired servant—I will have none of that. Come along," says he, "come in, poor prodigal. Ho!" says he to the servants, "bring hither the best robe, and put it on him, and put shoes on his poor bleeding feet; and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry." Oh, what a precious reception for one of the chief of sinners! Good Matthew Henry says—"His father saw him, there were eyes of mercy; he ran to meet him, there were legs of mercy; he put his arms round his neck, there were arms of mercy; he kissed him there were kisses of mercy; he said to him

—there were words of mercy,—Bring hither the best robe, there were deeds of mercy, wonders of mercy—all mercy. Oh, what a God of mercy He is.”

Now, prodigal, you do the same. Has God put it into your heart? There are many who have been running away a long time now. Does God say “return”? Oh, I bid you return, then, for as surely as ever thou dost return He will take thee in. There never was a poor sinner yet who came to Christ, whom Christ turned away. If He turns you away, you will be the first. Oh, if you could but try Him! “Ah, sir, I am so black, so filthy, so vile.” Well come along with you—you cannot be blacker than the prodigal. Come to your Father’s house, and as surely as He is God He will keep His word—“Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.”

Oh, if I might hear that some had come to Christ this morning, I would indeed bless God! I must tell here, for the honour of God and Christ, one remarkable circumstance, and then I have done. You will remember that one morning I mentioned the case of an infidel who had been a scorner and scoffer, but who, through reading one of my printed sermons, had been brought to God’s house and then to God’s feet. Well, last Christmas day, the same infidel gathered together all his books, and went into the market-place at Norwich, and there made a public recantation of all his errors, and a profession of Christ, and then taking up all his books which he had written, and had in his house, on evil subjects, burned them in the sight of the people. I have blessed God for such a wonder of grace as that, and pray that there may be many more such, who, though they be born prodigal, will yet return home, saying, “I have sinned.”

UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

EIGHTEEN centuries have not sufficed to bring man to a complete and final understanding of the whole teaching of Christ. Every day more profound truths are discovered in His divine thoughts, in His sublime words. The deeper they are sounded, the more unfathomable seem their depths. The innumerable studies, and the preachings, yet more numberless, of which they have been made the subject, have deprived them of none of their glory and beauty, which seem, on the contrary, to augment with time, and which shine forth with fresh lustre whenever the breath of adverse criticism has sought to tarnish them.—REUSS’S *Christian Theology*.

NEVER trouble yourself with trouble, till trouble troubles you.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER IX.—NEEDED SPIRITUAL WORK.

TRUE to her purpose to consecrate herself to the service of Christ and of humanity, Miss Archer for twelve months, both with and without Miss Morrison, continued her visits to the houses of the poor. It was not long before she found out by experience that spiritual help was often needed in many cases, as much as, and even more than, monetary help. The kind expression of sympathy, the word in season, the judicious bit of counsel, the reading of a suitable chapter of God's blessed Word, or the brief touching prayer, frequently made impressions that tended to do good both for time and eternity. But how came it to pass that Miss Archer became qualified for work of this description ?

This question, it must be admitted, is an important one, and well deserves an answer. Had the worthy lady herself been asked when first she accompanied Miss Morrison on her rounds if she felt in any degree competent for the performance of such spiritual work, she would have given unhesitatingly an emphatic reply in the negative ; but she found out, as many beside her have found out, that latent talent is developed through the force of circumstances. Both natural and spiritual gifts increase and thrive through use. Unused talents die ; but well-used talents obtain vigorous life. The fakir's arm, held up for years, stiffens and withers ; but the blacksmith's arm, daily used at the

forge and anvil, grows brawny and powerful.

At first, by the bedsides of the sick and afflicted, Miss Archer's voice trembled as she ventured to engage in a brief prayer, or to expound a portion of God's Word, but a few trials served to drive all nervous feeling away, and so make her thoroughly at home in such exercises. It was then discovered, first by others, and then slowly by herself, that in this respect she really had a gift that she could place at the Master's service ; and in her weekly visits she found that she had abundant opportunity of putting it into practice. Her sympathy for the suffering and deserving poor became intense ; and as from time to time she heard their touching and often thrilling stories of conflict and patient endurance, she felt drawn out to impart to them all the spiritual consolation that it was in her power to bestow. How largely this was the case may be gathered from the following narrations, given to Mr. Luke Briton on going his rounds :—

"I am sorry to hear, Mrs. Cramp," said Mr. Briton, on entering a newly-made widow's house, "that you have lost your husband, and that your poor boy has met with a serious accident !"

"It's too true, sir, it is ; and I know not what I should have done if the Lord had not been my helper. You remember that when you called last my poor husband lay in a very weak condition. The doctor said there was no hope for

him, though he might linger for a few weeks, as typhoid fever, followed by serious inflammation of the lungs, had proved too much for his delicate constitution. But a fortnight before he died, and just as we had spent the last of our savings, my lad—you know, I've only one, the oldest, and four girls—got into a good situation, where he would earn ten shillings a week, and the joy that it gave us you can hardly imagine. It seemed as if our Heavenly Father had let us go to the end of the tether, and then had stretched forth His hand to help us. But he had not been at work two days when a neighbour came running in, and she said: 'Oh! Mrs. Cramp, your son has met with an accident.' 'Is he dead?' I asked, my heart beating wildly. 'No,' she said, 'but they've just taken him to the hospital, with his hand and arm crushed by machinery.' Without waiting to hear another word, I put my bonnet on, and rushed to the hospital. He had not been in a quarter of an hour, and the surgeon had bound his arm up till an examination could be made. They said I might see him as I was his mother, but I mustn't stop long. Then the matron took me up into the ward, and there he lay in bed, looking as pale as death. 'Oh! Robert,' I said, 'how came this about? Are you hurt much?' He then told me that it was a pure accident; that he stumbled, and putting forth his hand to save himself, he got it caught in the machine as the rollers were whirling round, and both hand and arm were so crushed that the surgeon said the arm would, he feared, have that afternoon to be amputated."

"Which arm was it?" asked Mr. Briton.

"Unfortunately it was his right

arm: and that made it worse. Seeing me cry, he tried to comfort me, and he said: 'Mother, don't cry; if my hand has to be taken off, they'll give me chloroform, and I sha'n't feel it, and when I come out of the hospital cured I shall be able to do something, you'll see.' Then he thought of his father lying so low, and fearing that it would shock him too much, he said: 'Mother, don't tell father; please don't!' So I was compelled to leave him; and my sufferings that afternoon when I thought what my poor dear lad might be passing through, you may imagine. In the evening, a messenger came from the hospital, saying, that the arm as well as the hand had been so crushed that the doctors had been compelled to take it off above the elbow, and that the operation had been successfully performed, and he was doing very well. Now Satan set in upon me, and he said: 'There now: what do you think of God's providence? Just as you thought you were delivered, and were praising God for your son getting this situation at such a critical time, the very situation itself has proved a curse to him and to you all; and you are worse off in every respect than ever.' What could I say to that? All night long I lay tossing upon my bed, unable to get even a moment's sleep, thinking about it. It did seem not only mysterious, but hard and cruel, for us to be treated so. So rebellious did I feel that I thought I could never trust God's providence again, and I almost said as much. But that very morning who should come in but Miss Archer. She had fortunately seen the account of the accident in the newspaper, and having called on me before two or three times with Miss Morrison, she came straight

away to see how I was. No sooner did I see her kind, loving, sympathetic face than I felt subdued in a moment : it seemed as if an angel of mercy had suddenly been sent to me by the God against whom I was rebelling : and before even she could speak I sank down before her in a chair, and I sobbed and cried as if my heart would break. Then what do you think she did ? In her sweet, loving way, she placed her two hands on mine, and, looking me softly in the face, she said, in a subdued voice, 'Jesus said, The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink of it ?' She said no more then, but oh ! how those words went to my heart ! The sufferings of Jesus rose before me ; and I thought if He drank the bitter cup right up to the very dregs for me, should I refuse to taste it for God's glory ? The thought completely broke me down ; all my rebellion seemed to fly away at once, and from my very heart, I said, 'It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.' The consolation she tried to give me then I shall never forget ; and when on leaving she kindly slipped two sovereigns into my hand, and would hardly stop to receive my thanks, you may think, Mr. Briton, how grateful I felt, both to God and to her. Ah ! if ever there was a Christian lady in this world, I am sure it is Miss Archer."

Another case given to Mr. Briton was exceedingly touching. Entering a certain house in his district, he found that death had entered the dwelling. When he had visited it a month before there were six inmates in it, but now there were but four. The widowed mother briefly told him the sad story. "You know, Mr. Briton," she said, "what three fine children my

daughter had : there were not three bonnier children, I think, in the street. But two of them were taken ill with fever, and, in spite of all that the doctor could do, they died, one on one day, and the other the next. To add then to our troubles, the baby was attacked with bronchitis, and we thought she would die, too. So my daughter said, 'Oh, mother, do go and ask Miss Archer if she would come and see me, and just say a word or two to help me to bear up.' So I went, and asked her if she would be so kind as to come and see my daughter, and she said she would immediately. And when she came in, she saw a sight. There in one room lay the two dear children, a brother and sister, covered with a white sheet, and in this room sat my poor daughter with the baby wrapped in hot blankets, moaning with pain. I could see the tears rolling down Miss Archer's cheeks as she looked at us, and said : 'This is hard, very hard !' My poor daughter said, 'It is, ma'am ; but it is God's will.' 'Ah !' said Miss Archer, 'it is, and though hard to bear now, you will yet, perhaps, live to see that there is mercy in it. Your dear children are both safe in the arms of Jesus, and they cannot be in better keeping ; and now, if you will but seek the Lord earnestly, looking upon this heavy trial as a call for you to do so, you will meet your dear children in heaven, and be parted from them no more for ever. I am glad you say it is God's will, and if you feel that, you must know that, whether we see it or not, that will is always the wisest and best ; and this you will prove if it only leads you to give yourself to the Saviour.' Then, Mr. Briton, having said that, she knelt down by my daughter's side, and

she offered such a beautiful prayer, so feeling, and so full of sympathy, such as I never heard in my life. You can hardly tell how those kind words and that prayer helped my daughter in her trouble. She got through the funeral well, and, strange to relate, from the very hour Miss Archer came and offered that prayer, baby seemed to revive and be able to take some nourishment, and so is now nearly well. But the best news, Mr. Briton, remains yet to be told. That visit has made my daughter decide for the Lord, and become a real Christian, and I've seen a difference in her husband, too, which makes me hope that he will give his heart to the Lord also."

A third case related to the worthy missionary will show how a sterling Christian worker also was helped by Miss Archer. In the course of visitation Miss Archer happened to come across her while she was reading a chapter by the bedside of an aged invalid. Then she learned that although the humble visitor was comparatively poor, and but partially employed, yet she devoted her leisure time to various kinds of mission work in schools, meetings and houses, and had been made a blessing to many both old and young. To invite her to Swan Villa, after further acquaintance, was perfectly natural on the part of Miss Archer ; and as from time to time she made known the needs of various cases she came in contact with, donations were entrusted to her by which many obtained needful help. But willing as this humble worker was in this way to aid others, no pressure on the part of Miss Archer could induce her for a moment to accept such aid for herself. "Freely," she said, "she had received, and freely she would give," and so not unless she was

absolutely in need herself would she receive a single farthing. And this resolution she kept to the last. Unexpectedly, however, the Master called her home. In visiting a wretched case in a garret, on coming downstairs in the dim light she trod upon a rotten step, which, giving way, precipitated her from nearly the top to the bottom, and caused concussion of the brain. She was at once conveyed in an insensible state home, and visited by a medical man. In the course of a few hours she was restored to consciousness, but the doctor held out no hope of life. "She might," he said, 'linger a day or two, but the other injuries she had received made a fatal termination certain.' As soon as possible Miss Archer was sent for, and when she reached her humble friend's bedside it was seen that she could not last long—that she was, in fact, dying. But directly she saw Miss Archer enter her eyes brightened, and a sweet smile played over her face. Grasping her hand, she managed to express her grateful thanks for the pecuniary aid which Miss Archer's kind donations, entrusted to her, had enabled her to render to others, for which she prayed the Lord to reward her ; and then referring to her accident, she said, cheerfully : "You see, dear Miss Archer, I fell from the step, and it has brought me to this ; but, I'm happy, O ! so happy now, for 'It's only a step to Jesus.'" She could say no more ; and shortly afterwards entered into rest.

From the lips of an eye-witness this touching narrative was given to Mr. Briton ; and as he heard it, and thought of many other cases in which Miss Archer's spiritual labours in sorrowful homes had proved far more productive of good than even her monetary gifts ; and

more, especially, of the great good effected by both combined, his heart swelled with gratitude to God for crowning with such great success that remarkable visit of his

to Swan Villa, when he so urgently and effectively, not only pleaded with her to give her money, but herself also to mission work.

(To be continued.)

"THE HOP-PICKERS' MISSION."

AN APPEAL BY J. BURNHAM.

WITH the return of September we shall again be brought into contact with thousands of the poor from court and alley, who pay their annual visit to the hop-gardens of Kent and Sussex, and, as in former years, we are very anxious to be a means of blessing to them, temporally and spiritually. If funds permit, we hope again to employ ten or twelve missionaries, to visit camp and garden, and to conduct open-air and tent services.

We need parcels of boots and clothing to enable us to shield many of the poor shoeless and thinly-clad from the inclemency of the weather; also contributions to help us meet the somewhat heavy, though economical, expenditure of the month over our wide area of service.

As many of our noble helpers of former years have "gone home," we urgently appeal for others in their places.

Parcels of tracts or clothing should be carriage paid to Rev. J. J. Kendon, Marden Station, S.E.R. Contributions to Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Upper Norwood, London; Rev. J. J. Kendon, Goudhurst, Kent; or to J. Burnham, Brentford, Middlesex.

Some temptations come to the industrious: but *all* temptations attack the idle. Notice the invention used by country people to catch wasps. They will put a little liquor into a long and narrow-necked phial. The do-nothing wasp comes by, smells the sweet liquor, plunges in, and is drowned. But the bee comes by, and if she does stop for a moment to smell, yet she enters not, because she has honey of her own to make; she is too busy in the common-wealth to indulge herself with the tempting sweets. Master Greenham, a Puritan divine, was once waited upon by a woman who was greatly tempted. Upon making enquiries into her way of life, he found she had little to do, and Greenham said. "This is the secret of your being so much tempted: sister, If you are very busy Satan may tempt you, but he will not easily prevail, and he will soon give up the attempt." So Christians are not tempted of the devil so much as they do tempt the devil to tempt them. Idleness sets the door of the heart ajar, and asks Satan to come in; but if we are occupied from morning till night, if Satan shall get in, he must break through the door. Under Sovereign grace, and next to faith, there is no better shield against temptation than being "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."—SPURGEON.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects

NIGH UNTO GOD.

ADDRESS FOR THE YOUNG.

"By which we draw nigh unto God."
Heb. vii. 19.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I am anxious to address you once more, for it gives me pleasure thus, by the help of God, to speak a word by way of encouragement and stimulation that you may be led to love Jesus. I wish now to say a word or two on this subject; it is one that concerns you all, and I trust that you may be led to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I.—*Mankind is at a distance from God.*—I do not mean but what God is near every one of us, and sees all that we do; but we have broken His holy commandments, and gone astray like lost sheep, and followed our own way: and our own ways are sinful and at variance with God. When Adam sinned in the beautiful garden of Eden, this distance began, and thus introduced sin and death in the world. Was not this a sad thing?

A little boy once said: "We have soiled our characters by sin."

II.—*We may be brought nigh.*—Many there are who do not care about God, who still keep at a distance, still remain in their sins; yet there is no need of keeping away, for He delighteth in mercy, and there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Let me tell you what a little girl said that was

very ill—this little girl was lying in St. George's Hospital very weak and ill. She said to her mother: "I am not afraid to die, Jesus is very near to me."

III.—*There is only one way.*—Jesus said, when upon earth, "I am the way; no man can come to the Father but by Me." Jesus has made perfect salvation for us. He has made the way by His death and sufferings. We can have a place in that beautiful home above when we die if we are in the love of Jesus; I hope you will love Him. Princess Elizabeth (daughter of Charles I.), who was imprisoned in Carisbrooke Castle, after her father's execution, was found dead one day with her head leaning on her Bible, which was open at the words—"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There is her monument in Newport Church, (erected by our Queen) in marble, reclining on a Bible with this text.

Dear young friends, may you from this time ask the Lord Jesus to bring you nigh to Him by His pardoning love. When you have done with the things of this life may you go to that land above free from all pain and suffering. This life is one which should be our schooling days, preparing for that beautiful land above. Seek Jesus even now; He will help you if you look to Him.

THOMAS HEATH,
Sunday School Superintendent.
Plymouth.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE PEW AND PULPIT.

By REV. DAWSON BURNS, D.D.

No. I.

Pulpit : I am delighted to see you, my dear Pew ; a good attendance is a great encouragement to the anxious minister.

Pew : And don't you think, my dear Pulpit, that the attendance would be better if more suitable means were adopted to ensure it ?

Pulpit : That is what we are striving after, and any judicious suggestions will be gratefully received.

Pew : But suppose the suggestions had reference to a change in the conduct of the Pulpit ?

Pulpit : I hope these would be accepted in the kindly spirit in which they were offered ; but to what do you allude ?

Pew : Well, you see that among us Dissenters the sermon occupies a much more prominent place than it does in the service of the Church of England, and people who go to chapel for the sake of the sermon want it to be of a specially interesting character.

Pulpit : That may be so, but can the motive in that case be justified ? ought not the house of God to be visited because of the devotional exercises, and not because of the opinion formed concerning the preacher ?

Pew : But the arrangement of our service gives a peculiar importance to the sermon, and it cannot be expected that the people should think little of that part of the service which equals in duration all other parts put together ; besides, the preacher himself would not feel it a compliment that his discourse

should excite little attention or produce a trifling impression.

Pulpit : But do the hearers always make sufficient allowance for the difficulties of the preacher ?

Pew : Perhaps not ; but considering that the composition of a sermon costs considerable thought, should not the delivery of tens of thousands of sermons every Sunday produce a greater result than is apparent ?

Pulpit : Of course you would not hold the pulpit accountable for the want of the effect which the Truth itself ought to produce.

Pew : Not altogether ; but can it be denied that sermons are often deficient in awakening an interest without which no good effect is possible ?

Pulpit : Granting that you are partially correct, how do you explain it ?

Pew : In many cases because the sermons are written productions, and, being read, are subject to the inevitable drawbacks of such a delivery, if delivery it can be called. It is a practice which, if my memory serves me, is increasing ; the only advantage it possesses is that of greater precision of language ; but this is not to be weighed for a moment against the loss of that effectiveness which pertains to un-read addresses. Reading would not be tolerated at the Bar, and it is forbidden in Parliament.

Pulpit : Yet some eminent preachers have been readers of their sermons.

Pew : Yet the exceptions are so few as to prove the rule ; in reality such preachers can scarcely be said to read, for their eyes are more directed to the audience than to the written page. Broadly stated, reading a sermon is not preaching, and at the very best it must lose much of the effect which preaching is designed to produce.

Pulpit : The substance of the discourse, however, may be very instructive.

Pew : Yes, if attention were excited ; but the act of reading tends to diminish or extinguish that spirit of attention which is necessary to the desired impression.

Pulpit : You would not recommend a purely extempore system ?

Pew : Not if by extempore is meant the absence of previous thought and preparation in the preacher, but there is no need of such an alternative ; he can surely think out his subject before he enters the pulpit, and can assist his memory by notes.

Pulpit : Some men find it difficult to fix upon the most suitable expressions without previous writing or committing them to memory.

Pew : The cure for this is practise, and not persistency in an evil habit. Facility of expression will come in time ; and, if it does not, the preacher may fairly conclude that he has mistaken his vocation.

Pulpit : In what other way do you think the sermon fails where it ought to succeed ?

Pew : In cases not a few by the tameness of the composition or the sameness of the ideas, or both.

Pulpit : Will you explain this a little more fully ?

Pew : As to tameness, this may depend upon manner or matter or their conjunction. Many preachers seem to have no conception of the liveliness of action without which they can expect no liveliness of attention ; the matter, too, may be of a mere humdrum character, formed of expressions used a thousand times before, and which have lost all their power of impression if they ever possessed any. The ideas also may be wanting in variety and without the illustrations, which, if drawn from history, nature, or common

life, would at once awaken the interest of the hearer. How can it be expected that such preaching can have the power of filling places of worship, though its power of emptying them is unquestionable.

Pulpit : What would you suggest by way of amendment ?

Pew : Preachers should feel that they have a duty to discharge to God, and the people, by using every legitimate means to act upon the intelligence, the heart, and the conscience ; and for this purpose they should be willing to take as much pains as professors of elocution or actors in a theatre.

Pulpit : But if men are themselves interested in their subject, will they not naturally treat it so as to interest others in it ?

Pew : It might be thought so ; but experience is against theory. It would be uncharitable to conclude that all the uninteresting preachers take little or no interest in their own discourses, but they clearly show that they do not study to be interesting.

Pulpit : They may consider that the greatness of the subjects discoursed upon ought to impress their congregations.

Pew : If they did there would be little reason for preaching about them ; but since preaching is considered necessary, those who preach ought to consider it necessary to adopt every lawful means of rendering their discourses useful and impressive.

Pulpit : You do not leave out of sight the all-important work of the Divine Spirit ?

Pew : I should deprecate such a thought ; but I am speaking of what is needful on man's part, and to devolve this upon the Divine Spirit is not to honour Him. It is gross presumption you will allow, to expect that He will make amends for

the wilful omissions and faults of preachers of the Word.

Pulpit : Did your reference to sameness of ideas include the presentation of Divine Truth in what has been called the old-fashioned and stereotyped manner?

Pew : In good part it does, for I can see no reason why the truths of the Scripture should not be presented in forms of language as fresh and unhackneyed as those which speakers and writers on other themes find it desirable to employ.

Pulpit : But the truths themselves cannot be increased.

Pew : Even if it were certain, as it is not, that the discovery of truth in religion was at an end, it would not follow that ideas or representative forms, much less illustrations and analogies, could not be indefinitely multiplied. God has built up the universe, with its countless varieties, out of a few primary substances, and there is no reason why the preacher should not so deal with the truths of Scripture so as to invest his treatment of them with the charm of freshness instead of the repulsion of monotony.

Pulpit : The simplicity of the Gospel might be in danger if too much scope were given to human fancy and speculation.

Pew : There are two species of simplicity, and there is no simplicity greater than that of supposing that verbal repetitions and stale phraseology will quicken thought and emotion in a hearer ; the pew must be allowed to know how it is affected, and it must also be permitted to have its rights as well as its duties.

Pulpit : Thank you, my dear Pew, for that last word, and when we next meet you will perhaps permit me to say a few words upon the duties of the Pew : you have to-day vindicated its privilege of plain speaking.

LESSONS FROM A BORROWED AXE.

By AN OLD MINISTER.

"Alas, Master ! for it was borrowed."

—2 Kings vi. 5.

I. We learn that the people of God are generally poor people. They have to borrow. These sons of the prophets had to borrow an axe to fell timber wherewith to enlarge their habitation.

II. That the people of God are people who are respected. No one would lend anything to another unless he respected him—unless he had confidence that he would return such to the owner. Poverty is no hindrance to respect. Persons may be very poor and yet command respect.

III. That the people of God are conscientious. They are not ashamed to acknowledge when they use borrowed things.

IV. That they are deeply grieved if they cannot return what they have borrowed. "Alas, Master ! for it was borrowed." It was the fact that the axe was not their own that so troubled them, when it fell into the water.

Application—Take special care of borrowed things.

THE SAME.

By THE REV. W. ABBOTT.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—Heb. xiii. 8.

The testimony of the text to Jesus Christ is the spirit of the Gospel, and the spirit of the Christian life.

The text is a concise summary of Christ's history. The history of the

four Gospels is unique. No other history has the same personal application to us, the same personal claim upon us. In the history of a great man, his ideas may strike us and his character impress us. In the history of Christ, He comes before us as our chief Friend, because the Saviour, the Saviour of the race, the Saviour of the generations, "the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe."

In the four Gospels we have the ideal Christ, and in the ideal the real Christ, His all-sufficiency meeting man's insufficiency. Suppose a gifted writer—with knowledge of man's moral estate, but no knowledge of Christ's history—were to sketch a Saviour, it would be totally different from that of the Gospels, and not one in which the sinner could trust.

The history of Christ is spiritual, and cannot be written. We have the verbal history, but there is vital beneath it, and this the Holy Spirit reveals to the sinner saved by Jesus Christ.

We have a great circle, circumference in the text, "yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." We have also the great central presence filling the great circumference: Jesus Christ filling the past, the present, and the future. We have the Christ of greatness, graciousness, and glory.

The train of thought suggested by the text is simple, and will take us somewhat through the range of Christian experience.

1. "Jesus Christ the same," as *showing mercy to sinners*. Mercy is the purpose of Christ's mission to man. The Father sent the Son on this errand of mercy, and who was in His element in its execution. He suffered the justice due to sinners, that He might show mercy to them. His mercy enlightens, softens, par-

dons, frees, makes them loyal and happy. Jesus still shows mercy; it is the news of His gospel, the power of its action, the hope of the suppliant, the joy of the saved.

2. "Jesus Christ the same," as *the object of the believer's confidence*. The Gospel is the published testimony respecting Christ. It is "the faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance." As we hear the Gospel we believe it, and as we become intimate with Christ we have confidence in Him. As we know and love Christ, so we trust in Him. "For I know Him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed to Him against that day." Little faith also seeks to the great Christ, and little hope expects the great portion, and neither shall be disappointed, for Christ is able and willing to secure them the treasure and the joy. "The bruised reed will He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench."

3. "Jesus Christ the same," as *the source of consolation to the tried believer*. Christ says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, in Me ye may have peace; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." Something great for Christ to say; and something good for us. He that saves us from our sins, also consoles us in our sorrows. The Gospel that preaches pardon also preaches comfort. The spring of love in Christ's heart makes streams of joy in His Word. "He is able to succour them that are tempted," and as willing as able, for His ability includes His willingness.

4. "Jesus Christ the same," as *the example to the active believer*. Christ saves us, seeks our service, shows us how to do it, and rewards us for it. He presses His claims

upon us with wise words, and in loving spirit, and says His servants shall be His friends. He finds all His disciples something to do in the many departments of Christian service. He converts and claims our hearts, gifts and lives.

5. "Jesus Christ the same," as *the help of the persevering believer*. He bids us persevere and make progress, and assures us that His grace is sufficient, that His grace is made perfect in weakness, and helps us to "press on towards the goal for the prize." He quickens within us the willing spirit that seeks supplies of mercy and grace, to plod on in the narrow way that leads to life.

6. "Jesus Christ the same," as *the believer's peace in death*. Peace

the gift through Jesus the peace-maker, and by the spirit quieting and cheering the soul. Amidst the weakness and suffering of dying, the bright and peaceful presence of Jesus calms and comforts, and assures of victory and reward.

7. "Jesus Christ the same," as *the chief joy of heaven*. Then shall we know in the presence of the Saviour the full joy of being saved, of having all our sins cleansed away, all our tears wiped away, and our entrance into life, knowledge, love, rest, freedom, and happiness of the Father's home. Jesus Christ will "present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

Blunham.

GARMENTS of praise should be our continual clothing. If we only praise God on high days and public occasions, we do no more than hypocrites and Pharisees. Even publicans and sinners will give God a good word when their days are bright; but we must bless Him when the tempest threatens. They will say, "Thank God," when they have fine weather for their pleasures, or count up a good day's takings in their shop; but only the child of God will praise the Lord in the dark while smarting under His rod.—SPURGEON.

REVIEWS.

Our notice of Books and Magazines we must defer until next month.

SO NEAR.

By Rev. J. CLARK, NICTAUX, N.S.

So near the cleansing Fountain,
In this the gospel day,
O guilty one! awaken,
And wash thy sins away.

So near the Refuge-City,
Then why not enter in?
Pass through the open gateway,
And life eternal win.

So near the fold of Jesus,
No longer stay outside;
Come, find a peaceful shelter
Where God's redeemed abide.

So near the loving Saviour,
Why stand in fear and doubt?
In simple faith approach Him,
He will not cast thee out.

So near the great Physician,
Go, touch His garment's hem;
See, while His saints adore Him,
What grace has done for them.

So near the Ark of safety,
Arise, and enter thou;
The storm of wrath is bursting!
O soul! escape it *now*!

REFRAIN.

Salvation, peace, and pardon,
The Lord will freely give;
The way of life is easy,
'Tis only Look and Live.

GLEANINGS OF THE VINTAGE ; OR, BREAD-CRUMBS OF DIVINE
TEACHING.

By the late Rev. W. POOLE BALFERN.

WE often go to God from a sense of duty merely, and not delight; and hence our prayers are often cold and perfunctory, fail to touch the heart of God, or to quicken ourselves and others.

Prayer is a duty; but to the heart of a child, filialised by love, it is a privilege and delight; delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.

The measure of our religion is the measure of our love, showing itself in habitual fellowship with our Father.

It is more to me, and better than the sweetest feelings; these change with the day and hour, and therefore are not to be trusted; but Himself only, of whom it is written, that He rests on His love, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

There may be a strong faith, without much joy; a good hope, which sustains, but does not bring ecstasy; and a deep love of affection, without emotion.

We pity the blind, literally, who have no eyes to see the beauty of the visible universe, and no ears to listen to its sublime music; how much more should the Christian pity those who have no eyes to perceive the glory of the spiritual world, and no ears to hear the divine music of the Gospel of peace.

If the natural sun has so much power to brighten and cheer natural life, how much more must Christ, who made it, have, the Sun of Righteousness Himself, to brighten, cheer, and elevate our spiritual life, whatever our circumstances or position may be!

There will be no printed Bibles in heaven, perhaps, but the whole of the Truth will be there in Christ Himself, and written upon the hearts of His redeemed; and all its wisdom, love, and beauty will shine forth, and be for ever illustrated in their perfection, experience, blessedness, and glory for ever before the throne of God.

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

Do we need proof from Scripture of the necessity of the Holy Spirit's influence,—that more than love and truth are required in the Church and for the world? Mark David's language: "Oh! how I love Thy laws; it is my meditation all the day." Yet he adds, "Quicken *Thou* me; open *Thou* mine eyes." Was ever teacher more truthful, more tender, and loving than our Lord? Yet who believed His report? And Scripture, without excusing the guilt of His hearers, ascribes the comparative failure of His personal ministry to the fact that the Spirit was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified. His apostles were less holy and less loving than He, yet Peter's first sermon converted more to the faith and obedience of the Gospel than did the ministry of our Lord during His whole life. They went on preaching, and warned men day and night with tears, yet they succeeded only as "the hand of the Lord was with them." It was Divine seed they scattered, and they were inspired teachers who scattered it; yet they asked "Who is Paul? and who is Apollos? Ministers, mere servants, by whom ye believed, even as *God gave every man.*" The weapons of their warfare when mighty were mighty through God. How cheering the promise, "I will put My Spirit within you, and ye shall keep My statutes and do them"! How appropriate the acknowledgment, "Her heart the Lord opened, that she attended to the things that were spoken by Paul"! How instructive the prayer, "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost"! and "May He grant you to be strengthened with all might by His Spirit in the inner man"! We cannot get rid of these teachings; we desire not to get rid of them; and they all tell us that, over and above the power of truth and the influence of a winning, loving, temper, there is a *power in reserve* and available for us all, a Holy Spirit given by our Father to all that seek Him.—DR. ANGUS.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. J. G. RAWs, co-pastor with Dr. McLaren, of Manchester, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the Harrogate Church to become its first minister. He expects to enter on his labours in March next, on Dr. McLaren's return from visiting the churches in Australia.

Rev. Samuel Roberts, late of Llangollen College, has entered on the pastorate of the English Church at Holyhead.

Rev. F. A. Hogbin, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of Clarence Road Church, Southend-on-Sea.

Rev. W. Julyan has, on account of ill-health, resigned the pastorate at Back Street, Trowbridge.

Rev. E. E. Fisk has resigned the pastorate of Wood Street, Walthamstow.

Rev. A. Parker, of Colne, has accepted the invitation of the church at Harpole, Northampton.

Rev. C. Saville, of Speen, has accepted the pastorate at Great Marlow, Bucks.

Rev. F. R. Bateman has accepted the pastorate at Twickenham.

Rev. G. Wainwright, of Manchester, has accepted the invitation to Westbourne, Bournemouth.

Rev. E. A. Hobby, of the Pastors' College, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Balsall Heath Road, Birmingham.

Rev. D. Jones, who has laboured or nearly nine years at Fabius Church, Liverpool, has resigned his pastorate, having accepted an invitation from the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the Jews to act as one of their deputies.

Rev. W. J. Mayers has signified to his people at City Road Chapel,

Bristol, his acceptance of Dr. Barnardo's offer to join him in his work.

Rev. B. Davies, of Manchester College, has accepted the pastorate of Bolton Road Church, Darwen.

Rev. W. Luke Crathern, of New Park Street, Holyhead, has accepted a call of the church at Appledore, North Devon.

RECOGNITIONS.

Rev. R. O. JOHNS has been recognised as co-pastor with Dr. Davies of Bethesda Church, Haverfordwest. Rev. W. Edwards gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. D. B. Richards addressed the church. Rev. G. P. Gould delivered an address on "Denominational Principles." Rev. Dr. Davies gave a cordial welcome to Mr. Johns on behalf of himself and the church, and said that fifty years had passed since a recognition service had been held there, and he hoped it would be many years before another would be needed.

The recognition of Rev. J. Frank Toone, B.A., of Regent's Park College, as pastor at Tiverton, has been held. Dr. Angus, Principal of the College, delivered the address to the pastor, Rev. H. Wright, of Clifton, offering the ordination prayer. Revs. B. Miller and H. G. Weston (Wesleyan), Mr. H. Mudford, one of the deacons, and the pastor took part. In the evening after tea a meeting was held, Rev. E. Edwards, President of the Devon Association, presiding. Addresses were delivered by Revs. E. Edwards, Dr. Angus, B. Miller, H. Wright, and J. Bandle (Bible Christian).

The recognition of Rev. G. Wilson as pastor of Commercial Road Church, Oxford, has been held. Rev. W. Stott, of St. John's Wood,

preached in the afternoon. At the meeting in the evening Mr. G. C. Amphlett presided. Congratulatory addresses were delivery by the chairman, Revs. T. Bentley, W. Stott, J. S. Williams, J. Dann, and Mr. J. E. Salter.

The recognition of Rev. J. Morgan Houston as the first pastor of London Street Church, Southport, was held in the Cambridge Hall. The Mayor (Mr. E. J. Rimmer), who presided, in welcoming Mr. Houston, said that the Christian Church was becoming less sectarian than ever in its history. Dr. E. Parker, of Manchester College, gave the charge to the church, and trusted they would soon be able to leave the Temperance Hall and have a building of their own. Mr. A. Bowland having made the statement on behalf of the church, Mr. Houston responded. Rev. W. A. Blake offered prayer, and Rev. D. P. McPherson gave the charge to the minister.

Rev. W. Ruthven has been recognised as pastor at the Tabernacle, Willington, Cambs. Professor Gracey, of the Pastors' College, preached in the afternoon, and a public meeting was held in the evening.

The public recognition of Rev. J. Preece as pastor of the Baptist Church, Maidenhead, took place on Thursday, July 19th. Tea was served from five to six o'clock, a recognition service was held from 6.30 to 8.40. The company included visitors from Windsor, Fifeild, Waltham, Reading, High Wycombe, etc. At the latter service the chapel was crowded, Rev. J. Cave (Wokingham) presiding.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE opening of the new chapel at Loose, near Maidstone, took place on Wednesday, July 11th. Rev. W. Barker, of Hastings, preached in the afternoon. Mr. John Barker presided at the meeting in the evening. He congratulated the friends on the

opening of their chapel, and promised them his help till the debt was removed. He had sought to enlist the sympathy of the vicar, but he had replied that "it was impossible for him to identify himself with it." Mr. Handel Cossham, M.P., in his address vindicated the noble efforts of the Nonconformists of bygone days. The Mayor of Maidstone, Rev. W. Barker, Mr. Joseph Barker, Mr. Pearne, and Mr. Graham took part in the meeting. The latter stated that the cost of the chapel was £1,000. Over £300 was required, which would be reduced by £100 raised that day.

The foundation-stone of a chapel to accommodate 100 persons, to be erected at a cost of £200, has been laid at Shillingford, where members of the church at Bampton have for years conducted cottage services. Revs. E. Scott, E. Edwards, B. Miller, W. Tavender, and J. F. Toone took part.

The memorial stone of a new chapel at Sunny Bank, Golcar, has been laid by Mr. R. MacShaw, of Longwood. The building will cost £800, and will accommodate 250 persons.

On Tuesday, July 10th, three memorial-stones, in connection with the enlargement of Fillebrook Chapel, Fairlop Road, Leytonstone, were laid by Rev. J. Bradford, the pastor, Mr. G. A. Hutchinson, the treasurer, and Mr. H. E. Lester, a deacon of the church and president of the Essex Association, who each gave £25 to the fund. Addresses were given by the chairman, Mr. W. E. Wittingham, and Rev. C. B. Symes. Mr. W. Payne presided at the evening meeting, and Mr. Symes, Mr. T. Wickham and others took part. The enlargement includes side galleries and a new west end to the church, giving increased accommodation for 300, with ladies' vestries, a new organ, etc., costing £1,750, of which £650 is in hand. This was supplemented by the day's contributions, which amounted to £260.

Memorial-stones of the New Brompton Tabernacle have been laid by Mr. G. H. Dean, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Andrews, Miss Cramphorn, Mr. Boyman, Mrs. Tunbridge, Miss Bennett, Mr. F. F. Belsey, J.P., Mr. G. Church (High Constable of Chatham), Dr. Warron (High Constable of Gillingham), Mr. S. J. Hart, Mr. W. T. C. Palmer, Mr. R. H. Andrews, Mr. J. Nicholson, Mr. A. Rodgers, and Mr. R. Sheepwash. In the evening a large audience gathered in the Town-hall, under the presidency of Mr. G. Dean, supported by Revs. T. Hancocks, J. Doubleday, G. Miller, J. B. Allen, T. Kinpe, S. Leithwood, and other gentlemen. Over £300 was given to the fund during the day. The chapel will seat 638, and the school will accommodate 600 scholars. The cost will be about £3,500.

CROUCH END.—On Thursday afternoon, July 19th, a large company met to witness the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Baptist Chapel, now being erected at the corner of Weston Park and Ferme Park Road, N. The proceedings having been opened by singing and prayer, the Revs. R. P. Cook and J. Batey made statements in reference to the enterprise, which was inaugurated five years ago. Mr. George Brewis, treasurer, then presented to Dr. Clifford, President of the Baptist Union, a silver trowel and mallet with which to lay the stone. After making a few remarks, Dr. Clifford announced, amid hearty cheering, that the stone was "well and truly" laid. Gifts were then presented, including £50 from Dr. Clifford, and £60 5s. 6d. by J. Batey, given and collected by the friends of the little chapel in Crouch End. The President was supported by the Revs. J. T. Wigner, vice-president, W. Stott, Chairman of the London Baptist Association, J. R. Wood, of Holloway, A. Rowland, LL.B., of Crouch End Congregational Church, E. D. Braimbridge, J. Hunt Cooke, editor of the *Freeman*, W. J. Avery, Dr. Kirton, F. A. Jones, Secretary of the

London Baptist Association, W. H. Smith, A. B. Middleditch, of Finchley, and J. Batey, honorary pastor of Crouch End Baptist Church. Mr. Batey, in his address, said, "If it be inquired *who* and *what* we are, we answer, first, we are Christians. In common with all Evangelical denominations, we believe in the Divine Inspiration of Holy Scripture. The Deity, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Sacrificial and Mediatorial work of Jesus Christ. Secondly, we are Nonconformists. We hold that the Church of Christ is independent of State patronage and control. Thirdly, we are Baptists. And fourthly, in Church Polity, we are Congregationalists. Our ideal is a 'Free Church in a Free Nation.' We believe in 'Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality.' Our language is, 'Is thy heart right? Then give me thy hand.' We shall gladly unite with all other Christians in this part of the North of London in all good works. A tea and public meeting were held in the evening in the Lecture Hall of Park Chapel, Crouch End, when Mr. Carvell Williams, presided. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Clifford, G. W. McCree, W. T. Adey, E. D. Braimbridge, Mr. G. Brewis, and R. F. Griffiths, Barrister-at-Law. The proceeds of the day amounted to £395. The General Baptist Home Mission gives £1,500. The total cost will be £5,000. It will seat 650. The school-room will be beneath the chapel. It is to be finished by the end of the year. J. W. Chapman, Esq., is the architect.

PRESENTATIONS.

DERBY.—Farewell Meeting and Testimonials.—On Monday evening, July 30th, a public tea and meeting were held at St. Mary's Gate Chapel, Derby, to bid farewell to Rev. T. R. Stevenson upon his retirement from the pastorate. About 400 of the church and congregation attended the former,

and about 800 the latter meeting. The chair was occupied by Mr. E. C. Ellis (deacon), and the presentation of a beautifully illuminated address and frame and a purse of 100 guineas was made by Mr. Samuel Hall (deacon) and Sunday School superintendent) on behalf of the subscribers. The proceedings were characterised by much enthusiasm, and regret on every hand at separation of pastor and people was the universal expression of feeling. Representatives were present from most of the Nonconformist churches of the town, all of whom spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Stevenson's ability, industry, and Christian sympathy.

Rev. A. C. Carter, on returning from his wedding tour, has been presented by the church at Queensbury with an illuminated address and an oak time-piece.

The past and present members of the Bible-class at Tiverton Chapel recently presented Mr. D. Powell, the senior deacon, with a portrait group of seventy-five members, on his retirement as leader of the class.

Mr. Pearson, the leader of the choir at Uffculme Chapel, has been presented with a silver pen-and-pencil-case on leaving the district.

Rev. T. Griffiths, on leaving for America, was presented on Tuesday evening by the congregation of Cottenham Street Chapel, Liverpool, with a cheque for £25, as a token of esteem and affection after three years' labour amongst them.

Rev. W. H. Broad has been presented by the church at Cotton Street, Poplar, with a testimonial of regard and sympathy with him on the death of his only child.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE church at Wellington Square, Hastings, has just celebrated the silver wedding of the pastor, Rev. W. Barker, and his church, and the jubilee of the chapel, erected in

1838 by Mr. Joseph Fletcher, of Limehouse, as a thank-offering for the recovery of his daughter's health. Sermons were preached by the Rev. James Spurgeon and Rev. C. H. Spurgeon the Congregational Chapel, in Robertson Street, lent for the purpose, was crowded on the occasion. The financial results were of a most encouraging character.

POPULAR AND BROMLEY TABERNACLE.—The first anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. W. Knight Chaplin was recently celebrated at a public meeting, presided over by Colonel Griffin. Dr. Barnardo delivered an address upon "Helpers in the War." The report stated that a wonderful work had been accomplished during the year. One hundred and seventy-six persons had been received into church fellowship, and, after making allowance for fifty-eight transferred to form a new church in a neighbouring mission hall, there was a clear increase of eighty-one in the membership. The attendance at the Sunday evening service had increased to about 1,200. Seventy thousand visits had been paid to the homes of the people, and 100,000 tracts distributed. An average of twenty meetings were held every week. Thirty-two persons had confessed Christ in baptism during the month of July.

HOREB ENGLISH BAPTIST CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOLS, NANTYMOEL, OGMORE VALLEY.—On Sunday and Monday, July 29th and 30th, the anniversary and tea meeting of the above took place under the able management of the superintendent. Mr. Edward Evans, and his efficient and faithful staff of Sabbath school teachers. On Sunday at 11 a.m., 2 and 6 p.m., the happy children repeated their recitations both in poetry and prose; and on Monday were abundantly regaled with tea and cake to the number of nearly 300. The collections at the close of each service were liberal, and the choral singing most choice and pleasing. The chapel was well filled

again after the tea to hear the children's recitations and the choir's cultured singing, led by Messrs. W. Evans, S. Rowe, and L. Griffiths.

RECENT DEATHS.

ONE of the oldest members of the Fishergate Church, Preston, entered into rest on the 3rd of June, after a few days' illness. Mrs. Shaw, who was in the 75th year of her age, was the widow of the late William Shaw, for many years a deacon of the church. She was baptized more than fifty years ago in the river Lune. She died, as she lived, trusting in Jesus. Mr. and Mrs. Shaw lived to see not only all their children members of baptist churches, but also their grandchildren members and workers in a Baptist church.

BAPTISMS.

Altrincham, Tabernacle.—August 2, Three, by H. Mowbray.
Ayr, N.B.—July 18, Five; July 20, Two, by J. Horne.
Hardwell, Suffolk.—August 5, Five, by G. F. Wall.
Birkenhead, Jackson-street.—July 17, Six, by G. Lydiatt.
Birmingham, Longmore-street.—July 29, Three, by A. T. Greening.
Caerleon, Mon.—July 22, Three, by R. D. B. Jones.
Caersus, Mont.—August 2, One, by D. E. Hughes.
Cefn, Ebenezer.—June 24, One; July 22, One, by Thos. Thomas.
Chatham.—August 1, Two, by T. Hancocks.
Cwmifor.—August 5, One, by M. Jones.
Falmouth.—July 29, Eight, by C. T. Johnson.
Farsley, Leeds.—July 29, Eleven, by J. Whitehead.
Great Marlow, Glade-road.—July 15, Two, by D. Wilton.
Gladestry.—July 29, One, by G. Phillips.
Guernsey, St. Sampson's.—July 31, Four, by F. T. Snell.
Harlington.—July 29, Two, by F. T. Smythe.
Hasingden, near Manchester.—August 5, Five, by W. C. Annesley.
Kelso, N.B.—July 15, Two, by E. Last.
Kington.—July 22, Six, by G. Wright.
Maesteg, Glam.—July 29, Nine, by P. Griffiths.
Marlborough, South Devon.—July 26, Two, by G. F. Owen.

Merthyr, Morlais.—July 29, Three, by J. Morgan.
Metropolitan District:—
Acton.—June 17, Eight; July 22, Nine, by W. A. Davis.
Chiswick, Annandale-road.—August 2, Five, by J. Simmance.
Clapham, Grafton-square.—August 2, Two, by T. Hanger.
Hampton Court.—July 8, Four; July 25, One, by A. Hall.
Penge, Maple-road.—August 1, Six, by J. W. Bond.
Poplar and Bromley Tabernacle.—During July 32, by W. K. Chaplin.
Thornton Heath.—August 1, Two, by W. Harraid.
Mochdre, Mont.—Aug. 4, Two, by R. Jones.
Middleton.—July 26, One; July 29, Three, by H. Watts.
Milur, Flintshire.—July 29, Three, by E. Williams.
Morrison, Olydach-road.—July 15, Three.—Grove-place: August 5, Three, by W. John.
Neath, Orchard-place. July 29, Five, by A. F. Mills.
New Mill, Tring.—August 1, Three, by L. B. Foskett.
Norbiton, Bunyan.—July 29, Two by J. Clark.
North Curry, Somersetshire.—July 29, One by W. Fry.
Old Buckenham.—August 5, Two, by A. K. Davidson.
Oldham, First Church.—July 29, Eight, by W. F. Edgerton.
Pembroke Dock, Bush-street.—July 13, Three, by R. C. Roberts.
Pontllynn.—July 22, Four, by T. T. Jones.
Pontypridd, Carmel.—August 5, Four, by E. E. Probert.
Preston, Pole-street.—July 29, One, by G. Goodchild.
Prickwillow, Camts.—August 5, Six, by A. D. Campbell.
Royleigh, Essex.—June 27, Three, by J. Bridge.
Rochester.—July 16, Five, by G. A. Miller.
Redhill, London-road.—July 29, Three, by W. Hetherington.
Smethwick.—August 5, Three, by W. H. Purchase.
Swansea, Carnarthen-road.—July 29, Two, by W. J. John.
Swansea.—Mount Zion, July 8, Two; August 5, Five, by J. Roberts.
Trehafod, Pontypridd, Glamorganshire.—July 15, Two, by J. T. Morgan.
Tunbridge Wells.—July 23, Nine, by J. Smith.
Upwell Tabernacle.—July 29, One, by A. O. Batts.
Warrington, Golborne-street.—July 29 and August 2, Five, by E. Moore.
Wealdstone.—July 29, Five, by E. T. Davis.
Weston Turville, Bucks.—July 26, Three, by J. Appleby.
Woolaston, Northants.—August 5, Two, by A. Lester.

FEAR NOT.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.—Isaiah xli. 14.

I SHALL speak this morning to those that are discouraged, depressed in spirit, and sore troubled in the Christian life. There are certain nights of exceeding great darkness, through which the spirit has to grope in much pain and misery, and during which much of the comfort of the Word is particularly needed. Those seasons occur in this manner. Frequently they occur at the outset of a religious life. A young man, deeply impressed under the ministry, has been led to feel the weight of sin; he trusts also he has been led to look for salvation to the Christ who is preached in the gospel. In the young ardour of his spirit he devotes himself wholly to Christ; with the most solemn vows he dedicates body, soul, time, talents, all that he has, to the great work of serving God; he thinks it easy to fulfil his vow; he doth not count the cost; he reckons it will be easy to forsake gay companions, to renounce old-established habits, and to become a Christian. Alas! before many days he finds out his mistake; if he did not reckon without his host he certainly reckoned without his heart, for his evil heart of unbelief had deceived him, he knew not how hard would be the struggle, and how desperate the wrestling between his old evil nature and the new-born principle of grace within him. He finds it to be like the rending off of right arms to give up old and cherished habits; he discovers it to be painful to renounce his former pursuits, as painful as it would be to pluck out his right eye. He sits down then, and he says, "If this be the trouble at the outset, what may I expect as I proceed? Oh, my soul, thou wast too fast in dedicating thyself to God; thou hast undertaken a warfare which thy prowess can never accomplish; thou hast started on a journey for which thy strength is not adequate; let me again return unto the world;" and if the Spirit saith, "Nay, thou canst not," then the poor soul sits itself down in deep misery, and cries, "I cannot go back and I cannot go forward; what must I do? I am exceedingly discouraged because of the way." The same feeling often overcomes the most valiant Christian veteran. He who has been long experienced in the things of the divine life will sometimes be overtaken with a dark night and a stormy tempest; so dark will be the night, that he will not know his right hand from his left, and so horrible the tempest, that he cannot hear the sweet words of his Master say, "Fear not, I am with thee." Periodical tornadoes and hurricanes will sweep o'er the Christian; he will be subjected to as many trials in his spirit as trials in his flesh. This much I know, if it be not so with all of you it is so with me. I have to speak to-day to myself; and whilst I shall be endeavouring to encourage those who are distressed and downhearted, I shall be preaching, I trust, to myself, for I need something

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which shall cheer my heart—why I cannot tell, wherefore I do not know ; but I have a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet me ; my soul is cast down within me, I feel as if I had rather die than live ; all that God hath done by me seems to be forgotten, and my spirit flags and my courage breaks down with the thought of that which is to come. I need your prayers ; I need God's Holy Spirit ; and I felt that I could not preach to-day, unless I should preach in such a way as to encourage you and to encourage myself in the good work and labour of the Lord Jesus Christ.

What a precious promise to the young Christian, or to the old Christian attacked by lowness of spirits and distress of mind ! “ Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel ; I will help thee, saith the Lord, and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.” Christian brethren, there are some in this congregation, I hope many, who have solemnly devoted themselves to the cause and service of the Lord Jesus Christ : let them hear, then, the preparation which is necessary for this service set forth in the words of our text. First, *before we can do any great things for Christ there must be a sense of weakness* : “ Worm Jacob.” Secondly, *there must be trust in promised strength* ; and thirdly, *there must be fear removed by that promise* : “ Fear not, for I will help thee.”

I. In the first place, the first qualification for serving God with any amount of success, and for doing God's work well and triumphantly, is A SENSE OF OUR OWN WEAKNESS. When God's warrior marches forth to battle with plumed helmet, and with mail about his loins, strong in his own majesty—when he says, “ I know that I shall conquer, my own right arm and my mighty sword shall get unto me the victory,” defeat is not far distant. God will not go forth with that man who goeth forth in his own strength. He who reckoneth on victory, having first calculated his own might, has reckoned wrongly, “ for it is not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” They that go forth to fight, boasting that they can do it, shall return with their banners trailed in the dust, and with their armour stained with defeat ; for God will not go forth with the man who goeth forth in his own strength. God hath said it ; men must serve Him : they must serve Him in His own way, and they must serve Him in His own strength too, or He will never accept their service. That which man doth, unaided by Divine strength, God never can accept. The mere fruits of the earth He casteth away ; He will only have that, the seed of which was sown from heaven, sprinkled in the heart, and harvested by the sun of grace. There must be a consciousness of weakness before there can be any victory.

I think I hear many saying to-day, “ Well, sir, if that be a qualification for doing much, I have it to a very large extent.” Well, do not marvel, do not wonder. Depend on this : God will empty out all that thou hast before He will ever put His own into thee ; He will first empty all thy granaries, before He will fill them with the finest of wheat. The river of God is full of water, but there is not one drop of it that takes its rise in earthly springs. God will have no strength used in His own battles but the strength which He Himself imparts : and I would not have you that are now distressed in the least discouraged by it. Your emptiness is but the preparation for your being filled, and your casting down is but the making ready for your lifting up.

Are there others of you that would almost desire to be cast down that they might be prepared to serve God? Let me tell you, then, how you can promote in yourself a sense of your own nothingness. The text addresses us as worms. Now, the mere rationalist, the man who boasts of the dignity of human nature, will never subscribe his name to such a title as this. "Worm," says he, "I am no worm! I am a man; a man is the most glorious thing that God has made; I am not going to be called a worm; I am a man—I can do anything; I want not your revelations; they may be fit for children, for men of childish minds that only learn by believing: I am a man; I can think out truth; I will make my own Bible, fashion my own ladder, and mount on it to heaven, if there be a heaven, or make a heaven, if that be all, and dwell in it myself." Not so, however, he who is wise and understandeth; he knows that he is a worm, and he knows it in this way:

First, he knows it by *contemplation*. He that thinks will always think himself little. Men who have no brains are always great men; but those who think, must think their own pride down—if God is with them in their thinking. Lift up now your eyes, behold the heavens, the work of God's fingers; behold the sun guided in his daily march; go ye forth at midnight, and behold the heavens; consider the stars and the moon; look ye upon these works of God's hands, and if ye be men of sense and your souls are attuned to the high music of the spheres ye will say, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" My God! when I survey the boundless fields of ether, and see those ponderous orbs rolling therein—when I consider how vast are Thy dominions—so wide that an angel's wing might flap to all eternity and never reach a boundary—I marvel that Thou shouldst look on insects so obscure as man. I have taken to myself the microscope and seen the ephamera upon the leaf, and I have called him small. I will not call him so again; compared with me he is great, if I put myself into comparison with God. I am so little, that I shrink into nothingness when I behold the Almighty of Jehovah—so little, that the difference between the animalculæ and man dwindles into nothing when compared with the infinite chasm between God and man. Let your mind rove upon the great doctrines of the Godhead; consider the existence of God from before the foundations of the world; behold Him who is, and was, and is to come, the Almighty; let your soul comprehend as much as it can of the Infinite, and grasp as much as possible of the Eternal, and I am sure if you have minds at all, they will shrink with awe. The tall archangel bows himself before his Master's throne, and we shall cast ourselves into the lowest dust when we feel what base nothings, what insignificant specks we are, when compared with our all-adorable Creator. Labour, O soul, to know thy nothingness, and learn it by *contemplating God's greatness*.

Again, if you want to know your own nothingness consider *what you are in suffering*. I was thinking the other evening how small a matter it must be with God to cast any man into the most unutterable agony. We are well and in good spirits; we know not why, but it seems as if God's finger had touched one nerve, but one poor nerve, and we are so miserable that we could sit down and weep; we do not know how to bear ourselves. But half an hour ago we could have "smiled at Satan's rage,

and faced a frowning world ; " and God does but put His hand on our heart, and just let one of the strings run loose, and what discord there is in our spirits ; we are annoyed at the slightest matter ; we wish to be continually alone ; the very promises yield us no comfort ; our days are nights, and our nights are black as Gehenna. We know not how to endure ourselves. How easily, then, can God cast us into misery ! O man, what a little thing thou art, if so little a thing can overthrow thee. Ye have heard men talk big words when they have been prosperous ; did you ever hear them talk so when they were in deep distress, and great anguish and sorrow ? No ; then they say, " Am I a sea or a whale that Thou settest a watch upon me ? What am I, that thou shouldst visit me every morning and chasten me every night ? Let me alone, until I swallow down my spittle. Why am I sore vexed ? What am I, that Thou shouldst make me a butt for thine arrows, and a target for thy wrath ? Spare me, O my God, for I am less than nothing ; I am but a shadow that passeth away and declineth. Oh deal not hardly with Thy servant, for Thy mercies' sake." Great sorrow will always make a man think little of himself, if God blesseth it to him.

Again : if you would know your own weakness, *try some great labour for Christ*. I can understand how some minister who preaches to his hundred-and-fifty on a Sabbath day, and regards himself as having a large congregation, should be very precise about the colour of his cravat, and about the respect that is paid to his dignity in his little church ; I can well comprehend how he should be as big as my Lord Archbishop—because he does nothing ; he has nothing at all to try him ; but I cannot imagine Martin Luther standing before the Diet at Worms, being proud because he had to do such a deed as that. I cannot conceive John Calvin in his incessant labours for Christ, leading on the Reformation, and teaching the truth of God with power, saying to himself, " Lo ! this great Babylon have I have builded." I can suppose the man that has nothing to do and that is doing nothing, sitting down in devout complacency with his own adorable self ; but I cannot conceive, if you nerve yourselves to great labours, but what you will have to say, " Lord, what a worm am I that Thou shouldst call me to such a work as this ! " Turn, if you please, to the history of all men who have done great deeds for God, and you will find them saying, " I marvel that God should use methus ! " " This day my mind was exceedingly cast down," says one of them, " for God had called me to a great labour, and I never felt so much of my own insufficiency as I did to-day." Says another, " I have to-morrow to do such-and-such an eminent service for my Master, and I can say that when I was in my low estate, I was often exalted above measure, but this day my God has cast me into the lowest depths at the recollection of the work for which He has engaged me." Go and do something, some of you, and I will be bound to say it will be the means of pricking that fair bubble of your pride, and letting some of it blow away. If you would understand what is meant by being a worm, go and do what the 15th verse says the worm should do—go and thrash the mountains, and beat them small ; make the hills as chaff fanned by the wind, scatter them, and then rejoice in God ; and if you can do that,

" The more God's glories strike your eyes,
The humbler you will lie."

Devout contemplation, sharp suffering, hard labour—all these will teach us what little creatures we are. Oh! may God by all means and every means keep us, well understanding and knowing that we are nothing more and nothing better than worms!

How easy it is, my brethren, for you and I to fly up! How hard to keep down! That demon of pride was born with us, and it will not die one hour before us. It is so woven into the very warp and woof of our nature, that till we are wrapped in our winding-sheets we shall never hear the last of it. If any man telleth me that he is humble, I know him to be profoundly proud; and if any man will not acknowledge this truth, that he is desperately inclined to self-exaltation, let him know that his denial of this truth is the best proof of it. Do you know what is the sweetest flattery in all the world? It is that flattery that Cæsar's courtiers of old gave to him, when they said Cæsar hated flattery, being then most highly flattered. We do not hate flattery, any one of us; we all like it. We do not like it if it is labelled flattery; but we like it if it is given in a little underhand fashion. We all love praise.

“The proud to gain it toils on toils endure,
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.”

We all love it, every soul of us, and it is right and meet that we should all bow before God, and acknowledge that pride which is woven into our nature, and ask Him to teach us what little things we are, that we may claim this promise—“Fear not, thou worm Jacob.”

II. Now the next point. Before devoting ourselves to Christ, or doing any great labour for the Saviour, it is necessary THERE SHOULD BE TRUST IN THE PROMISED STRENGTH. “I will help thee, saith the LORD, and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.” It is a certain fact, that though men be worms, they do what worms never could do; although men be nothing, they do accomplish deeds which need even the power of the Infinite to rival them. How shall we account for this? Certainly it is not the worms; it must be some secret energy which gives them might. The mystery is unravelled in the text. “I will help thee, saith the Lord.” In ancient history, there is a story told of a valiant captain whose banner was always foremost in the fight, whose sword was dreaded by his enemies, for it was the herald of slaughter and of victory. His monarch once demanded of him that he should send this potent sword to him to be examined. The monarch took the sword, quietly criticised it, and sent it back with this message—“I see nothing wonderful in the sword; I cannot understand why any man should be afraid of it.” The captain sent back in the most respectful manner a message of this kind: “Your Majesty has been pleased to examine the sword, but I did not send the arm that wielded it; if you had examined that, and the heart that guided the arm, you would have understood the mystery.” And now we look at men, and see what men have done, and we say, “I cannot understand this; how was it done?” “Why, we are only seeing the sword; if we could see the heart of infinite love that guided that man in his onward course, we should not wonder that he, as God's sword, gained the victory. Now, the Christian may remember, that little though he be, God is with him; God will help him, and that right early. Brethren, I like a man who, when he begins to do anything, is afraid of himself, and says, “It is

of no use ; I cannot do it." Let him alone : he will do it. He is all right. The man who says, "Oh, there is nothing in it, I can do it," will break down to a dead certainty. But let him begin by saying, "I know what I am at, and I feel confident I cannot do it unless I have something more given to me than I feel to-day ;" that man will come back with flying banners, the trumpets proclaiming that he has been victorious. But it must be because he puts reliance upon help promised. Now Christian, I see you this morning ready to run away from the battle ; you have been so dispirited this last week, through divers adverse circumstances, that you are ready to give up your religion. Now, man, here is a brother comrade that is passing through just the same ; he comes here this morning, half inclined to run off to Tarshish, like Jonah did of old, only he could not find a boat, or else he might have sailed away ; and he has come here to pat you on the shoulder and say, "Brother, do not let you and I play deserters, after all ; let us up to arms, and still fight for our Master ; for the promise says, "I will help thee." Brother, what an all-sufficient promise that is—"I will help thee." Why, it matters not what God has given us to do ; if He helps us we can do it. Give me God to help me, and I will split the world in halves, and shiver it till it shall be smaller than the dust of the threshing floor ; ay, and if God be with me, this breath could blow whole worlds about, as the child bloweth a bubble.

There is no saying what man can do when God is with him. Give God to a man, and he can do all things. Put God into a man's arm, and he may have only the jawbone of an ass to fight with, but he will lay the Philistines in heaps ; put God into a man's hand, and he may have a giant to deal with, and nothing but a sling and a stone ; but he will lodge the stone in the giant's brow before long ; put God into a man's eye, and he will flash defiance on kings and princes ; put God into a man's lip, and he will speak right honestly though his death should be the wages of his speech. There is no fear of a man who has got God with him ; he is all-sufficient ; there is nothing beyond his power. And, my brethren, what an opportune help God's is ! God's help always comes in at the right time. We are often making a fuss because God does not help us when we do not want to be helped. "Oh ! says one, "I do not think that I could die for Christ ; I feel I could not ; I wish I felt that I had strength enough to die." Well, you just won't feel that, because you are not going to die, and God will not give you strength to die with, to lay up till the dying time comes. Wait till ye are dying, and then He will give you strength to die. "Oh !" says another, "I wish I felt as strong in prayer as So-and-so." But you do not want so much strength in prayer, and you shall not have it. You shall have what you want, and you shall have it when you want it ; but you shall not have it before. Ah, I have often cried to God and desired that I might feel happy before I began to preach—that I might feel I could preach to the people. I could never get it at all. And yet sometimes God hath been pleased to cheer me as I have going along, and given me strength that has been equal to my day. So it must be with you. God will come in when you want Him—not one minute before, nor yet one minute later. "I will help thee." I will help thee when thou needest help ! And oh ! brethren what an ennobling thing it is

to be helped by God ! To be helped by a fellow-man is no disgrace, but it is no honour ; but to be helped by God, what an honour that is ! When the Christian prophet preacheth his Master's word, and feels that he has girded about his loins the belt of the Almighty, to strengthen him for his day's work, that he may not fear the people, what a noble being he is then ! When the Christian philanthropist goes into the prison, in the midst of reeking disease and death, and feels that God has put the wing of the angel over him, to shield him in the day of pestilence, how it ennobles and honours him to have God with him ! To have His strength girding his loins and nerving his arm, is just the highest thing to which man can attain. I thought but yesterday, "Oh, if I were a cherub I would stand with wings outstretched, and I would bless God for opportunities for serving Him ;" but I thought within myself, "I have an opportunity of serving God, but I am too weak for it. O my God, I wish Thou hadst not put the load on me." And then it struck me, "Do the cherubim and seraphim ever say that ? Do they ever for a moment say, 'I have not strength enough to do it !'" No, if a cherub had a work to do which was beyond his might, he would meekly bow his head and say, "My Lord ; I fly, I fly ! He that commanded the deed will enable me to perform it." And so must the Christian say : "My God, dost Thou command ? It is enough : 'tis done. Thou never didst send us to a warfare at our own charges, and Thou wilt never do so ; Thou wilt help us, and be with us to the end."

Before we can do much, then, we must know our own weakness, and believe God's strength.

III. And now comes the last point, upon which I shall be brief. We must, then, LABOUR TO GET RID, AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE OF FEAR. The prophet says, "Fear not ;" thou art a worm, but do not fear ; God will help thee ; why shouldst thou fear ? Let us labour to get rid of fear, when we are certain we are serving our Master. And let these be our reasons :

Get rid of fear, *because fear is painful*. How it torments the spirit ! When the Christian trusts, he is happy ; when he doubts he is miserable. When the believer looks to his Master and relies upon Him, He can sing ; when he doubts his Master, he can only groan. What miserable wretches the most faithful Christians are when they once begin doubting and fearing ! It is a trade I never like to meddle with, because it never pays the expenses, and never brings any profit—the trade of doubting. Why, the soul is broken in pieces, lanced, pricked with knives, dissolved, racked, pained. It knoweth not how to exist when it gives way to fear. Up, Christian ! thou art of a sorrowful countenance ; up, and chase thy fears. Why wouldst thou be for ever groaning in thy dungeon ? Why should the Giant Despair for ever beat thee with his crabtree cudgel ? Up ! drive him away ! touch the key of the promises ; be of good cheer ! Fear never helped thee yet, and it never will.

Fear, too, is *weakening*. Make a man afraid—he will run at his own shadow ; make a man brave, and he will stand before an army and overcome them. He will never do much good in the world who is afraid of men. The fear of God bringeth blessings, but the fear of men bringeth a snare, and such a snare that many feet have been tripped by it. No man shall be faithful to God, if he is fearful of man ; no man shall find

his arm sufficient for him and his might equal to his emergencies unless he can confidently believe, and quietly wait. We must not fear ; for fear is weakening.

Again, we must not fear ; fear *dishonours God*. Doubt the Eternal, distrust the Omnipotent ? Oh, traitorous fear ! thinkest thou that the arm which piled the heavens, and sustains the pillars of the earth shall ever be palsied ? Shall the brow which eternal ages have rolled over without scathing it, at last be furrowed by old age ? What ! shall the Eternal fail thee ? Shall the faithful Promiser break His oath ? Thou dishonourest God, O unbelief ! Get thee hence ! God is too wise to err, too good to be unkind ; leave off doubting Him, and begin to trust Him, for in so doing, thou wilt put a crown on His head, but in doubting Him thou dost trample His crown beneath thy feet.

And lastly, doubt not the Lord, O Christian ; for in so doing *thou dost lower thyself*. The more thou believest, the greater thou art ; but the more thou doubtst, the less thou becomest. It was said of the world's conqueror, that when he was sick, he puled like a child. "Give me some drink," cried one, like a sick girl, it was said to his dishonour. And is it not to the dishonour of a Christian, who lives in secret on his God, and professes to trust alone in Him, that he cannot trust Him ; that a little child will overcome his faith ? Oh, poor cockle-shell boat, that is upset by a rain-drop ! O poor puny Christian that is overcome by every straw, that stumbles at every stone ! Then, Christian men, behave like men ! It is childish to doubt ; it is manhood's glory to trust. Plant your foot upon the immovable Rock of Ages ; lift your eye to heaven ; scorn the world ; never play craven ; bend your fist in the world's face, and bid defiance to it and hell, and you are a man, and noble. But crouch and cringe, and dread and doubt, and you have lost your Christian dignity, and are no longer what you should be. You do not honour God. 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob ; I will help thee, saith the Lord.' Then why shouldst thou fear ?

I feel that my voice fails me, and with it my very powers of thought too, and therefore I can only turn to my comrades in arms, in the good war of Christ, and I say to them, brethren, you and I can do nothing of ourselves ; we are poor puny things ; but let us attempt great things, for God is with us. Let us dare great things for God will not leave us. Remember what He has done aforetime ; and remember what He has done of old He will do again. Remember David the shepherd-boy. Think ye well of Shamgar, with his ox-goad. Forget ye not the jawbone of the ass, and the stone from the sling. If these worked wonders, why should not we ? If little things have done great things, let us try to do great things also. You know not, ye atoms, but that your destiny is sublime. Try and make it so by faith ; and the least of you may be mighty through the strength of God. Oh for grace to trust God, and there is no telling what ye can do. Worms, ye are nothing, but ye have eaten princes ; worms, ye are nothing, but ye have devoured the roots of cedars, and laid them level with the earth ; worms, ye are nothing, but ye have piled rocks in the deep, deep sea, and wrecked mighty navies ; worms, ye have eaten through the keel of the proudest ship that ever sailed the ocean. If ye have done this yourselves, what cannot we do ? your strength lies in your mouths ; our strength lies in ours too. We will use our mouths in prayer

and in constant adoration, and we shall conquer yet, for God is with us, and victory is sure.

Ye trembling souls ! dismiss your fears ;
 Be mercy all your theme :
 Mercy, which, like a river, flows
 In one continued stream.

Fear not the powers of earth and hell ;
 God will these powers restrain ;
 His mighty arm their rage repel,
 And make their efforts vain.

Fear not the want of outward good ;
 He will for His provide :
 Grant them supplies of daily food,
 And all they need beside.

Fear not that He will e'er forsake,
 Or leave His work undone ;
 He's faithful to His promises,—
 And faithful to His Son.

Fear not the terrors of the grave,
 Or Death's tremendous sting ;
 He will from endless wrath preserve—
 To endless glory bring.

HOW DO YOU LIVE ?

It is not so much *working for* God, or *speaking for* God, as *living in* the secret of His presence which most glorifies Him.

If we live *before Him* and *with Him* we shall work and shall speak, but then half the effort and half the words will bring forth a thousand-fold larger harvest of result, because all will come with the Spirit's power, unction, and presence.

What though many a bitter sorrow
 May await me on the morrow,
 Yet to-day I can be calm,
 Leaning wholly on Thine arm.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER X.—A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

It was a dark, cold, drizzling night. The street lamps shone dimly through the mist ; the damp air wrapped itself around the person like a wet sheet ; but few people paced the solitary streets ; with rare exceptions all the shops were closed : and staggering men and women, and noisy, blustering youths were pouring out of the public-houses and flaring gin-palaces, thus giving indications that these vile institutions were about to close too. Yet it was on such a night as this that two ladies were seated in a closed carriage, which was being driven to a certain district, where a meeting of a peculiar kind was about to be held. For special reasons Miss Archer, accompanied by her bosom friend, Miss Morrison, had made an engagement not only to be present, but also to take part in the proceedings. The meeting was, in fact, a Rescue meeting, held for the purpose of saving fallen women from the ruin of the streets, and Miss Archer, under a certain degree of pressure, had actually promised to give one of the addresses.

This piece of interesting information may probably astound the reader. Is it possible, he may ask, that Miss Archer has become a public speaker ? Has she, from exercising her vocal talent in poor people's cottages and homes, now attained the art of being enabled to address public assemblies ? It is, indeed, the fact ; and not only is this the case, but to her surprise, as well

as to that of others, she has become a speaker of no common order, her quiet, silvery, persuasive eloquence making its power felt wherever she spoke, to an extent that any speaker might envy.

But how has this come about ? Two years have passed away since she made her first household visits with Miss Morrison among the narrow streets of Greenheys. Since that period she has visited hundreds of houses, and gradually made herself acquainted with the lowest phases of humanity. In the company of experienced male missionaries and detectives, she had dared to visit even the hells of the slums ; and what she saw and heard from time to time, had served to give her ideas of the baseness of human nature, such as she never could have imagined. The herding of the wretched and squalid in foul dens ; their impure conversation and actions ; their drunkenness and vice ; their depraved tastes and vile associations ; their awful ignorance, and how they gloried even in their very shame, were in various ways brought before her, causing her to realise that George Whitfield did not speak too strongly when he described depraved man as "half beast, half devil."

But why did she face all this sin, shame, and misery ? Out of mere curiosity ? Nothing of the kind. From the time that she had devoted herself to the service of Christ and of humanity, she felt impelled, as by some irresistible power within, to probe to the very bottom, if she could, the moral diseases of fallen humanity, in the hope that by the

acquisition of such knowledge she might, in dispensing her bounty as one of the Lord's wealthy stewards, be found faithful. Thus, in her self-imposed mission, she also attended, simply at first as an onlooker, open-air meetings, workshop meetings, ragged schools and mission halls, and various kinds of special gatherings, all having in view the amelioration of the woes of suffering humanity. At such meetings—open-air meetings excepted—when solicited, she ventured to speak for a few minutes, and finding that the Lord gave her liberty, and that blessing followed, she was ultimately persuaded to give even set addresses; and marvellous were the effects produced. The audiences she addressed appeared spell-bound: rough men and women wiped away the tears as they rolled down their faces; the most wretched at times sobbed as if their hearts would break; and some of the most unlikely turned from their evil ways to serve the living and the true God. So now, for the first time in her life, she had engaged to address a company of fallen women, and with what result we will now detail.

The school-room into which the two ladies entered was well lighted up. At three or four tables devoted missionaries were partaking of bread and butter, cake, tea and coffee, a substantial meal being needed as a preliminary for the self-denying work in which they were about to engage. The meal over, a prayer meeting was held of an inspiring character. Cheering hymns were followed by earnest prayers for present blessing, and most appropriate passages of Scripture were quoted first by one missionary, on his knees, and then by another, as an incentive to all to go forth with courage to the

work. The prayer meeting over, in couples the missionaries sallied out to their respective districts, to try, by their kind and persuasive appeals, to bring the fallen ones to the midnight meeting. Out in the pelting rain, which now fell, they issued regardless of personal discomfort, in the hope of rescuing such souls from ruin. And most successful that night they were. As kind-hearted ladies well used to the work stood at the door, they enjoyed the privilege of welcoming not fewer than sixty such females, who, in the course of an hour and a half, had been induced to leave the streets to enter the building. To all these a good tea was given, for not a few of them were cold and wet and hungry. The meal over—to which most of them did justice—the meeting was held, and, as Miss Archer took her seat upon the platform and gazed upon the scene, she felt that she had never looked upon such an unique audience before in her life.

There they sat—these poor, wretched, fallen creatures! On the two front forms, crowded together, were women and girls of the lowest kind. Some of their faces were swollen and bruised, and one or two had black eyes. Their foreheads were mostly low; some looked sullen, others bold and brazen; and their wretched garments gave sufficient indication that they had been gathered from the lowest slums of the city. At their back were females of a somewhat higher class. These, too, kept together as if they deemed themselves to be the superiors of those who sat in front. They were generally good looking, intelligent, tawdrily or well dressed, all of them evidently aiming to be attractive in appearance by making the most of their fashionable array. Sankey's hymn-sheets

having been handed round, comprising a selection suitable for the purpose, a hymn was given out and the tune played on the piano. The singing that followed quite startled Miss Archer. If she had not been well aware of the character of the audience, she might have supposed that the meeting was purely a congregational one, and that the women and girls before her were part of the ordinary assembly. So well acquainted were they with both the tune and the words, that she could not help asking herself as they nearly all joined both harmoniously and sweetly in the voice of song, from whence had most of them sprung? Had they always led their present foul life, or, at least, been brought up to it? No; they could not have been so depraved in their earlier days; they must have mingled amongst holier and purer associations! And what she learnt subsequently of some of their histories proved to her that her notions were correct. Some had been brought up by Christian parents; most had been for years in Sunday schools; and two or three, if not more, had been members of Christian churches. To them, therefore, Sankey's hymns and tunes were familiar; and now for an hour or so, trying to forget their degradation and misery, they revelled in the melody, as in past days. To the portion of Scripture that was read, to the brief prayer that was offered, and to the short addresses that were delivered by ministers and friends present, they listened with close attention; but it was when Miss Archer's name was announced that there was something like a sensation. Evidently her name and work were familiar to some, and all were prepared to give her a cordial reception.

But as she stood before them, for

once her courage seemed to fail her. Tears unbidden would in spite of suppressed effort fill her eyes; and her voice, soft and clear, trembled with emotion. As she uttered the word "*Sisters*," she paused as if she could go no further, and it seemed as if she must break down. But inwardly appealing to the Lord for help, she strove heroically to master her feelings, and ultimately succeeding, she thus spoke.

"It has never been my privilege to address you before, and I feel as if I can hardly do so to-night. When I contrast my present condition, and also my past, with your own, my feelings are those of mingled gratitude and pity. From my birth I have had every temporal comfort, and, in addition to that, through grace I have become a child of God. I have, therefore, had a very happy life, free from care, but still not unmixed with sorrow. In the days of my childhood I lost both a dear, loving mother and a tender father, and, later on, an affectionate uncle, who loved me as his own soul. And perhaps some of you poor girls have passed through similar trials. Most of you doubtless had kind, loving mothers, who pressed you to their bosoms and did what they could to make you happy. Others may have had idle, brutal, drunken parents, and may never have known the comforts of a happy home; God only knows what you may all have passed through. But be that as it may, some of your parents may have passed away and are in heaven; others are living, and you would almost die rather than let them know what you are, and where you are; and it may be—oh, this is a horrible thought to me!—that some of you have parents who have been so wicked

as to train you for a life of sin, that they might reap for drinking purposes the fruits of your wrong doing. Now, what shall I say to you to-night? As one who has lost loving ones, and who has felt how lonely life is without them, even though surrounded with the best of life's comforts, I want to tell you that I sympathise with you in your sorrows, and would fain rescue you if I could. What, sisters, have I found? Blessed be the name of the Lord, I have found in Jesus a precious Saviour, a good Master, and an unchangeable Friend. Once I did not know Him, and as I sat alone in my room, thinking of my lost loved ones, and longing—oh! how earnestly—to see their dear faces again and once more hear their tender voices, it seemed to me, being then without Christ, as if my heart would break. But when I found Him, my sorrow fled away, my heart bounded with joy, and peace flowed into my soul like a river. Then I could sing as you sang just now—

“ ‘When peace like a river attendeth
my way,
When sorrows like sea billows
roll,
Whatever my lot Thou hast
taught me to know,
It is well—it is well with my
soul.’

“Now over you poor women and girls the sea billows, I know, have rolled, and perhaps they may be rolling now. But what of that? Can there be no peace for you? Are you so far gone as to be beyond hope? Oh think not that such is the case, but come to Jesus now, and it shall be well with your souls. Is He not willing to receive the vilest of you? Has He not

said, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out’? Is it not written that ‘He is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for them’? O, yes, He is ‘mighty to save’—mighty to save you if you will but come to Him now—just now—*just now!* Will you, sisters, then turn from a life of sin to a life of holiness? Will you not rather be saved than perish? Will you not choose heaven rather than hell, light rather than darkness, eternal life rather than eternal death? Sisters, many like you have been saved at these meetings, and if with the aid of God’s Holy Spirit you will but turn to Jesus by faith now and come to His precious blood to be cleansed, your past will be blotted out and your future will be bright and glorious. What is it to be? On your decision now may depend your happiness here and hereafter. You know what misery sin has caused you here; think, then, what it must be to be lost for ever! But that must not be. I feel that I am not appealing to you in vain, and, therefore, all that I can say in closing is just this: if, in seeking to lead a new and pure life, you feel your need of human sisterly help, then what I can do for you to help you I will; and I trust that, for the sake of the Lord, who has saved my soul, not one true penitent here shall appeal for that help in vain.”

Miss Archer sat down, feeling that she could say no more; but what effect these simple, thrilling appeals produced the next chapter will show.

(To be continued).

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE PULPIT AND THE PEW. —No. II.

BY REV. DAWSON BURNS, D.D.

Pulpit : You will remember, my dear Pew, that we agreed to resume our conversation, when I was to name some of the duties which those whom you represent are liable to neglect.

Pew : By all means ; the frankness I exercised when we last met, I beg you will use on the present occasion.

Pulpit : Thank you much ; that is the spirit which makes it possible for advice to become fruitful in well-doing. The want of punctual attendance on public worship seems to me a great and growing evil. This takes the double form of irregular attendance and of lateness when attendance is given. In our Dissenting chapels it was once the custom for heads of families to be present at each service ; now, once a day contents many, and the effect upon children and others is very apparent. Then as to the point of time, how seldom is a large portion of the congregation present when the hour of commencement has come.

Pew : I am afraid there is much reason for this stricture, whatever may be the cause.

Pulpit : The cause, or rather the causes, for they are various, are all capable of correction, and there is seldom one that affords a justification of the fact.

Pew : You will allow that the habit of late work in many houses of business gives to some an excuse for late attendance.

Pulpit : I cannot admit this, for 11 o'clock, which is the hour for service in towns, allows of extra indulgence without the irregularity complained of. Besides, it is not so often the fault of persons so circumstanced as of those who have no such excuse to plead. The evil, I believe, is increasing. If the doors were closed at the hour of service, in most cases more than half of the congregation present at the close would have been excluded. This is not only an evil in itself, but is attended with a disturbance of that order which ought ever to characterise the worship of God. A mutilated offering is thus presented, which cannot but be displeasing to the Most High. One effect is seen in the delay which often attends the commencement of the worship. This, again, is unseemly.

Pew : There is, perhaps, no direct intention to commit the offence.

Pulpit : But it is committed, and by those who, if they had to attend a concert or other place of amusement, would take care to be present long before the beginning. Praise was said to wait for God in Zion, but in many of our Zions God has to wait for the praise, which is even then rendered by a very limited number of worshippers.

Pew : What have you to say of their demeanour when they have assembled ?

Pulpit: This is usually commendable, though, in the case of some, signs of inattention are observable. One thing, I fear, is far from common—a habit of preparation. The Pulpit is expected to be prepared for the people, but do the people prepare to hear what the Pulpit may deliver?

Pew: What do you mean by “preparation”?

Pulpit: I mean, first of all, that sympathy with the occasion which, if present, would prepare the hearer for what has to be said and done. This involves the devotional element, a spirit of prayer, and an expectation that spiritual benefit will attend the exercises. There should also be a feeling for the difficulties which the preacher has to meet, and an earnest desire that they may be overcome. An excellent preparation would also be found in the reading of some portion of Scripture before attending service, and, in the case of a family, some cheerful service of song, in which the youngest, outside infancy, could join. But these ideas, I am afraid, have an old-world flavour about them that is not acceptable to the habits of this generation.

Pew: Do not the congregation take part in public worship with becoming reverence?

Pulpit: They apparently do so, but here I think a very grave omission is found in regard to the nature of the service itself. We object to much that is associated with the Church of England, but we might well learn a great practical lesson from the manner in which it arranges its public services, the people being expected to take a part in the exercises, which is rarely taken by Nonconformist congregations. The contrast is striking, and not to our credit. In the parish or district church the people read re-

sponsively to the minister, and in other ways join in the worship. In our assemblies what do the congregation but unite in the singing, and that not always so fully as could be desired?

Pew: There is indeed a difference, and I am not prepared to justify it so far as we are concerned.

Pulpit: It cannot be justified from Scripture, ancient usage, or experience. Scripture always represents public worship as a social act—something done by the people, and not for them or in their presence only. The Primitive Christians never held services such as are common with us, for it is quite clear that their meetings were of a kind in which the many took part as actors, not as spectators or hearers merely. Each was expected, or, at least, permitted, to contribute to the edification of the whole body. No doubt this was always more of an ideal than a reality, but our method is such as to exclude even the ideal, or any part of it, from ever being realised. It is difficult, in many cases, to get even the Lord's Prayer vocally repeated by the mass of the congregation. As to experience, the effect is patent; there is a want of personal interest, not to say an apathy, which ought to be foreign to the House of God. If the people were to take a larger share in what was done, they would feel it to be more their own place of meeting, and the social element, finding freer scope, would infuse into the proceedings a life which would make them more attractive, and more permanently useful.

Pew: Would you advocate a kind of Liturgy?

Pulpit: I would advocate, call it by what name you please, a marked participation of the people in acts of public worship. The sermon might maintain its place, but it should be

the only part of the service confined to one individual. In the prayers the reading, and the song, the people themselves should all be invited to join.

Pew : You would retain the sermon, for which you cannot suggest a proper substitute ?

Pulpit : I should be glad if there were more preachers, provided the quality of the preaching were not impaired. What I think, however, is most wanted at present is that the hearer should hear to greater personal profit.

Pew : How would you provide for this ?

Pulpit : By inducing them, if possible, to hear with more thoughtfulness. I fear that much of what is said, if it gets into the mind at all, runs into it and out of it with equal facility. How much of the best sermon is ever remembered at the close of it—I do not say a week afterwards ?

Pew : You must allow for poor memories.

Pulpit : So I do ; but I cannot omit seeing that people with the worst memories can recollect anything that strikes them, and they are not slow to forget any mistakes the preacher may fall into, or any peculiarities he may exhibit ; they will remember, and even talk of them, a month, or, it may be, a year hence.

Pew : Do you suppose, then, that the hearers fail in intelligence ?

Pulpit : I mean that they do not put forth as they might do the intelligence they possess. Mental food will not digest itself any more than will material food, and mere reception of either will not enable it to become real food—a means of building up and strengthening the moral or physical system.

Pew : But I thought that preach-

ers often complained of being unduly criticised ?

Pulpit : And the people who criticise most are frequently those who understand least. They may be very bad critics ; but, at any rate, a fondness for criticism does not imply a disposition to assimilate what is really good. What we require is that degree of attention or mental tension which will appropriate what is of benefit in the preaching ; and in this way only can real advantage be derived.

Pew : I see we have all much to learn and practise. May God give us the necessary grace.

Pulpit : That is a sentiment to which both Pew and Pulpit may add a hearty Amen.

THE BIBLE A LAMP.

Psalms cxix. 18.

MY dear young Friends, — The sacred Scriptures are beautifully calculated and adapted to meet with all our requirements, either for this life or that which is to come. The Bible is adapted for young or old, the learned or unlearned, the poor or rich ; it is adapted to all nationalities ; its meaning, too, cannot be changed ; it must not be taken from, that is, no man has a right to take from or add to its pages ; it is, like its Author, unchangeable. No variableness or shadow or turning ; hence its infinite worth, possessing this superhuman characteristic. Perhaps you are anxious to know what I mean by the "Bible a lamp." Well, I must tell you that when we are in doubt and uncertainty about a particular question, we like very much to have our minds enlightened. I may say that, without the knowledge of the Word of God, we are in doubt and darkness, we are groping we do not know where. The Bible, therefore, comes to us as

a light—a lamp and blessed revelation, a glorious letter from a merciful Father in heaven, to tell us what we are, how we came into the world, and what we need, removing all further doubts, and dispelling the thick darkness from our eyes. It is a blessed fact, in reference to our Saviour's coming, that it is said to the people which were in darkness that a great light had come, that is Christ, who is the Word. Where the Bible and Christ are unknown there is gross darkness. England at the present time is great through her knowledge of the Bible, and the more faithful she is to the light given, the more she will prosper and the greater she will become. All other nations are the same, who have taken the Bible for their code of laws and the guide of their salvation. Let us pray for a free and open Bible; let the Scriptures be our guide book in everything; the Bible is the book to give light; because God knows all about our evil hearts, He knows what is for our good. He is willing that you may be brought near to Him, for by reason of Adam's transgression we have been at a distance from God. But now the Saviour has died for us, we may be brought nigh. He alone is our Mediator, and He is anxious that you may come to the Father by Him. Dear young friends, this is, I am sure, good news; and the Bible surely is indeed a lamp—a light to give us this glorious, wonderful revelation. Therefore let me tell you to love your Bible more and more; it is a precious volume; it is more valuable than rubies, more valuable than gold. The Bible tells you from the beginning to the end about the Saviour. What would have become of us if Christ had not come into the world to die for us, and to bring us to heaven?

You see, therefore, dear young friends, that there is no book in the world that suits us like the Bible. I am sorry to see how indifferently the Bible is used very often, as if it were a book of very little importance, when at the same time it is infinite in value, and what could we do without it? Listen:

"Oft as the precious seed is sown
Thy quick'ning grace bestow;
That all whose souls Thy truth
receive,
Its saving power may know."

I hope you will be led by the Holy Spirit to see the Saviour in the Word.

"Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word.
And view my Saviour there."

I hope you will ever prize and study the sacred volume, and thus obtain peace and pardon from Him whom the Scriptures testify.

THOMAS HEATH,
Sunday School Superintendent.
Plymouth.

"SPREAD IT BEFORE THE LORD."

THIS was the course which the wise king of Judah adopted when threatened by an insolent foe. The mighty king of Assyria, who had made so many conquests over other nations that he perhaps thought himself master of the world, sent a haughty intimation that he intended also to conquer the kingdom of Judah. He sent this message in the form of a letter by one of his chief captains. It was full of bold and high-sounding language, like that which the captain had himself spoken not long before in

the ears of Hezekiah and his court. It looks very much as if this man had taken the principal share in writing it, on behalf of his royal master.

The letter taunted Hezekiah with trusting in JEHOVAH his God—it said that other nations had trusted their gods, and where were they now? “Let not thy God (it said) in whom thou trustest deceive thee!” And this grieved Hezekiah very much; while it may be his heart quaked a little with fear as to the probable fate of his people. But not a word did he reply to this letter, any more than he had done to the chief captain’s impudent speech. Hezekiah took the letter and “spread it before the Lord.”

This was the wisest and best thing he could have done; and it is an example we shall do well to follow. Hezekiah went at once to the Fountain Head, the true source of strength and deliverance. We know that he was familiar with David’s psalms—for he bade the singers sing them in his services and festivals—and perhaps he remembered that one which says: “Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.” Hezekiah himself had said this was “a day of trouble,” so now he did as the sweet song exhorted, and he proved the blessedness of doing so. He called upon the Lord, and the Lord delivered him.

Shall we not do the same, dear reader? How many “days of trouble” come to you and me! Sometimes they seem to begin with ourselves, sometimes they come upon us from without; but there they are, and there they will be yet. What shall we do with our tale of grief? “*Spread it before the Lord.*”

“Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer!”

Many hearts are “failing for fear” in respect of national interests and the welfare of the Church of Christ. The same course is still the best, and if we can adopt it in any form it will be well. Let it be ours in every “day of trouble,” whether it affects the interests of the nation or the church, or our family life, or simply the well-being of our own hearts, to seek this “place of refuge.” And in seeking it, let us be encouraged by that which evidently encouraged the ancient servants of God, namely, that while we seek help from God, HE is pleased to be glorified in bestowing it.

T. G. ATKINSON.

Sandhurst.

THANKFULNESS.

“In everything give thanks.”—
1 THESS. v. 18.

THANKFULNESS is one of the fruits of the new life of the Spirit in the soul, and is enforced upon Christians by the teaching of the Gospel, and by the promise of grace and glory.

Paul, in his letters, is both a teacher and an example of the spirit and expression of thankfulness. It may be interesting and instructive to select texts from the writings of Paul, bearing on the life of the Christian, illustrative of thankfulness.

(1) *Conversion to Christ.*—This is a chief crisis in one’s life, is the beginning of the chief life, the highest and happiest style of life; and, both in an individual and in a

company of lives, is reason for thankfulness to God. "But thanks be to God, that whereas ye were the servants of sin, ye became obedient from the heart to the form of teaching whereunto ye were delivered" (Romans vi. 17).

(2) *Spiritual conflict*.—The warfare in the mind, the two spirits in opposition, the strife of evil and good; the latter helped by the grace of Christ through conflict to victory and thankfulness. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans vii. 25).

(3) *Spiritual growth*.—The life of the Spirit in the soul progresses amidst hindrances, as helped by the Spirit, the Comforter, resisting the evil, cleaving to the good, and cultivating the patient, hopeful, thankful spirit. Such advance in faith and love personally and socially (2 Thess. 1, 3).

(4) *Supplies of grace*.—The daily gifts of the heavenly Father, received from the fulness of the Saviour, and appropriated by faith. These supplies are to nurture and strengthen the spiritual in its exercises, affections, services, conflicts, and victories. Thankfulness will be the result (2 Cor. iv. 15).

(5) *Daily blessings*.—The natural life must be sustained by daily bread, that the spiritual life may mature and do the service of Christ. We need to be strong for daily work, and so be successful in business engagements, therein doing the will of God with trustfulness and thankfulness (Acts xxvii. 35).

(6) *Success in Christian work*.—For this the disciple of Christ prays and labours, and is gladdened and thankful as he sees the seed of the kingdom springing up, the truth of Christ, like shining light and living waters, refreshing and brightening the desert. "Thanks be unto God, who always leads us in

triumph in Christ, and makes manifest through us the savour of His knowledge in every place (2 Cor. ii. 14).

(7) *Meekness for Heaven*.—This includes the renewing, transforming, and sanctifying; the witness, earnest and sealing, of the Spirit; the victory over death and the grave; and "the abundant entrance into the kingdom and glory of Christ," with the full and ceaseless thankfulness of that happy state. "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift" (2 Cor. ix. 15).

W. ABBOTT.

Blunham.

"IT IS TOLD ME I MUST DIE."

"Fear not; for I have redeemed thee."—ISA. XLIII. 1.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."—PSA. XXIII. 4.

It is told me I must die!

O happy news!

Be glad, O my soul,

And rejoice in Jesus thy Saviour!

If He intended thy perdition,

Would He have laid down His life for thee?

Would He have expected thee with so much patience,
And given thee so long a time for repentance?

Would He have drawn thee with so great force,
And crowned thee with so many graces?

Would He have called thee with so much love,

And illuminated thee with the light
of His Spirit?

Would He have given thee so many
good desires?

Would He have set the seal of the
Predestinate upon thee,

And dressed thee in His own
livery?

Would He have given thee His
own cross,

And given thee shoulders to bear it
with patience?

It is told me I must die!

O happy news!

Come on, my dearest soul!

Behold, thy Jesus calls thee!

He prayed for thee upon His
cross;

There He extended His arms to
receive thee;

There He bowed down His head to
kiss thee;

There He cried out with a powerful
voice,

"Father, receive him, he is
mine!"

There He opened His heart to give
thee entrance;

There He laid down His life to
purchase life for thee!

It is told me I must die!

O happy news!

I shall no more suffer pain:

I shall no more be guilty of
sin:

I shall no more be in danger of
being damned!

But from henceforth

I shall see, and I shall bless;

I shall praise, and I shall
live;

And this I shall always do.

Without ever being weary of doing
what I always am to do!

It is told me I must die!

O what happiness!

I am going

To the place of my rest;

To the land of the living;

To the haven of security;

To the palace of my God;

To the nuptials of the Lamb

To sit at the table of my King;

To feed on the bread of angels;

To see what no eye hath seen:

To hear what no ear hath
heard;

To enjoy what the heart of man
cannot comprehend!

O my Father!

O Thou the best of all
Fathers!

Have pity on the most wretched of
all Thy children!

I was dead, but by Thy grace am
now raised again!

I was gone astray after vanity,

And am now ready to appear
before Thee!

O my Father!

Come now in mercy and receive
Thy child.

Give him the kiss of peace;

Remit unto him all his sins;

Clothe him with Thy nuptial
robe;

Permit him to have a place at
Thy feast;

And forgive all those who are
guilty of his death!

RICHARD LANGHORNE.

Reviews.

BUNYAN'S BICENTENARY.—The 31st of August has come and gone, with the result that, in addition to the 72 Biographies of John Bunyan already issued, the numbers added this year are legion. The Religious Tract Society alone have produced a volume life of John Bunyan; a penny edition illustrated; also a penny edition in the 58 Biographical Series by Dr. Green; nine editions of the Pilgrim's Progress, from threepence to six and sixpence, and some good pictures in the *Cottager and Artizan*, and some woodcuts of Bunyan Pulpits in the August number of *Sunday at Home*. We have been surprised in reading so much and so many articles and books of Bunyan's life that we have only met with one mention of Thomas Marson, Bunyan's fellow-prisoner and that exception, is in a well-written paper by the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*, who, by the way, makes Bunyan to have died on the 12th of August, 1688. This could not have been, as he was preaching on the 17th. The mistake may have arisen from its having been reported by one that he had visited the tomb and saw this date. But he must have been speaking from memory, and thus have fell into error. The Baptist Tract Society have produced a very excellent volume written by the Rev. Charles Williams. The work is done thoroughly; and a book is produced well bound, full of reliable history, good indices, and list of dates of the chief matters in Bunyan's history, at a price within the reach of all. The two books which will have attracted most attention are doubtless, Dr. Brown's *John Bunyan*

and Dr. Armitage's *History of the Baptists*. We are glad that Mr. Williams has dealt so plainly with Dr. Brown's conclusion that Bunyan was not much of a Baptist, and that Dr. Armitage has so exhaustively dealt with Dr. Brown's registers and dates, in which Bunyan's biographer at Bedford asserts that Bunyan had one child baptised at church, six months after his his own baptism by immersion, and another child baptised at church six months after his liberation from prison. The statement is so startling, and, we think, absurd, and so utterly opposed to all the principles for which Bunyan suffered, that all must sincerely thank Dr. Armitage for coming to the rescue. We wish our space would allow us to give the Doctor's very clear reasonings; but we hope they may be produced in a cheap form, for of all people Baptists ought to keep the memory of the glorious Dreamer free from unprincipled inconsistencies.

The Sun of Righteousness and the Dark River: an Essay on Christianity and Freethought. By WILLIAM M. FERRAR. Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

THE work is inscribed to the writer's brother, the Rev. Edward Ferrar, Prebendary of White Church, diocese of Ferns, Ireland. It is an announcement and a defence of the chief principles of Christianity against the dreams and assertions of Freethought. The writer says that, from the lecturer's platform, in the name of science and common sense and rational belief, and even

humanity itself, with a host of similar euphemistic cajolements, we are positively and confidently informed that there is no truth in the religion of Jesus Christ; that millions of intellectual beings are contented to live in the darkness of a grovelling superstition, instead of boldly throwing off the fetters of religion of any kind and living as perfectly free and as happy, reasonable creatures ought to do. The work is directed against this infidelity and licentiousness, and the volume is full of good, sound instruction, well calculated to counteract the evil of which the author complains. With the exception of a few minor points, such as in page 187, where Emanuel Swedenborg is introduced as an illustration, we think many others would have served the purpose better. And in page 215 we have, "Men born of God, that is, baptised or regenerated Christians"; on page 217 the sentence, "One general pardon offered in baptism." With such exceptions, we endorse the whole work and advise for it an attentive reading.

Sunday Words, 24, Great New Street, E.C. The monthly part is to hand. We have given it a careful perusal. It is full to the brim of excellent reading, interesting information, various Denominational news, likenesses of ministers, interiors and exteriors of chapels, Sunday school lessons, etc. We join with Mr. Spurgeon in saying it is lively, sound and practical, and ought to have a large circulation.

Monthly parts of the *Sun* for August and September. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street. For good, chaste, instructive, and light cheerful reading, from the pens of some of the best writers of the day, beautifully printed on tinted paper, and fit for the palace and the cottage, we think the *Sun* ahead of many of its rivals.

A Bright Example of a Christian Soldier who showed his Colours By Miss BARNETT, with an Introduction by W. G. HABEROSHON. Alfred Holness, Paternoster Row.

HERE for one penny we have the likeness of a good soldier of our Saviour and our Queen, and an illustration of how a humble believer can make his life glorious and happy and useful.

Strange Scenes. By JAMES NEIL, M.A. "Author of *Palestine Explored*." 40 illustrations by Henry Harper. First edition of sixty thousand. At all booksellers.

A MODERN wonder, even in cheap literature. Forty-one pages of good reading for Christians of all ages, forty illustrations and coloured cover for one penny.

In His Name. The Record of the Ragged School Union. Shaw & Co., Paternoster Row.

ALL interested in Mr. Orsman's good and long-continued work among the costers will be pleased to read of his jubilee day, and to have the really good likeness of him as given in this month.

The Sunday Closing Reporter, extra or enlarged number. We read with watchful interest this monthly, and pray that the time may beat hand when every house for the sale of intoxicating drinks in the Queen's dominions shall be closed on the Lord's Day.

Horner's Penny Stories. No 24. *Grace Shorney's Sacrifice.* A tale of the Revolution of 1688. By JAMES J. ELLIS.

A good illustrated story from the pen of our highly esteemed brother the Rev. J. J. Ellis, of Richmond.

Sunday Scholars who neglect Religion, and the Duty of the Church in relation to them. A paper read at the Sunday School Conference, at the annual meetings of the Lancashire and Cheshire Associations, by the Rev. R. ENSOLL Baptist Tract Society, Cursitor Street, Holborn.

SUNDAY school friends obtain this, and well circulate it amongst church members.

Is it desirable that our Churches should provide Amusements? An address by the Rev. J. E. Greenhough. Printed by request. Bigg, printer, New Bond Street, Leicester.

WE endorse every word of it, and have often thought that many of our professedly Religious Societies, under the names of Christian Instruction and Mutual Improvement Societies, would be more properly described as Christian Amusement societies.

Religious Tract Society.—*Sunday at Home* for September commences a new story, "Ralph Ellison's Opportunity," by Leslie Keith. The eight chapters in this part are well told, and the illustrations are good. *The Leisure Hour* contains the story, "Great Grandmamma Severn," by the same writer. The "Queen's Homes—Osborne," in the August part, and Windsor in the September part, are very attractive and charming papers by Charles Eyre Pardoe, and illustrated by Victor Prout and others. 59 *Biographical Series* of the Rev. Rowland Hill will be read by the old and young. *The Girl's Own*, we are told by our pianist, has a good duet called "Evensong," words from an old proverb, and the music by C. A. Macrone. Good harmony and the words sweet and simple. *The Girl's Year, or January to December spent with pleasure and profit.* Full of healthful, sound advice. *Boy's Own, Little Dots, Child's Companion, Cottager and Artizan, Friendly Greetings*, and *Tract Magazine* all good, as good as ever.

Gleanings from the Harvest Fields, a Harvest Thanksgiving Service; *Lost in London*, a Service of Song; *Lost in the Wild Woods*; a Service of Song, written and arranged by JAMES BROADBENT. London, Hart & Co., Paternoster Row.

THESE works are to be had in both notations, and also to be had in parts at greatly reduced prices. We have been at some pains to go through them and we think they deserve attention. The stories are well told, the music fresh and new, with a fair sprinkling of the old favourites. We should say they would provide many with a pleasant evening during the coming winter.

The Christian World Pulpit, for August, as previous numbers, contains sermons of all shades and tints; the wise man will sort them out. It is a wonderful sixpence worth. We were glad to read the *Christian* by our old friend Ruer Thomas, who, we see, has been visiting his old congregation at Wycliffe again.

The Treasury, Pastors and People. Nisbet & Co. Aug ust is a good bright number. We have read with pleasure the well-written paper, by Dr. Anderson, Kentucky Conference on Scriptural Ideas of Heaven, and the one by Dr. Simon, on "Shall Christendom become Heathen or Heathendom Christian?"

THE friends of the Rev. J. G. Briscoe will be rejoiced at the very successful and striking likeness in the September number of the *Baptist Magazine*, and all will rejoice in the spiritual work the Lord has done by him. May much of blessing be in store for Mr. Briscoe and his people in the future, is our earnest prayer.

WE have received a very thoughtful exposition of the 45th Psalm, by the Rev. W. Frith. It is on the Millennium, and should be read carefully by all. *Christian Herald* Office, Bakehouse Court, St. Pauls.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. T. G. ATKINSON, late of Dunstable, has accepted the pastorate at Sandhurst, Kent.

Rev. Charles Green has accepted the pastorate of Fabius Church, Everton Road, Liverpool.

Rev. J. H. Jones, of Sabden, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Shore.

Rev. A. Phillips, of Redruth, has accepted a call from the church at Wantage, Berks.

Rev. W. J. Jones, of Llangollen Colledge, has received a cordial invitation to the pastorate of the ancient church at Glanwyden, Conway.

Rev. W. J. Mathams, of Falkirk, has been invited to the Wycliffe Church, Birmingham, as successor to the Rev. J. Jenkyn Brown.

Rev. E. Aubrey, of Pentre, Pontypridd, has accepted the pastorate of the English Church, Abercarn.

Rev. W. H. Smith, of Minchinhampton, has accepted the pastorate at Haddenham.

Rev. H. A. Fletcher has resigned the pastorate of Blackthorn Street Chapel, Bow Common, London.

Rev. F. J. Flatt has resigned the charge of the church at Bugbrooke and Heyford, Northants, having accepted the pastorate at West Street, Dunstable, Beds.

Rev. J. T. Mateer (one of Mr. Spurgeon's evangelists) has been elected to succeed Rev. C. B. Sawday as pastor of Vernon Square Chapel, King's Cross.

Rev. James Collett, of Rawdon College, has accepted an invitation to become the assistant pastor of King's Heath Church, Birmingham (Rev. R. Gray, pastor).

Rev. J. Michael Jones, of Haverford College, has received a most hearty invitation to the pastorate at Langham, Essex.

Rev. J. G. Hall, of Bethol Chapel, Swavesey, Cambs, has resigned the pastorate of the above.

RECOGNITIONS.

OAKES, HUDDERSFIELD.—Rev. W. H. Ibberson was recognised on the 22nd of August, as pastor of the church. The sermon was preached by Rev. C. Williams, Revs. J. Longson, A. Colbeck, H. Hall, J. G. Williams, E. Parker, D.D., and John Haslam delivered addresses.

YORKLEY, FOREST OF DEAN.—A recognition service was held in the chapel on the 29th August, in connection with the settlement of Rev. Sidney J. Elsom as pastor of the church. Mr. Alfred Ridler presided. Rev. J. Bloomfield gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. W. Thomas addressed the church. The ordination prayer was offered by Rev. E. Davis. Addresses were given by the Chairman and Revs. W. H. Webber, John Jenkins, and B. Walton.

A recognition service, in connection with the settlement of Rev. Geo. Edwards, of Pontymister, as minister, was held on Wednesday, August 15th. The following gentlemen delivered addresses:—Mr. Busham, and Revs. T. Thomas, G. Howells, J. Klaisel, J. Nancekivell, and A. J. Davies. Mr. Edwards has settled with encouraging prospects of success.

A service was held at Glascoed, Pontypool, on Thursday, the 16th of August, in recognition of Rev. Joseph Lewis, pastor of the church. Rev. B. Johnson, Raglan, presided, and addresses were given by Revs. W. Morgan, Blaenavon; D. Thomas, Trosnant; J. G. Watts, Pontnennydd, and G. Howells, Monmouth. Mr. J. Edwards spoke on behalf of the church, and the pastor responded,

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. S. R. ALDRIDGE, B.A., LL.B., having resigned the pastorate of the church at West Street, Rochdale, a farewell meeting was held in the school-room previous to his removal to another sphere of labour at Waterbarn. Mr. Aldridge was presented with a pocket-book containing £50. Miss Aldridge, who has been very useful, especially in the Sunday-school, received a hand sewing machine.

Mr. Wm. Sanderson, who is leaving Leamington for Australia, has been presented by the teachers at Warwick Street Schools with a photograph album in recognition of his work there. Mr. Sanderson has also received copies of Sankey's Hymns and Christian Choir from the members of the Open-air Mission, and an Oxford Teacher's Bible from the Young Men's Christian Association.

Miss Collins, of Rugby, on the occasion of her marriage, has been presented with a silver teapot by the members of the chapel choir.

Rev. G. E. Payne, on leaving Burton, has been presented at a farewell meeting with an illuminated address and a purse of money.

Mr. A. J. Robinson, on the occasion of his marriage, has been presented with a timepiece and Bible in recognition of services in connection with College Street, Church, Northampton.

In recognition of a Jubilee presentation a short time since, Mr. Thomas Glover, for more than 50 years past connected with Akeman Street Chapel Sunday-school, Tring, gave a tea to the whole school in a meadow near Lord Rothschild's park, games, &c., following. The children numbered more than 200, and teachers and friends upwards of 100. After the tea a presentation of a marble clock was made by Mr. Frederick Butcher, on behalf of the school, to Mr. Wm. Figg, a teacher in the school and librarian, on the

occasion of his marriage and removal to Waddesdon.

Rev. W. J. Tomkins, on returning from his wedding tour, was presented by the friends of the Old Baptist Meeting, Rushden, with a study writing-table, with an inscription describing it as a token of high esteem.

Rev. E. C. Pike, pastor of South Street Chapel, Exeter, has been presented, on the occasion of his marriage, with an illuminated address and £10 from the officers, teachers, and scholars of the Sunday-school; and with an address and £9 from members of the church and congregation.

Rev. J. D. Rodway, on retiring from the pastorate at South Street, Hull, has been presented with an oil painting, an illuminated address, and a purse containing £35 10s.

NEW CHAPELS.

New chapel and schoolrooms are in course of erection in Edith Road for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. T. J. Cole, Nunhead, S.E. The chapel is designed to seat 500 persons in the area, with arrangements for galleries, when needed, to accommodate 350 more. The cost is estimated at £3,350. Memorial-stones are to be laid at the close of this month, and it is expected the chapel will be opened for worship in December. The building is situate in a populous neighbourhood, and there is no other Nonconformist chapel within half a mile of it.

A new chapel has been opened in Bishop Street, Bristol, for the church ministered to by Mr. S. Littleton, and who have for many years been worshipping at inconvenient premises in York Street. The building has cost nearly £400 and will accommodate about 120 persons.

FULHAM.—On Thursday afternoon, September 13th, in the presence of

a large gathering of friends, four memorial stones of the new chapel were laid in the Dawes Road, Fulham. The Rev. W. Stott (President of the London Baptist Association) presided, and was supported by the Rev. J. T. Wigner (Vice-President of the Baptist Union), Colonel J. T. Griffin (Vice-President of the London Baptist Association), and many other ministers of the denomination. For the last three years work has been carried on in a small iron chapel. The new building is to seat 700 persons, and will cost £4,000. The London Baptist Association guarantees a quarter of this sum, and a small part of the remaining £3,000 has been subscribed by friends. In the evening a public meeting was held in the Fulham Congregational Church.

MISCELLANEOUS.

At the Carey Chapel, Reading, on Thursday, August 30th, a meeting of the church was held to welcome Rev. Wm. Alexander Findlay, of Regent's Park College, to the pastorate. Speeches were made by the deacons and others, and Mr. Findlay replied, expressing the hope that he would be supported by their earnest prayers and general effort.

BUOMLEY, KENT.—Successful services were held in connection with the twenty-third anniversary on Aug. 27th. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. F. N. Lloyd, who was supported by Revs. W. Hankin, G. Smith, Frank Cheshire, H. D. Powis, and Mr. M. H. Hodder. The sum contributed and collected at the meeting amounted to £63.

Statistics have been compiled which show that in the twelve Welsh counties since 1883 the Baptist churches have increased from 526 to 616; the pastors and lay preachers from 653 to 682; and communicants from 68,735 to 75,443. The returns from Monmouthshire would increase the total of churches and

mission stations to 707, and the membership to 88,074, the highest number ever attained by the Baptists of Wales.

Rev. J. E. Cracknell, whose work Rev. C. H. Spurgeon commends, assists emigrants proceeding to any port, who are able to pay their own passage, by giving suitable advice and letters of introduction to persons in the Colonies. Parents, whose sons or daughters are going abroad, cannot do better than communicate with Mr. Cracknell, who unites with sound advice Christian counsel, and introductions to Churches. Address, 5, Westminster Chambers, Victoria Street, S.W.

RECENT DEATH.

WITH much regret we have to record the decease of Mr. Joseph Bottomley, of Hyde, who has been called away in his thirty-fifth year. He was born at Ashton-under-Lyne, on September 2nd, 1852. His father, who was employed by the gas company, died when his son was but three years of age, and he alone survived of four children born to be a comfort to his widowed mother. As the fruit of her Christian training, her son decided early for Christ, and joined the Baptist Church at Ashton before he had attained the age of twelve years. About two years afterwards Mrs. Bottomley removed to Hyde. Immediately after her settlement in the town, both she and her son aided in the formation of a Baptist cause there, the room for worship in Cross Street being taken in Joseph's name. Young as he was, from the first he made himself a great power both in the school and congregation. In December, 1869, a church was formed, and then, when only seventeen years of age, he was unanimously chosen as a deacon, and he also proved to be during his career exceedingly useful as church

secretary, leader of the choir, player of the harmonium, and superintendent of the Sunday-school, the latter office being held by him until death, for the space of eleven years. For many months past he had been declining in health, and ultimately as the result of a stroke received a month before his death, which paralysed one side and deprived him of the power of speech, he passed peacefully away on Friday, August 17th. His heavy afflictions were borne with the most exemplary patience, and although he could not speak he was enabled more or less by signs to make his wishes or feelings known. The Rev. H. Watts, of Middleton, the late pastor of the church, conducted the funeral services on Tuesday, August 21st, a brief service being first held in the house. On the coffin was placed a splendid wreath; which, as a token of respect, had been subscribed for by the teachers of the Sunday-school and members of the church and congregation. Other wreaths had also been sent, including one from Councillor and Mrs. John Walker, and a floral anchor, subscribed for by the employees of Messrs. Mather and Barlow, at whose hat works deceased was employed as cashier and book-keeper. The coach and hearse were preceded by the minister, deacons, and about sixty of the members, teachers, and scholars. All along the route persons came out of the mills and houses to watch the mournful cortege as it passed along, much sympathy being silently expressed. In delivering the address in Gee Cross Chapel, Hyde, where the deceased was interred, Mr. Watts paid a high tribute to the memory of his departed friend, whom, he said, it had been his privilege to know for about ten years. His sterling Christian character, his conscientiousness, his zeal, his services in the school, the choir, and the band of hope; his self-denial in the path of duty, and his willingness to sacrifice anything for

the church of which from his earliest years he had been a most devoted member and deacon had won for him the esteem of all who knew him. Though dead, his influence would long be felt for good in the town and church and school; and especially in both the latter would his "works follow him." So far as he was concerned, there was no need for any testimony to be borne orally as to his religious state on a dying bed. His whole life had been a living testimony for Christ, for, like Obadiah of old, he had "feared the Lord from his youth." He had been taken away in the prime of life, when it seemed as if his services were most needed; but he had, at any rate, lived to purpose, and done a greater work than many who had survived to a ripe old age. With that thought they must rest, and strive to follow him in seeking to live for the same good and noble ends. Earnestly he hoped that God would graciously support the bereaved ones, recruit the thinned ranks of the church, and make the departure of their relative and friend to a brighter world a spiritual blessing to them all. After the service was over at the grave, two verses of the hymn, "It is well," were sung, and the procession then re-formed for the return to the house. The deceased was twice married and leaves a widow, three children by his former wife, and his venerable mother to mourn his loss.

BAPTISMS.

- Abercromb, English.*—August 27, One, by S. K. Williams.
Attleborough, Nuneaton.—September 2, Two, by W. Satchwell.
Bacup, Zion.—September 2, One, by E. A. Tydeman.
Battle, Zion Chapel.—August 26, One, by J. Howes.
Burnham, Essex.—August 23, Three, September 9, One, by C. D. Gooding.
Cadroxton-Juxta-Barry.—August 21, Four, by L. T. Evans.
Coggeshall, Essex.—September 2, Two, by G. H. F. Jackman.

Crawley, Sussex.—August 20, Two, by J. McAulane.
Drenfield.—August 12, One, by T. Hewitt.
Earlestown.—Eight, by C. F. Aked.
Farnworth, Bolton.—August 26, Four, by G. Hitchon.
Goodshaw, Lancs.—August 7, Three, by T. Thomas.
Great Grimsby, Victoria-street.—July 29, Three; August 12, Three, by E. Lauderdale.
Groes, Penrycae.—September 2, Four, by T. Roberts.
Guernsey, St. Sampson's.—August 14, Three, by F. T. Snell.
Kelso, N.B.—August 19, Three; September 2, Six, by E. Last.
Kington.—July 29, Four, by H. V. Thomas.
Knighton.—September 2, One, by W. Williams.
Landough, Cardiff.—August 12, Two, by L. T. Evans.
Lantarnam, Mon.—September 6, Fourteen, by E. R. Evans.
Loughwood, Devon.—September 9, Three, by R. Bastable.
Lymington, Hants.—August 26, Three, by J. Collins.
Melbourne, Derby.—August 22, Two, by F. Samuels.
Metropolitan District:—
Hampton Court.—August 26, Three, by A. Hall.
John-street, Bedford-row.—August 21, Ten, by J. E. Shephard.
Lee, S.E., Bromley-road.—August 12, Two, by J. W. Davies.
Thornton Heath, Beulah Chapel.—August 8, Two, by W. Harraid.
Teddington.—Two, by J. T. Dunn.
Woolwich, Parson's Hill, and Beckton.—August 2, 16, and 26, Twelve, by J. Wilson.
Newport, Mon.—July 29, One, August 26, Five, by A. T. Jones.
Newport, Mon., Old Albert Hall.—August 26, Two, by G. Harris.
Northampton, Prince's-street.—August 29, Six, by J. C. Roberts.
Paignton, Devon.—August 2, Two, by G. Hider.
Peterstone, Mon.—August 12, One, by J. Morgan.
Pontypridd.—August 19, Carmel Chapel, Three, by E. E. Probert.
Portside-by-Sea.—August 19, Two, by A. J. Gill.
Salendine Nook, Huddersfield.—September 2, Nine, by J. Thomas, B.A.
Southsea, Park-lane.—September 9, Two, by L. Llewellyn.
St. Helens (Central).—August 23, Seven, by W. Holroyd.
St. Helens, Park-road.—Nine, by F. Aked.
St. Heliers, Jersey.—August 26, Three; August 29, One, by C. A. Fellowes.
Sicamore.—July 1, Two; July 29, Five; August 19, Six, 26, One, by J. Roberts.
Southampton, Carlton.—September 2, Two, by E. Osborne.

Tamworth Tabernacle.—August 26, Six, by C. Duxbury.
Thorpston, Aldwinokle.—August 19, Three, by O. Thompson.
Upwell Tabernacle.—August 26, Three, by A. C. Batts.
Wealdstone.—September 2, Five, by E. T. Davis.
Whitbourne.—August 12, Four, by S. King.
Wisbeck, Hill-street.—August 5, Two, by J. W. Campbell.

"Unto you therefor which believe He is precious."—1 Peter ii. 7.

Precious Saviour! dear Redeemer!
 Lord Divine!
 Though Thou didst on Calvary die,
 Thou art now exalted high,
 Where eternal praise is given
 To Thee by the host of Heaven,
 Thou art mine.

Precious Saviour! dear Redeemer!
 Lord Divine!
 Who hath died the lost to save,
 For them freely Thy life gave—
 Who sin's penalty hath paid,
 Full atonement for it made,
 Thou art mine.

Precious Saviour! dear Redeemer!
 Lord Divine!
 Who lost sinners to reclaim,
 Bore the cross, despised the shame,
 Them to save from death and hell,
 That they might in glory dwell,
 Thou art mine.

Precious Saviour! dear Redeemer!
 Lord Divine!
 Thou who doth in safety keep,
 From all foes the weakest sheep,
 And declares ne'er to forsake
 Those who Thee their refuge make,
 Thou art mine.

Precious Saviour! dear Redeemer!
 Lord Divine!
 My chief joy while here shall be,
 There is one who e'er loves me;
 When from earth for ever risen
 Then will I exult in heaven,
 Thou art mine.

J. DORE.

THE FRUITLESS VINE.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And the word of the Lord came unto me, saying,—Son of man, What is the vine tree more than any tree, or than a branch which is among the trees of the forest?"—Ezekiel xv. 1, 2.

THE Jewish nation had arrogant ideas of themselves; when they sinned against God, they supposed that on account of the superior sanctity of their forefathers, or by reason of some special sanctity in themselves, they would be delivered—sin as they pleased. In consequence of the infinite mercy of Jehovah, which He had displayed towards them, in delivering them out of so many distresses, they gradually came to imagine that they were the favourite children of providence, and that God could by no means ever cast them away. God, therefore, in order to humble their pride, tells them that they in themselves were nothing more than any other nation; and He asks them what there was about them to recommend them? "I have often called you a vine; I have planted you, and nurtured you in a very fruitful hill, but now you bring forth no fruit; what is there in you why I should continue you in My favour? If you imagine there is anything about you more than about any other nation, you are mightily mistaken." "What is the vine tree more than any tree, or than a branch which is among the trees of the forest."

Let us remember, that these things might be said without implying that God in the least degree alters His eternal purpose towards any chosen vessel of mercy; for the Israelitish nation was not chosen to eternal salvation, as a nation, but chosen to special privileges;—a type and shadow of that eternal personal election which Christ has given to His Church. From His own elect Church God will never withdraw His love; but from the outward and visible church He sometimes may. From His own people He never will take away His affection; but from professors, from those who merely stand in His people's external condition, and are not His children, He may, yea, and He will, withdraw every token of His favour. God humbles Israel by reminding them that they had nothing which other nations had not.—that in fact they were a contemptible nation, not worthy to be set side by side with the cedar of Lebanon, or with the oak of Samaria; they were of no use, they were worthless, unless they brought forth fruit to Him. He checks their pride, and humbles them with the parable we have here before us.

Beloved, we shall, by God's help, use this parable for ourselves, and learn two lessons from it. The first shall be *a lesson of humility for saints*; and the second, *a lesson of searching for all who are professors*.

I. First, here is a LESSON OF HUMILITY for all you who have "tasted that the Lord is gracious." "What is the vine tree more than any tree, or than a branch which is among the trees of the forest?"

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In looking upon all the various trees, we observe that the vine is distinguished amongst them—so that, in the old parable of Jotham, the trees waited upon the vine tree, and said unto it, "Come thou and reign over us." But merely looking at the vine, without regard to its fruitfulness, we should not see any kingship in it over other trees. In size, form, beauty or utility, it has not the slightest advantage. We can do nothing with the wood of the vine. "Shall wood be taken thereof to do any work? or will men make a pin of it to hang a vessel thereon?" It is a useless plant apart from its fruitfulness. We sometimes see it in beauty, trained up by the side of our walls, and in the East it might be seen in all its luxuriance, and great care is bestowed on its training; but leave the vine to itself, and consider it apart from its fruitfulness, it is the most insignificant and despicable of all things that bear the name of trees. Now, beloved, this is for the humbling of God's people. They are called God's vine; but what are they by nature more than others? Others are as good as they; yea, some others are even greater and better than they. They, by God's goodness, have become fruitful, having been planted in a good soil; the Lord hath trained them upon the walls of the sanctuary, and they bring fruit to His glory. But what are they without their God? What are they without the continual influence of the Spirit begetting fruitfulness in them? Are they not the least among the sons of men, and the most to be despised of those that have been brought forth of women? Look upon this, believer.

"What was there in thee to merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?"

Yea, look upon thyself as thou art now. Doth not thy conscience reproach thee? Do not thy thousand wanderings stand before thee, and tell thee that thou art unworthy to be called His son? Does not the weakness of thy mental power, the frailty of thy moral power, thy continual unbelief, and thy perpetual backsliding from God, tell thee that thou art less than the least of all saints? And if He hath made thee anything, art thou not thereby taught that it is grace, free sovereign grace, which hath made thee to differ? Should any here, supposing themselves to be the children of God, imagine that there is some reason in them why they should have been chosen, let them know that as yet they are in the dark concerning the first principles of grace, and have not yet learned the Gospel. If ever they had known the Gospel, they would, on the other hand, confess that they were less than the least—the offscouring of all things—unworthy, ill-deserving, undeserving, and hell-deserving, and ascribe it all to distinguishing grace, which has made them to differ; and to discriminating love, which has chosen them out from the rest of the world. Great Christian, thou wouldst have been a great sinner if God had not made thee to differ. Oh! thou who art valiant for truth, thou wouldst have been as valiant for the devil if grace had not laid hold upon thee. A seat in heaven shall one day be thine; but a chain in hell would have been thine if grace had not changed thee. Thou canst now sing His love; but a licentious song might have been on thy lips, if grace had not washed thee in the blood of Jesus. Thou art now sanctified; thou art quickened, thou art justified; but what wouldst thou have been to-night if it had not been for the interposition of the Divine hand? There is not a crime thou

mightest not have committed ; there is not a folly into which thou mightest not have run. Even murder itself thou mightest have committed if grace had not kept thee. Thou shalt be like the angels ; but thou wouldst have been like the devil if thou hadst not been changed by grace. Therefore, never be proud ; all thy garments thou hast from above ; rags were thine only heritage. Be not proud, though thou hast a large estate, a wide domain of grace ; thou hadst not once a single thing to call thine own, except thy sin and misery. Thou art now wrapped in the golden righteousness of the Saviour, and accepted in the garments of the Beloved ; but thou wouldst have been buried under the black mountain of sin, and clothed with the filthy rags of unrighteousness, if He had not changed thee. And art thou proud ? Dost thou exalt thyself ? Oh ! strange mystery, that thou, who hast borrowed everything, shouldst exalt thyself ; that thou, who hast nothing of thine own, but hast still to draw upon grace, shouldst be proud ; a poor dependent pensioner, upon the bounty of thy Saviour, and yet proud ; one who hath a life which can only live by fresh streams of life from Jesus, and yet proud ! Go, hang thy pride upon the gallows, as high as Haman, hang it there to rot, and stand thou beneath, and execrate it to all eternity : for sure of all things most to be cursed and despised is the pride of a Christian. He of all men has ten thousand times more reason than any other to be humble, and walk lowly with his God, and kindly and humbly towards his fellow-creatures. Let this then humble thee, Christian, that the vine tree is nothing more than any other tree, save only for the fruitfulness which God has given it.

II. But now here comes A LESSON OF SEARCH. As the vine without its fruit is useless and worthless, so, too, the professor, without fruit, is useless and worthless ; yea, he is the most useless thing in the wide world.

Now, let us dwell upon this point. *A fruitless profession.* And whilst I am preaching on it, let the words go round to each one, and let the minister, and let his deacons, and let his hearers all try their hearts and search their reins, and see whether they have a fruitless profession.

1. First, a fruitless professor. *How do we know him ? what is his character ?* Secondly, *What is the reason he is fruitless ?* Thirdly, *What is the estimation God holds him in ?* He is good for nothing at all. And then, fourthly, *What will be his end ?* He is to be burned with fire.

First, *Where are we to find fruitless professors ?* Everywhere, dear friends, everywhere—down here, up there, everywhere ; in pulpits and in pews. False professors are to be found in every church. Let us leave other denominations alone, then. They are to be found in this church ; they are to be found in this present assembly. To whatever denomination you may belong, there are some false and fruitless professors in it. How know you that you may not belong to those who bring forth no fruit ? There are fruitless professors to be found in every position of the Church, and in every part of society. You may find the false professor among the rich ; he hath much wealth, and he is hailed with gladness by the Church. God hath given him much of this world's good ; and therefore, the Church, forgetful that God hath chosen the poor, giveth him honour, and what doth she get from him ? She getteth but little to help her. Her poor are still neglected, and her means not in the least recruited by his riches. Or if she gain a portion of his riches, yet she getteth none

of his prayers ; nor is she in the least supported by his holy living, for he that hath riches often liveth in sin, and rolleth in uncleanness ; and then weareth his profession as a uniform, wherewith to cover his guilt. Rich men have sometimes been false professors ; and they are to be found among poor men too. Full many a poor man has entered into the church, and been cordially received. He has been poor, and they have thought it a good thing that poverty and grace should go together—that grace should cheer his hovel, and make his poverty-stricken home a glad one. But then, this poor man hath turned aside to follies, and hath degraded himself with drunkenness, hath sworn, and by unworthy conduct dishonoured his God ; or, if not, he hath been idle, and sat still, and been of little service to the Church ; and so he hath been false and fruitless in his profession.

False professors are to be found in the men that lead the vanguard of God's army ; the men who preach eloquently, whose opinion is law, who speak like prophets, and whose language seems to be inspired. They have brought forth the fruit of popularity, ay, and the fruit of philanthropy too, but their heart has not been right with God, therefore, the fruit, good in itself, was not fruit unto holiness ; the moral benefit of their labours does not extend to everlasting life. They have not brought forth the fruits of the Spirit, seeing that they were not living branches of the living vine. Then there have been false professors in obscurity ; modest people, who have said nothing, and seldom been heard of ; they have glided into their pews on the Sunday morning, taken their seats, gone out, and satisfied themselves that by their presence they had fulfilled a religious duty. They have been so silent, quiet, and retired. Lazy fellows, doing nothing. You may think that all the fruitless trees grow in the hedge outside of the garden. No, they don't. There are some fruitless trees, in the inside of it, in the very centre of it. There are some false professors to be found in obscurity as well as in publicity ; some among the poor as well as among the rich.

And there are false professors to be found among men that doubt a great deal. They are always afraid they do not love Jesus, and always saying, " Ah, if I did but know I were His !—

'Tis a point I long to know ;
Oft it causes anxious thought.' "

Yes, and it ought to cause them anxious thought, too, if they are bringing forth no fruit, and giving no " diligence to make their calling and election sure." Fruitless professors are to be found, on the other hand, amongst the confident men, who say, without a blush, " I know whom I have believed ; I know I am a Christian, let who will doubt. I am sure and certain my sins cannot destroy me, and my righteousness cannot save me. I may do what I like ; I know I am one of the Lord's." Ah ! fruitless professor again ; just as fruitless as the other man, who had all doubts and no faith, and did nothing for his Master.

And then there is the fruitless professor, who, when he is asked to pray at the prayer meeting, never does so ; and who neglects family prayer. We will not say anything about private devotion ; no doubt he neglects that too : he is a fruitless one. Ah ! but there may be another, who stands up and prays such an eloquent prayer for a quarter of an

hour, perhaps, just as fruitless a professor as the silent one ; with plenty of words, but no realities ; many leaves, but no fruits ; great gifts of utterance, but no gifts of consistency ; able to talk well, but not to walk well ; to speak piously, but not to walk humbly with his God, and serve Him with gladness. I do not know your individual characters to-night ; but I know enough of you to say that your position, however honourable in the Church, and your character, however fair before men, is not enough to warrant any of you in concluding at once that you are not a fruitless professor. For fruitless professors are of every character and every rank, from the highest to the lowest, from the most talented to the most illiterate, from the richest to the poorest, from the most retiring to the most conspicuous. Fruitless professors there are in every part of the Church.

Now, shall I tell you who is a fruitless professor ? The man who neglects private prayer, and does not walk with his God in public ; that man whose carriage and conversation before God are hypocritical ; who cheats in trade and robs in business, yet wraps it up, and comes out with a fair face, like the hypocrite with a widow's house sticking in his throat, and says, " Lord, I thank thee I am not as other men are ! " There is a man for you, who brings forth no fruit to perfection. Another one is he who lives right morally and excellently, and depends upon his works, and hopes to be saved by his righteousness : who comes before God, and asks for pardon, with a lie in his right hand, for he has brought his own self-righteousness with him. Such a man is a fruitless professor ; he has brought forth no fruit. That man, again, is a fruitless professor who talks big words about high doctrine, and likes sound truth, but he does not like sound living : his pretensions are high, but not his practice. He can bear to hear it said,

" Once in Christ, in Christ for ever."

But as for himself, he never was in Christ at all, for he neither loves nor serves his Master, but lives in sin that grace may abound. There is another fruitless vine for you.

But why need I stop to pick you out ? May the Lord find you out to-night ! There are many of you here, concerning whom the curse of Meroz might be uttered. " Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof ; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Many of you are content to eat the fat and drink the sweet, and bring forth no fruit to God ; nor do you serve Him—lazy Issachars, crouching down like a strong ass between two burdens ; neither speaking for Christ, nor praying for Christ, nor giving to Christ, nor living to Christ ; but having a name to live, whilst you are dead ; wrapping yourselves up in a profession, while you are not living to Christ, nor consecrating your being to Him. Judge ye what I say ; if ye were put into the sieve this night, how many of you would come out clean in this matter ? Are there not many high-flying professors here, who fly high, but who do nothing ; who can talk fast, but live as slowly as you like ; who, perhaps, delight in hearing the truth, but who never practice the truth in serving their God, nor living to His honour ? Such as you, sirs, are the most useless and worthless of all creatures in the world ! For, like the vine, you

would be honourable if you were fruitful ; but without fruit, as the vine is despicable, so are you good for nothing but to be cast out and burned.

2. And now I come to the second question—*Why is it that these men are fruitless, and must be cast away?* The reason is, because they have no roots. Many, many professors have not roots ; fine professors they are, beautiful to look at, but they have no roots whatever. Don't you remember your childish freak, when you had a little garden of your own, when you plucked some flowers, and put them in the ground, and said that was your garden ; and when you went the next day, and found that all the flowers were withered and dead ? Such are many professors, pretty flowers, plucked off without roots, having no adherence to the soil, drawing no sap and no nourishment from it. And therefore it is they die, and bring forth no fruit. You come to us and say, "I wish to join the church." We question you as far as we are able ; you solemnly tell us that your hearts are right with God. We baptise you, receive you into our number ; but then there was no root in many of you, and after a while you die : when the sun has risen with a burning heat you perish ; or if you maintain a tolerably fair profession, yet there is never any fruit upon you, because you did not get the root first ; you got the notion first, and then thought you would get the root afterwards. I do tremble for many young people in my church—I will not exclude my own church. They get an idea into their heads that they are converted ; the work was not true, not genuine, not real ; it was an excitement ; it was a stir in the conscience for a while, and it will not last. But the worst of it is that, though it does not last, they last as professors. When they have been received into the church, they say, "I am sure enough !" Preach about them as long as you please, you cannot get at them. They are church members, they are baptised persons, they have passed the rubicon ; what do they want more ? You can do little for them. I do tremble for these. For my most hard-hearted hearers I weep before God ; but for these people I need to have four eyes to weep with. For who can make an impression upon them, when they are firmly persuaded that they are right, and have had the seal of the church that they are right, though notwithstanding that they are deceiving themselves and others, and are still "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity" ? My young friends, I do not want to check any of you in joining a church ; but I do say to you, make sure work of it before you make a profession. I would say to as many of you as love the Lord, come forward and unite with God's people ; but I beseech you, do be sure, do "search your hearts and try your reins." Many have thought themselves converted when they were not ; hundreds of thousands have had an impression, a kind of conversion, not real, which for a while endured, but afterwards it passed away as a summer's dream. It was but a little while ago that I had in my house a gentleman, an excellent man, and I believe a true child of God, who told me he had been brought seriously under impression, on account of sin, through hearing a sermon of late. "But," said he, "I was baptised in my childhood. When I was but young, there was a revival in our village, in New England. Mine was the hardest heart in the village ; but I was found out at last. There was scarcely a boy or girl that did not join the church, and I was at last brought under deep impression. I used to weep before

God, and pray to Him. I went to the minister and told him I was converted, deceived him, and was baptised." And then he went on to tell me that he had dived into the blackest crimes, and gone far away even from the profession of religion ; that after going to college he had been struck off the church-roll on account of wickedness, and that up to this time he had been an infidel, and had not so much as thought of the things of the kingdom. Take heed, many of you, that you do not get a sham religion. Many jump into godliness as they would into a bath : but they are very glad to jump out of it again, when they find the world pays them better. And many there are who will just come and say they are the Lord's, and they think they are, but there is no root in them ; and therefore, by-and-by, their impressions pass away. Oh ! we have many fruitless professors in our midst, because they did not look well to their beginnings ; they did not take heed at their starting point ; they did not watch well the first dawn ; they thought the little farthing rushlight of their own hopes was the dawning of the sun of righteousness ; they thought the bleeding of their own conscience was a killing by the hand of God, whereas it was a deeper, and better, and surer, and more entire work that they needed, than that which they received. Let us take heed, my brethren, that we do not put too much trust in our experiences, and take too much for granted, while it is not yet proved in our beginnings ; let us often go back and begin again ; let us often go to Christ with the old cry—

“ Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

For remember that these bad beginnings have had a great effect in making a man fruitless.

3. And again, thirdly, *What is God's estimation of fruitless professors ?* I shall not ask you their own ; for there are many men who are professors of religion with whom you might make your fortune very speedily, if you could buy them at your price, and sell them at their own. There are many too that have a very good opinion of themselves which they have gained from the church. The minister thinks well of them ; the church thinks well of them ; they are respectable people ; it is so nice to have them come, it helps the cause so, to see such respectable persons sitting in the pews ! Really, I do think he would do for a deacon ! Everybody thinks well of him ; everybody praises him. Now we have nothing to do with this kind of opinion to-night ; our business is with God's opinion of such a man. And God's opinion of a man who makes a profession without being sincere is this—that he is the most useless thing in the world. And now let me try to prove it. Is there any one that will prove that this man is any use at all ? I will ask the church :—Here is a man that brings forth no fruit, and has only a profession. Members of the church, what is the use of this man ? Will he comfort any of you in your distress ? Will he hold up the pastor's hands in prayer, when he is weary ? Will he lead the troops to battle ? Will he be of any service to you ? I see you unanimously lift up your hands, and say, “ The man is of no use to us whatever, if he brings forth no fruit ; if his life be not consistent with his profession ; strike his name off the church-roll ; let him go ; he is of no use.” Where has he gone to ? He has gone to the world. Bring the worldling

up. What do you think of this man? He makes a profession of religion. Is he of any use to you? "No," they say, "we do not want such a fellow as that. The man is Jack-of-both-sides; he is sometimes a professor of religion, and sometimes a sinner in the world. We will have nothing to do with him; turn him out of our company." Where shall we sell him, then? How shall we dispose of him? He seems to be of no use either to the church or the world. Is he of any use to his family? Ask his eldest son? "John, is your father any good to you?" "No, sir; none at all. He used to pray the Lord to save us with seeming earnestness, and rise from his knees to give vent to his temper. Many a violent blow has he given me without any reasonable provocation. He was always a passionate man. He used to go to chapel on Sunday and take us with him; and then we know what he used to do on Monday; he would get drunk or swear. A deal of use he ever was to me! He made me an infidel, sir." Ask his wife. "Well, what do you think of this good husband of yours? He has long made a profession of religion." "Ah! sir, it is not for me to say a word about my husband; but he has made me a miserable woman. I think I should have joined your church long ago if it had not been for his miserable inconsistencies. But really he has grieved my heart; he has always been a stumbling-block to me; and what to do with him I do not know." Well, Jane, we will have you out of the kitchen. "What think you of your master? he makes a profession of religion; yet does not live a right life. What do you think of him?" "Well, I did think that Christians were a good sort of people, and that I should like to live with them; but if this be Christianity, sir, I will take five pounds a year less to live with a worldly man; that's all I can say." Well, what is the use of him; I suppose he does something in business. He is a grand professor. He keeps a shop: everybody thinks him a most respectable man. Has he not given a hundred pounds just now to the building of a new church? Is he not always known to subscribe liberally to ragged schools? We will ask his men. What do you think of your master? "What do we think of him? Why, we would think a great deal more of him if he would give us half-a-crown a week more wages; for he is the worst paymaster in the parish." "That is nothing, perhaps. But what do you think of him?" "Why, that he is an unutterable cant. Some of us did go to a place of worship, but we are honest, and we would rather stay away than go with such a miserable hypocrite." I am describing real cases and not fictions. I need not to go farther than between this and London Bridge to knock at the door and wake them up, some of them. What is the good of such professors? If they would speak fairly out, and say, "I am no Christian," there would be some sense in it. For if Baal be God, let Baal be served; and if the world be worth serving, let a man serve it out and out; and let him get the credit of candour—not cheating the devil. But if God be God, and a man live in sin, and talk about grace, then, of what use is he? God Himself will disown him. Ask Him if this man has been of any use, and He replies, "No, of no use whatever." The vine is of no use unless it bring forth fruit; and this man, making a profession, is worse than worthless because he does not live up to it. My dear friends, I would not say an extravagant thing, but I will say this very coolly—if any of you who make a profession of religion are deceiving others by not living up to it, I do

request you—and I say it advisedly—I do request you to give up your profession, unless God give you grace to live up to it. Do not, I beseech you, halt between two opinions; if God be God serve Him and do it thoroughly; do not tell lies about it. If Baal be God; if he be a nice master; if you would like to serve him, and win his wages, serve him; but do not mix the two together; be one thing or else the other. Renounce your profession, and serve the devil thoroughly, or else keep your profession, and serve God with all your heart—one thing or else the other. I solemnly exhort you to choose which you will have, but never think that you can keep both: for “no man can serve two masters.” “Ye cannot serve God and mammon.”

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

WE think that that which distinguishes us from Congregationalists is a far more important thing than that which divides Congregationalists from Presbyterians and Methodists. We differ from them on a principle which we hold to be of vital importance, and the great antagonistic principle to all popish and sacramentarian error—the question of infant baptism.—DR. LANDELS.

A CERTAIN writer once wrote this passage: “The malice of ill tongues cast upon a good man is only like a mouthful of smoke blown upon a diamond, which, though it clouds its beauty for the present, yet it is easily rubbed off, and the gem restored with little trouble to its genuine lustre.” How comforting is this to the slandered and persecuted for Christ’s sake!

I REMEMBER reading of Charles Simeon, the famous evangelical clergyman of Cambridge, that he was one day thrown from his horse, and was fearful that he had sustained serious injury. When he had recovered from the force of the fall, he stretched out his right arm, felt it, and finding that there was not a bone broken, he consecrated that arm anew to the living God who had so graciously preserved it. Then he examined his left arm, and found it all right, and so held that up and dedicated it anew unto the divine service. He did the same with his head, his legs, and his whole body. As I was thinking over this subject, I felt as if I must go over my body, soul, and spirit, and dedicate all to that dear Saviour by whose blood I am altogether redeemed from death and hell.—C. H. SPURGEON.

THERE is a disposition observable in some to view unfavourably every thing that falls under their notice. They seek to gain confidence by always differing from others in judgment, and to deprecate what they allow to be worthy in itself by hinting at some mistake or imperfection in the performance. You are too lofty or too low in your manners; you are too frugal or too profuse in your expenditure; you are too taciturn or too free in your speech, and so of the rest. Now guard against this tendency. Nothing will more conduce to your uncomfortableness than living in the neighbourhood of ill natures and being familiar with discontent. The disposition grows with indulgence, and is low and base in itself; and if any should be ready to pride themselves on skill and facility in the science, let them remember that the acquisition is cheap and easy; a child can deface and destroy; dulness and stupidity, which seldom lack inclination or means, can cavil and find fault; and everything can furnish ignorance, prejudice, and envy with a handle of reproach.—REV. W. JAY.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER XI.—AN ENTRAPPED VICTIM'S STORY.

AT the close of a midnight meeting such as we have described, it is customary to invite all who desire to forsake their wretched life to turn into an ante-room, where each case is dealt with individually ; and arrangements are made for accompanying the fallen ones to a temporary Home. On the present occasion out of fifty-five who had remained to the end, not fewer than twenty entered the room, an exceptionally large number, and a solid proof of the deep impression that had been made. With most of these both Miss Archer and Miss Morrison had a few helpful words, and so did all they could to induce them to avail themselves of the present favourable opportunity of being saved from ruin. And the night's work in this respect was not in vain ; for, though most of the professed penitents only remained in the temporary Home for that night, or two or three days afterwards, and then left with a variety of excuses, six out of the twenty kept to their resolution, and were ultimately placed in service or returned to their relatives and friends. As we have no space left which would enable us to enter into details concerning these cases as a whole, we will give only the sad story of one, which, with the Divine blessing, may not only throw light on the others, but serve to save unsuspecting and innocent girls from being lured to destruction.

On the following morning, as Miss Archer sat in her drawing-room, two visitors were announced,

one proving to be Mr. Luke Briton, and the other a young woman with whom she had spoken in the ante-room. Apologising for his intrusion, Mr. Briton said that he had ventured to call at the earnest desire of the young woman, whose case was a pitiable one. At the midnight meeting she had been much impressed with Miss Archer's address, and had determined, if she would permit her to do so, to relate to her her sad story, and seek for counsel in order to know what would be the best course for her to pursue. If Miss Archer therefore would kindly allow her to remain for an hour or so, he would call again and conduct her back to the Home. Was it asking her for too much ?

"Not at all, Mr. Briton," replied Miss Archer. "As you may imagine, I feel a little wearied with last night's exertion and the little rest I have had, so that I can spend an hour or two in quiet conversation with your young friend."

"Then I will leave you, ma'am, with just simply saying that this young woman's name is Edith Scott. She will tell you the rest."

No sooner had Mr. Briton taken his departure than, to put the young woman at her ease, Miss Archer in kindly tones invited her to draw nearer to the fire, and asked her if she would like to partake of some refreshment.

"No, thank you, ma'am," she replied. "I have had as much at breakfast time as I could eat at the Home, though, as you may imagine, I am not in the mood for eating. My heart is sad, ma'am, very sad, in fact, it is almost broken."

"Well, do not cry, my poor girl. The past may have been bitter, but is there not hope in the present? Tell me your story, and rest assured that what I can do for you I will."

As Miss Archer uttered these sympathetic words, she looked at the sobbing girl, and wondered what sort of a tale she would tell. As she sat there no one but an expert would have supposed that she was, or rather had been, a street-walker. Her face was flushed with shame, but apart from this it bore no indications of guilt. She had the appearance of having been brought up in the country, and, if not positively handsome, she was prepossessing. Her clothes, with the exception of a grand feather in her hat, were such as any ordinary female might wear, and she was evidently not twenty years of age. Soothed, therefore, by Miss Archer's tones and kind reception, she wiped away her tears and said, "Then, ma'am, you would like me to relate my sad history?"

"Do, if you please. I shall listen to it with the deepest interest."

"Well, then, ma'am, as you are so good as to listen to me, I will tell you it as briefly as I can. That I have sinned, and sinned foully, I know full well, but oh, ma'am, you don't know what I've suffered! How long do you think I have been leading this wretched life? Only six months, ma'am, and to me, this morning, they appear like six long dark, weary years. As Mr. Briton has told you, my name is Edith Scott, and I am only a little over eighteen years of age. I was born in a village in Yorkshire, but was left an orphan when but two years old. My father was a small farmer, and he died before I was born; and my mother followed him to the grave two years and a

quarter after. They had no more children; and I was left in the care of an aged grandmother, who treated me very kindly, and struggled hard to bring me up respectably. I got a fair education at the village school and became a monitor. At fifteen years of age I entered into service as a general servant in a town not far from my home, and remained there in comfort for two years. At this time I went to a Sunday school and attended a place of worship, and felt at home in both. At some of the special services I was much impressed, and vowed at them to give my heart to Christ. But no sooner had I spoken to the minister about it than my grandmother was taken ill, and, as she had no one to wait upon her, I left my place to attend to her. In a few months she was restored to health, and then I thought I should like to go out to service again.

"In looking at the advertising columns of a newspaper, I saw what I thought was a likely place in Manchester, with better wages offered than I had hitherto received. So I wrote about it, and told them what sort of a girl I was and what I could do. In a day or two an answer came telling me that I would just suit; and that if I would get all my things ready and bring my box with me on such-a-day, I should be met at the station and be conducted to my new place. Accordingly I packed up, got all things ready, and arrived at the station at the time appointed. As I got out of the carriage and stood by my box I saw a well-dressed woman looking about, and as soon as she spied me she came up and asked if I was the young person named Scott who was going to be servant at such-a-place. I replied that I was the same person,

and then she kissed me and said how glad she was to see me and to find that I had arrived safely, and that she had a cab in readiness to take us to the house.

"Of course, suspecting nothing, I entered the cab with her, and it seemed to go a long way. She talked cheerfully to me all the time, pointed out the great buildings, and told me how lucky I was to get such a good place as the one we were going to. I then asked her if she was the lady herself, and she said 'No; she was only a relative who had been asked to come and meet me.' At last the cab stopped at a good house in rather a wide street, and as we entered it the cab drove quickly away. A rather old woman opened the door, whose face I did not like, but she gave me a hearty welcome, and, telling me to leave my box in the passage and pull off my bonnet and cape, took us both into the parlour and gave us a good supper. It was about nine o'clock, and it was light. In the window were some beautiful flowers, and as I looked at them the old woman said: 'You come from the country, and so do these flowers: would you like to smell them?' I said I shouldn't mind, and was getting up to do so, when she took them up in her hand and brought them to me. She told me first to smell one and then another, and then a third, and as I did so I began to feel funny, my head swam, and I felt she was putting a handkerchief to my face as if to wipe it, and I remember no more till I woke up in bed early the next morning—ruined, ma'am, utterly ruined!"

"Then," said Miss Archer, horror-stricken, "it was chloroform that you smelt hidden in the flowers and sprinkled on the handkerchief?"

"No doubt that was it, ma'am. My head ached ready to split when I awoke, and it was some time before I could realise where I was or what had been done. Then I screamed as if I would have brought the house down. The old woman then came up and asked me what was the matter, and I accused her of being my ruin. And what do you think she said? Do you think she denied it? She said that I was ruined, but that it was nothing to make a fuss about; that if I was wise and did what she bade me, I should have such a life as I never had before; and that if I did not submit to her she knew how to make me; and then, she added, if I screamed like that again I should be gagged. I implored her to let me go home, but she only laughed at me, and said she would send me up some breakfast; and some one who would talk to me. She then left me, and one of the inmates of the house—an unfortunate girl—brought me a nice breakfast, and spoke so kindly to me that I was induced to eat and drink a little. Then I implored her to help me to get away that I might go home, and she was so touched with my pleadings that she went softly to the door, and looking out to see that no one was listening, said that she felt for me a great deal, but it was of no use my resisting; for I was in the power of the woman whose agent had decoyed me to her house; that my clothes were all locked up; and that if I did not submit I should be brutally used, and, perhaps, half-murdered."

"But was that really true?" asked Miss Archer; "or was she acting a part and deceiving you?"

"No, ma'am, she was acting no part; she was telling me nothing but the truth, and telling it me

in compassion too. I learnt her history afterwards, and found that she had been betrayed, but not exactly in the same manner; and though she lived a life of sin, at bottom she loathed it, but never had courage, like I have, to burst the bonds that bound her; and one morning she was picked up out of the river, a wretched suicide. Alas! it was only too true what she told me, and I proved it; for I fought against my wretched fate till I could fight no longer, and it ended, as you know, in my becoming a street-walker."

"Then how came you to come to the meeting last night? Had you never been before?"

"Never, ma'am; but it happened in this way. You know we always go in couples, and as I was walking with one of our girls, Mr. Briton accosted us in Piccadilly, and invited us both in a kind way to go to the meeting. As he looked me in the face he said, 'You haven't followed this life long?' I said I had not. 'Not more than six months?' he said. That made me start, and he noticed it. Seeing I did not answer, he said abruptly, 'Your name is Edith Scott, isn't it?' Well, I felt as if I should have fainted, and, off my guard, I said, 'How do you know?' And then he told me that my poor old grandmother had written to the office stating that she had heard from a friend visiting Manchester that I had been seen on the streets, and imploring the superintendent to make inquiries. In the same letter she sent a photograph which Mr. Briton saw, and, so knowing about the case, directly he saw me by the light of a street lamp he recognised me as being the lost girl he and others were in search of. Hope now dawned upon my mind that now was the time to escape if I

meant to escape at all; but I said nothing except that if my companion would go to the meeting I would, and, as it was pouring with rain, we both agreed to go. So we went, and it was the first happy night I spent since I left my dear old home. Your appeals, ma'am, went to my heart. I felt as if I would give the whole world not only to be saved, but to be made pure and live a holy life. I stayed till the end, and, as you know, went into the ante-room and spoke to you there, or rather you spoke to me, for I could say but little. My companion went back to the house before the meeting was over, and no doubt told about me, and they would entrap me again if they could. But thank God, ma'am, I am free, and free I mean to be, even if I have to die for it. Now, ma'am, please, what would you advise me to do?"

"I should advise you at once," said Miss Archer, "to let your grandmother know that you are found, and if you do that we will take measures to restore you to your old home; or, if you prefer it, to place you in a secure position elsewhere. But one thing puzzles me, and I should like to ask you about it. You tell me that from the very first you loathed this wretched life; why then did you not leave it directly you got your liberty? Surely you could have written a brief note to your grandmother, or have communicated with the police, and so have been rescued?"

"That is a very natural question for you to ask, ma'am, and I will give you a truthful answer. You see for the first month I was kept in the house, well watched and guarded, and compelled to do as the rest of the girls did, who were more or less used to the life. Then when

I was sent out I was sent with one that the old woman could trust, and any attempt of mine to escape would have been thwarted. The clothes I had on, for instance, were not my own, and unless some one protected me I might have been charged with theft. But, putting all that aside, I soon grew hopeless, and tried to drown my sorrows in drink, of which at times I partook freely. And it is astonishing how soon such a life makes you hardened and callous. You meet with none hardly but lustful, degraded brutes, both male and female, whose language and habits are so vile, so hellish, I may say, that you sink in their company lower and lower, and so become in the end thoroughly reckless. That was just my case, and therefore I tried to banish all past sunny memories, and frequently hoped that death would soon come to relieve me of my misery."

At this juncture Mr. Briton called again, and arrangements were made to communicate with the young woman's grandmother. Taking her to the Home in the cab that brought her, a letter was written from it to Mrs. Scott, informing her that her lost grandchild was found. The joy that this piece of good news brought to the aged woman cannot be expressed. At Miss Archer's desire, and also at her expense, the good old woman, who was over eighty years of age, was brought from Yorkshire to Manchester in the company of one of the mission-

aries to meet her grandchild at Swan Villa. And when they came together it was such a meeting as neither Miss Archer nor Miss Morrison had ever before witnessed. The sight of her grandmother drove the rescued girl nearly wild. It was some minutes before they could release each other from their locked embrace. Thanksgivings were mixed with tears, and blessings were showered fast by the aged woman on the heads of all those who had been the means of the poor girl's rescue. It was some time before both could cool down and talk about the future. It was then arranged that Edith should, for obvious reasons, after such a fall, not return to her native village, but be placed in service, where she would be well cared for, and that the grandmother should receive in her own home such assistance as would make her comfortable the remainder of her days. In due course this arrangement was fully carried out. The rescued girl did well, and proved herself to be not only a real penitent, but a useful Christian; and we are happy to record that, Miss Archer having placed the matter in the hands of police detectives, the infamous house in which the poor innocent victim was betrayed was watched and ultimately broken up, its depraved mistress finding it to be to her interest to escape to the Continent.

(To be continued.)

THE question has often been raised, "How is it that coloured people prefer the ancient scriptural way of baptism?" An old coloured man answered this question admirably in the South to a Congregational minister. He said, "You see, sir, we coloured folks ain't got much learning, so we takes the Bible just as it reads." That is it precisely. They follow the teachings of the Scriptures.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects

THE BURYING OF JESUS.

John xix. 38, 39.

By REV. T. B. FIELD.

THE more we study fulfilled prophecy, the more startling it becomes. Compare this passage with Isa. liii. 9.

It was the eve of the great pass-over sabbath, a very few remaining near the cross, save the sentinels and a few of the Lord's followers.

There was a dread among the friends of Jesus as to what would become of the body—hearts were pained to think of what would happen to Jesus, when two men are seen coming to the cross. Learning and wealth, high and low, thus gather round Jesus. At length He is buried—Jesus rests—they withdraw.

"At length the worst is o'er, and Thou art laid
Deep in Thy darksome bed ;
All still and cold behind yon dreary stone
Thy sacred form is gone.

"Around those lips, where peace and mercy hung,
The dew of death hath clung ;
The dull earth o'er Thee, and Thy friends around,
Thou sleepest a silent corse, in funeral raiment wound."

Two lessons on the surface :—

1. *Christ was* thus honoured as a king.

2. *It proved* beyond a doubt that Jesus died.

I. We see two secret disciples making an avowal of their Lord.

Joseph and Nicodemus were not known as belonging to Christ, although Nicodemus had been suspected of favourable leanings to Him.

Do not let us judge harshly of these two men. To be a follower of Jesus then meant casting out of the synagogue—a very severe penalty—a casting out that would exclude such from the exercise of both social and religious privileges. It involved the loss of everything except life.

1. Sincere discipleship will always come to the front ; if we will not confess Christ as soon as we know Him, it will be harder work to do so afterwards.

2. Secret discipleship cannot and should not last long.

II. We next see the surprising providence of God.

Who could have thought that such difficult and dangerous work would have been performed by such great men ? In a certain sense, the cause seemed lost.

1. God has never been short of resources. Illustrations of this : see Joseph sent to Egypt to preserve the chosen nation ; Obadiah, although in Ahab's house, fearing the Lord ; Elijah's complaint, and the good men who had never bowed the knee to Baal. When Moses dies a Joshua succeeds ; so God's Church in every age has had faithful ones who have in His time come to the front.

2. This help came from a very unlikely quarter : so a miner's hut produces a Luther, and a cobbler's

stall a Carey. Saints were found in Nero's household.

III. Learn how the gospel of Christ touches and blesses, so that wealth is consecrated to Jesus. He that had no place where to lay His head is now overwhelmed with wealthy offerings; some of this in life would have been useful. Alas! that often we reserve our actions of love until friends have passed away; much of the money spent in mourning, feasting, tablets and wreaths would have given timely assistance in life.

Here they give the very best to Jesus. However, love prompted it and God accepted it. Do something for Jesus.

"No costly gems, no high-flown words,

O, grateful Christian, bring;
But heal some aching heart to-day,
Some gleam of sunshine fling
Upon a path all thorn bestrewn, and
ere the evening dim,
The Saviour will accept the deed
as rendered unto Him.

Cheddar.

MAKING THE MOST OF LIFE.

By REV. J. J. ELLIS.

"MAKE the most of life!" John Wesley was wont to say. What is making the most of life, and how can we do it?

A poor woman went through the market a few days since with a shilling's worth of copper money in her hand. How eagerly and anxiously she examined and calculated! She had but few pence, and wanted to obtain all that every coin could yield before she parted with one—she was trying to make the best of what money she had.

A young tradesman, with but a small capital, cannot afford to lock

up a single pound of it in unprofitable ventures; it must all circulate, and every farthing be earning money. He has so little money, his existence and future prosperity depend upon making the most of what he has.

Or a farmer with but few acres must till every foot of soil—it may pay a larger landowner to leave the corners of the fields, angles, and slips)—having so few acres, a fair return for his labour (not to speak of paying crops) will depend upon every acre being worked to the utmost; he must make the most of what he has.

So, oh friend and brother, life is our spending money, and requires delicate, anxious care, forethought and vigilance to expend it to the best advantage; not to exchange it for valueless or hurtful returns, but to obtain by it, in this world or the next, all a rational, spiritual creature can secure.

Life is our only capital. By it a man may secure treasures that cannot pass away; yet he must exercise almost incredible skill to develop its earning power, and extract by it the suitable and adequate return.

It is also thy farm, that and no more! Of itself, it will yield thee weeds abundantly. It may now and then give a self-sown or a wind-sown crop; but, by high farming and hard spade work, by judicious management, and, above all, by the magic of toil, will yield most marvellous returns to swell thy barns for ever! O, bethink thee, wise friend, that thy life is practically exhaustless in its good; let it be thy purpose to do the utmost with it that thou canst.

For the thing required of thee and me is not merely putting life to a good purpose, but dedicating it for the best; not merely employing

our talents and opportunities rightly, but using them to the utmost, and increasing our returns to the utmost possibility.

For thou thyself, content as thou art with the nothings that thou hast obtained, if thou dost give a piece of gold to the goldsmith, wilt be justly dissatisfied if he give but two rings, when he might and should have manufactured three. Thou sayest he is not honest, which witness is true and undeniable; but is he not a parable of many, perhaps a portrait of thee?

For it is the instinct of men, when a farmer sends his man into the field, not only that the labourer should show this or that done, but that he should have done a fair day's work; that he has not been absolutely idle is not the true defence; he should have done what he fairly might have been required to do in the time, and with the appliances at hand.

And the fisherman who does not catch all the fish he might secure, is felt by all to have failed in his duty; his boat may contain much, but if he has not taken all he might, he is not a faithful, good servant in that particular at least.

So, too, it is required of us, not only that we manifest some virtues, accomplish some good, attain some excellence, but that all this be to the utmost; we must strive for *all* grace, be *always* doing good, and our ideal is perfection, such as is displayed and accepted by our Father in heaven.

The tailor who plans how to make his roll of cloth yield most coats and vests will succeed in business, other things being equal; he who attempts life in a like temper, planning it to waste none, will accomplish more, and possess infinitely more of the best results of living than he who takes things as

they come, says "It will do," and "It is near enough," satisfied if his investment yield him some dividend, careless of the lost and unsecured, easily within his reach.

It may be said, we know nothing of what life is within itself—that it is a mystery, that speaking of life is like speaking of electricity—that undefinable force. Yet, with life or electricity, while we know not exactly what it is, we can control, and employ it; so that the unknown becomes our minister to ring our bells, convey our thoughts, light our footsteps, and contribute to our good. For though life is the hidden, that eludes our search, we are justly responsible for its wise employment; it is a solemn thing to live, although we pass our probation in poverty, ignorance, sorrow, and obscurity. It is the *miracle of life*, and the proudest, grandest miracle of God. For it is all of the wonderful eternity that can be manifest to men below; it is the acorn stage of the eternal, and reveals its future wonders, miniature and indistinct but full of marvel and also of peril! Oh life, thou art the rainbow of the earth, bright with the splendours of the All-Gracious to the works of His hands!

And of this dreadful, delightful life, let us remark that:

I. Life may be more than most make it. Said Felix Holt, "I don't say life is not worth having; it is worth having to a man who has some sparks of sense, and feeling, and bravery in him." With all its battles and defeats, great sorrows and intense sufferings, life is worth having; it is the special and grandest gift of Almighty God. Alas, what many make it!

To multitudes of our fellow creatures it has been—

(1.) Labour in vain.

For the bitter sneer in Gulliver is fearfully true, perhaps descriptive of some who read these lines. Men who spent their time trying to soften marble so as to make pillows and cushions from it; to extract sunbeams from cucumbers; sowing chaff hoping it would come up as grain, are only types, emblems, allegories, of many who spend effort and valuable qualities of head and heart to secure ease, money as a chief end, fame, power, or even if not viler, meaner, objects—labour spent in vain.

Augustine, reviewing the course of his follies, exclaimed, "My life being such, was it life, O my God?" to which we cannot but answer, No! A child's noise on a piano is not music, the drifting of a ship is not a voyage, an existence is not life; it may be what Jeremy Taylor called, a being "idly busy;" but it is not life unless it be a diligent employment of all the powers in view of a future, yet concealed, for the glory and in the strength of God. O, fellow-worker in this great labour world, permit the query that is asked of the writer too, "Is there a life, or simply a laborious doing of nothing, a churning of sea froth, a sowing of tares among others' wheat, a doing nothing in respect to good, in fact, labour in vain?"

And how many lives of high force and capacity have become—

(2.) Corrupt and enervating, infecting families, societies, sometimes nations; defiling all they touch, and emitting worldly, debasing, immoral, and weakening influences all along their pathway?

Are not many, as Hallam said Abelar was, "A shipwreck of genius;" nay, a shipwreck of intellect, opportunity, soul, alas! all that is great, good, and useful?

God keep us from such an epitaph as this, "A shipwreck of good." And (3) lives have been sublime and elevating.

Not to dwell upon some fortunate but sadly rare lives that have what Bishop Wilberforce has been said to have exhibited, "the concurrence of capacity and opportunity"; of those who have found that opportunity is another name for the discovery of desire and the reward of purpose, name Dean Stanley, of whom it was said, after his return from America, that "wherever he went he seemed to leave a train of light behind him"; or the French statesman of whom a man declared, "I should not have known what a man could do if I had not lived with him"—as examples of high and noble life. To accumulate and dispense light in the darkness fearfully thick around us; to reveal to others what they are, have, and may be, by diligence, sympathy and purity, to put a new meaning into the facts of every-day experience, and act by way of mental inspiration upon all within the scope of our powers and influence; to give all a man can impart of good, and reveal all that life may be ("a perpetual serving of God," as Jeremy Taylor termed it), this is to live in the noblest sense and power of the term.

For no life merely human has been so holy, helpful, and sublime, but thou mayest equal, perhaps surpass it; if we will but strive we may be all, and more, than others have been.

And, O brother, reflect that the aurora flaming in beauty to light the Laplander over the waste is the same force that blasts the tree and burns the house: in the one form beauty, in the other destructive, might; that the lives of Howard and Paine were the same qualities used

differently; and within thee are all the capacities for a Shaftesbury-like life if thou wilt but seek to arouse thee in the strength of God for thy work.

And it is solemn indeed to reflect that—

II. Life will be whatever you choose to make it. Smiles, when he was thinking of writing the life of Geo. Moore, was asked, "What can you make out of the life of a London warehouseman?" The amusing and beautiful biography that followed gave the reply. What can be made out of mine? is often the despairing question of a man feeling the limitations and evils of his existence.

The Bible records the lives of shepherds, farmers, fishermen, statesmen, tentmakers, doctors, and others, to show that it is less what men have, than what they are; that every lawful station and calling may be employed for the glory and honour of God, and the good of men.

Therefore thou mayst do what Joseph in the prison, David among the flocks, and Daniel in the palace did—serve thy God so as to attain happiness for thyself and unknown benefit to others.

Despise not thy calling, above all despise not thyself! Much wisdom lies in knowing the hidden value of things. It is said that the first finder of the Kohinoor gave it to his children to play with; like them, thou mayest be playing with a fortune, without knowing it, wasting that thou canst not value. Oh, set a due value upon the soul Christ thought worth dying for!

We agree that—

(1.) Life will be as its purpose is.

At Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington said he had no plans; by which he probably meant that, in-

tending to cover Brussels and drive back the French hosts, he held himself free to take any advantage that might present itself.

The master purpose of life, to be a worthy one, should be to glorify God wherever we are, and to work in the line of His Divine purpose; and to this every effort should be subordinate and contributory.

Distinguish between an effective purpose and an alleged one. For example, Sir Stratford de Radcliffe had an alleged purpose, viz., to keep the peace between Turkey and Russia, according to his instructions. His real and secret purpose, however, was to avenge a private quarrel with the Czar; he contrived so to obey his instructions that the Crimean war followed. The real purpose always triumphs. We profess to serve God; is that the real governing purpose of life? Do we really pray Augustine's prayer, "Oh, my God, rule and guide me" ?

"The service of life," says Prof. Wilson, in *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, "strengthens the mind by calling upon it always to labour for a present or definite purpose to submit its desires, its pleasures, rigidly to an object."

As is the purpose so will be its influence by this law upon a man. If the highest be our aim,

Will to work and strength to labour,
Souls to save and Christ their plea,
the mental mastery, control, and influence will be of the highest character; for serving Christ is the true pathway of holiness and mode of obtaining power.

Making the most of life above all—

(2.) Depends upon the degree in which we live; that is, upon the amount of force, vitality, will, we cast into our existence.

"With both hands earnestly" is the Bible phrase, of which an inspired instance is the King of whom it was said that "in every good work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered."

To which, as an instance of worldly prudence, working for success, remember Hayden's words, that "a man should never contend for anything with half his strength," a maxim that at the age of 18 he so practised that once while studying, he was so long without speaking to a human creature, "that my gums (he says) became painfully sore from the clenched tightness of my teeth," in the determination to succeed.

A better example is perhaps the sainted Judson, whose opinion that a successful missionary should be one who, standing alone, "should put forth *all* his efforts," was so well lived that the friend who was with him during the closing scenes of his life remarked, "It was impossible for any one to escape the conviction that his whole soul was in the work."

"Take care of that man; he means what he says!" said Disraeli of Bismarck in 1862; in this fact lies the secret of united Germany.

Let us throw aside all reserve, and put all our life and vigour into our work. Saul is first presented as wholly absorbed by the cares of his father's farm, and in the complete farmer is the power to lead and rule Israel.

"I will do my best," said Jane Eyre; "pity that doing one's best does not always serve." But it does serve, if not in one way, in another equally good. He who lives for holy ends, with all his might, cannot live in vain, and cannot

understand the effect and result of his life.

But especially will what you can make of life, still more making the most of it,

(3.) Depend upon what Christ is to you.

"Let me not be mine own life," prayed Augustine; "from myself I lived ill, death was I to myself, and I revive in Thee!"

Is Christ your life, source, and life-maintainer; do you live from Him? Be candid, oh fellow-thinker! Is He merely a biographical study, an intellectual puzzle, or emotional delight, or is He life to you? "O Jesus, be a Jesus to me," Jeremy Taylor has taught us to say. Is He a real Jesus, a Saviour from all sin, and all its effects; an instructor, helper, guide, and friend? Just what He is will your life be; the amount of vigour, healthy life, and helpful force your life will possess, will be in proportion to the extent He reigns and works within. Be right with Christ first.

Remember the problem presented to the apostles: five thousand to feed, and five small loaves to do it with. It is an impossibility; but it was done! You can't believe or expect it, but it is a fact! The solution is, that the bread changed its character; it became the sufficient gift of Christ, given for a purpose, and bound to accomplish it. He gave it to feed the multitudes, and they had all they needed.

Thy life and mine are ridiculously inadequate to the end desired; but put thyself and all thou hast into the hands of Jesus Christ, and thou wilt become the sufficient gift of Jesus Christ, wilt be made the most of, because by thee He will perform His will.

To conclude, all is comprehended

in two short phrases which may stand thus :

(1.) Be alive.

"Finally, dear brother, be alive; all is included in that," wrote Carlyle. Alive in intellect, emotion, and conduct, to live all over, and with all our might. This Paul intended when he said that the Gospel was worthy *all* acceptance; that is, the acceptance of the heart, mind, and life, grasped by all the qualities and powers of the soul, and satisfying and perfecting each.

Is there any part of your personality feeble or dead; withered emotions or dormant intellect? Be alive and living, given to make the most of thyself.

(2.) Be brave.

"It is weak and silly to say that you cannot bear what it is your fate to be required to bear," said Helen Burns in "Jane Eyre." For life is not arranged to please any man—to one poverty, to another sickness, to all some hindrance, limitation or drag; yet no man is left helpless.

Face thine enemies; thou art master of all, if thou wilt be; circumstances may contribute to thy success if thou wilt keep a stout heart in the fear of God. Oh, fearful is the might of a man that trusts and rests in God!

Life is given thee to be used, and the meanest life has some special work and mission; no life is unimportant if it be in the sweep of God's purpose.

Was not Philip, preaching to one man in the desert, making the most of his life; and Peter when preaching at Pentecost? Thou art born for work; be thou what Whit-

field called one of "Christ's bees."

"I meant to have done more," said Adam Smith when dying. Oh! the unaccomplished work of life. Things that were only intended, work that men meant to have done, but did not; what a difference it would have made in the world! What do you mean to do? Eat so much food, occupy so much space, hold the place of a worker, and then die away without leaving hearts purer, sweeter, stronger, and the earth the happier, that thou hast lived? Oh! the review of what we meant to have done, when it is impossible to do a single thing more. Do all thou canst with all thy might while it is called to-day.

In conclusion, to humble our sense of power, or rather to make us mighty by weakness resting on God, recall what Judson said when he expressed his wish to live to finish his dictionary: "Men always leave some work that they or their friends consider vastly important unfinished. It is a way God has of showing what really worthless creatures we are, and how altogether unnecessary as active agents in the working out of His plans."

For, after all, it is the power of God in us that makes the most of us; and when we have done all, it is truth and comfort to say, "Yet not I, but Christ that worketh in me!"

That we may make the most of what at the best is a very mean thing compared to that of the Lord, is the prayer with which we bid thee farewell.

Richmond.

Reviews.

The Cheque Book on the Bank of Faith. Being Precious Promises arranged and expounded. By C. H. SPURGEON. Passmore & Alabaster.

A VOLUME of *Daily Readings*; or, Short Meditations on Select Passages of Scripture, designed as a sequel to, though not as a substitute for, "Morning by Morning," and "Evening by Evening," by the same author. In an interesting preface, he refers to the great cheer he recently derived from these particular Promises of God in days of trouble and months of anxiety, when his home was darkened with sorrow, his health broken with labour, and his heart smitten with reproach. The title, however, is intended to teach the simple Christian how to use Holy Scripture in times of trial. Your own Bible, marked with your pencil in sundry places, will serve as a cheque book of your own. To follow up dear Mr. Spurgeon's metaphor, you do well to keep a good balance of ready cash and covenant bonds at this Bank of Faith in case of emergencies, and to draw cheques often in plea and prayer, that your signature may be well known. They tell us of Dr. Hawker, whose "Daily Portions" have delighted us since the days of our childhood, that he always held his *Diamond Bible* in his hand when preaching, though he seldom opened it, for as he accurately quoted the passages, he always mentioned chapter and verse. Never did he doubt that every sentence of the Authorised Version was inspired. Of course, he sometimes preferred a marginal reading, be-

cause he was quite sure, as we are, that no translation could ever do full justice to the deep significance of the words which the *Holy Ghost teacheth* (1 Cor. ii. 13).

The Weekly Pulpit: A Series of Suggestive Sermons, Outlines, Critical and Homiletical Notes, Illustrations, Addresses, etc., for the use of Preachers. Volume 4. Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THIS is one of the best of this class of preacher's helps. The outlines of sermons, numbering nearly one hundred, are clothed with thoughts naturally growing out of the text, and are by no means like some which are called skeletons of sermons, for which too often the appropriate text would be, "O, my leanness—my leanness!" The homiletic expositions of the Epistle to the Hebrews are valuable, as also the pulpit hints and illustrations. We believe that all who purchase this volume will be satisfied with it.

Notes for Boys (and their Fathers) on Morals, Mind, and Manners. By AN OLD BOY. Elliot Stock.

WE are glad that a new and cheaper edition is now published. It was our privilege to give a favourable notice of the first edition. It is full of sound, sensible advice, and will result in immense advantage to any youth who abides by its good morals and practical teaching. No young person should be without it, and fathers cannot do better than present their sons with a copy.

The Two Evolutions: The Real and

the Mock. By F. H. LAING, D.D.
Published by desire. Elliot Stock.

THIS is a most timely publication. So much nonsense has been put forth on the subject, and so much assertion unattended with the least proof, and even impossible things put out by some of our scientists, that it is quite refreshing to read the exposures of the mock and the establishment of real evolution. Dr. Laing has done good service in demolishing the proposition which traces the origin of man from a sea-squirt to the ape. We wish for it many readers.

The Herald of Mercy: A Monthly Messenger for Humble Homes. (Originated by the late DUNCAN MATHESON.) Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

A BEAUTIFUL shilling's worth, full to the brim of interesting matter illustrative of the glorious Gospel. Its pictorial accompaniments are such as will make it a favourite with old and young.

Part 203 (October) of the *Christian World Pulpit*, James Clarke & Co., has amongst some fine specimens of pulpit power one by Dr. BROWN, of Bedford (the minister of Bunyan meeting), on the Life and Character of John Bunyan, a burning and shining light.

The Sun, James Nisbet & Co., October, Part 5, is as good as the previous numbers, and they were very excellent.

Roman Catholicism Anti-Scriptural and Unreasonable. By Rev. W. FIRTH, reprinted from the *Voice of Warning*.

THIS four-page tract should be widely circulated. The writer shows his usual power in exposing the errors and absurdities of Romanism.

The Revival at Rockfoot: A narrative. By H. WATTS, Middleton, near Manchester. Alexander & Shep-

heard, Furnival Street, Holborn, E.C.

THE contents of this pamphlet appeared in our *Messenger*, and is now reprinted in this form, with the author's hope that it may be of some humble service to the churches.

Notes on Missionary Subjects. By ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, LL.D. Elliot Stock. Part 1. Observations and Reflections on Missionary Societies. Part 2. Languages illustrated by Bible Translation.

THIS ought to be in the hands of everyone connected with our Missionary Societies, at least every Committee and Secretary of our Auxiliaries should obtain and read it.

Stammering: Its Treatment. By B. BEASLEY, who cured himself after suffering for more than thirty years. Ninth edition. Hudson & Son, Birmingham.

A MARVELLOUS revelation, and should be read by all suffering from this affliction.

Love, Courtship, and Marriage. With notes on the wedding ceremonies of various nations. In two parts. By Rev. JAMES J. ELLIS. Part I. Price 1d. Hiscoke & Son, Hill Street, Richmond, Surrey.

THIS is a novelty; full of interest and humour. We shall anticipate receiving Part II.

The Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Ragged Church and Chapel Union, for Assisting and Providing Places of Worship for the Destitute Poor. Offices, etc., Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.

ALL who read this report, we think, will be struck with two things: what a deal is done with so little means; and, second, what a pity that so useful a society should be so feebly supported. Reader! send a subscription.

Truth in Love Series, No. 1. "Is there any Word from the Lord?" A tract for Bible searchers. Baptist Tract Society, Fumival Street, London.

ON one page, texts as Scripture proofs of believers' baptism; on the other page blank, the reader being invited to insert Scripture on infant sprinkling. Capital way of putting it. *But why call it infant baptism?*

A treasure bundle from the Religious Tract Society for 1s. 1d. *The Friendly Greetings*, which may be truly said to be tracts for the masses; *The Present Day Tracts*, No. 58, second series: The family—its Scriptural Ideal and its Modern Assailants, by Professor Blaikie—a subject of vital importance, dealt with by a master mind; Thomas Charles, of Bala (New Biographical Series, No. 60), one of Wales's bright and shining lights; *The Cottager and Artisan*, with an exquisite picture of the walk through the cornfields; *The Tract Magazine*, a book for the

meditative; *The Child's Companion*, a magazine for girls and boys; and *Our Little Dots*, the successful serial for our little ones.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of *Brief Exhortations on Christian Truth and Service*; The Grace of God that bringeth Salvation, Preaching the Kingdom of God, and Leading Scriptural Facts—Past, Present, and Prophetic. By JAMES VAN SOMMER. Curtis & Beamish, Coventry.

SOUND scriptural addresses, got up in a superior style. We have read them with profit.

Our own magazines, *The Baptist*, *The Sword and Trowel*, *The General Baptist*; also *The Baptist and Freeman's Newspaper*, are of special interest just now.

We have received *The Philanthropist*, *The Ragged School Magazine*, Nos. 56 and 57 of *Bible Work*, *Rest and Reaping*, *The Voice of Warning*, *The British Flag* etc., etc.

IN the first American war ships were in great demand, and the government paid very high prices for them. There was then a shipowner who sent his son to Boston to sell a brig that he had in the harbour, and told him to get 8,000 dollars for it; and if he could not get that, not to take less than 6,000. When the lad came back, he asked him what he had got for the vessel. The lad said 10,000 dollars! When the old man heard that the vessel was sold for so much more than double its cost, he thought that his son had been swindled. But being satisfied at last that the money was really in the bank, and that he could get it at any time, his old avaricious propensities again overcame him, and he said, "I say, John, after all couldn't you have got a little more?" Is not this human nature? When has a man got enough?

A REMARKABLE coincidence was described not long ago at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, New York. It was the case of a missionary who had been sick for some time. The persons to whom he looked for his salary at length told him that they could no longer continue it. "Never mind," he said to his wife, "the Lord will provide." His wife was in consternation, but he bade her open her Bible and read him the first words on which her eye rested. He prayed the Lord that the words might be His message for them. Her eye caught these words: "A continual allowance was given him of the king" (2 Kings xxv. 30). Both were astonished, and took the words as an assurance of help. Next day a friend called to say that the sick man's case had been taken into consideration, and an allowance was to be made them during his sickness. The use of the word "allowance" recalled the passage they had read together, and husband and wife praised God for His goodness.

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. THOMAS R. STEVENSON, of Derby, has accepted a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of Union Church, Shanghai.

Rev. G. Towler has accepted the pastorate at Sawley, near Derby, previous to leaving Audlem, where he has ministered for more than five years.

Rev. William Jones has, under medical advice, resigned the pastorate at Tue Brook, Liverpool, with the view of proceeding to Australia.

Rev. W. M. Thomas, pastor of the Burnley Road Church, Padiham, has intimated his intention to resign.

Mr. D. Davies, formerly of the Salvation Army, has entered on the pastorate of the mission church at Buckley.

Rev. W. Brown has resigned the pastorate of the united churches of Uffoulme and Prescott, Devon, having accepted an invitation to labour at the Forest Gate Branch of the Evangelistic Mission, London, in connection with the church at Bignold Hall.

Rev. George E. Buckeridge has accepted the pastorate at Manchester Street, Oldham.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. A. W. WOOD has received public recognition as pastor of the church at Broughton. Addresses were given by Mr. H. M. Bompas, Q.C. (chairman), Revs. B. Bird, J. Smith, G. K. McKenzie, and A. W. Wood.

Mr. R. J. Peden, from the Pastors' College, was ordained recently as pastor at Foxton. Rev. G. Gracey

gave the charge to the new minister; Rev. T. H. Carryer, addressed the church; Revs. C. B. Sawday, H. Cheney, J. Whitford, and W. E. Morris took part.

Rev. G. M. Rice has been recognised as pastor at Woodchester. Dr. Culross gave the charge to the minister; Rev. C. Brown addressed the church; Revs. E. Jacob, W. T. Soper, D. R. Morgan, and E. Dakin took part.

Services have been held at Sandy Lane Chapel, Leeds, recently, in recognition of Rev. W. Wynn, of Nottingham College, as pastor, Mr. E. Cookcroft, Rev. W. Gray, T. Goadby, and Rev. Giles Hester taking part in the service.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.—Rev. E. B. Pearson, late of Hounslow, has been recognised as pastor of the George Street church. The services were held on September 27th. Rev. T. W. Medhurst preached in the afternoon to the church, and in the evening Rev. G. Gracey, of the Pastors' College, gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. E. H. Brown, of Sandown, gave a fraternal address.

The recognition service in connection with Rev. G. Wainwright's settlement at Westbourne Chapel, Bournemouth, took place on the 24th September. Mr. J. McWilliam presided, and among the speakers were Revs. R. Colman, W. J. Robinson, B.A., R. Walker, and J. Ossian Davis.

Rev. J. C. Roberts, formerly of Nantyglo, has been recognised as pastor of the church at Prince's Street, Northampton. Rev. J. T. Brown presided, supported by the Mayor (Mr. F. Covington), Councillor T. Purser, and most of the Nonconformist ministers of the town.

PRESENTATIONS.

At Priory Street Chapel, York, an illuminated album and address, with a purse of gold, was presented to Rev. W. Turner, who is relinquishing the pastorate.

Rev. H. C. Atkinson, who recently resigned the pastorate of Bethel Chapel, Shipley, after twelve years' ministry, has been presented by the congregation with a purse of gold at a valedictory meeting.

Rev. W. Chapman, who, after eight years' ministry, has resigned the pastorate of Hucknall Torkard Church, has been presented with a purse of gold by the congregation, and an illuminated address by the members of his Bible class. The lady members of the church have also presented Mrs. Chapman with a portrait.

Mr. James Furner, senior deacon of Lake Road Church, Portsmouth (T. W. Medhurst, pastor), has been presented with a purse of money on his resigning his treasurership of the church, a position which he has faithfully filled for many years, and which he has resigned on account of advancing age.

Mr. and Mrs. Wearing, on leaving Faringdon, have been presented with an ornolu drawing-room clock and an illuminated address "in appreciation of their devoted service and loving friendship."

Mr. Wm. Jones, for thirty-two years connected with the school at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, has been presented by the teachers, on his departure to Leicester, with a walnut stationery and cabinet desk.

Rev. W. Bishop and Mr. Thomas Cook, of Leicester, have been presented with useful tokens of esteem by the members of the Mothers' Meeting assembling in the Cook Memorial Hall.

NEW CHAPELS.

THE new church, Oxford Road, Moseley, was opened for worship on the

12th of September; the sermons were preached by Revs. J. Aldis and J. Owen. The building is Gothic in style, with nave, transepts, and chancel. The estimated total cost of the church, lecture-hall, vestries, &c., is £7,800, towards which sum £3,000 was granted by the Cannon Street trustees; promises amount to £2,500, leaving about £2,300 to be raised. The collections on the opening day amounted to £78. Revs. R. Gray (pastor) and H. Bonner conducted the services on the Sunday, when large congregations assembled and liberal collections were taken. The churches at King's Heath and Moseley will be worked together under the supervision of Rev. R. Gray, with whom is associated Rev. J. G. Collett, of Rawdon College. The future prospects of both places are very hopeful.

A new chapel and schoolroom are in course of erection in the village of Thurleigh, Beds, where Rev. G. Chandler has carried on mission work for the last twenty-two years with much encouragement. The total cost is estimated at £800, towards which the attendants, who are chiefly of the labouring class, have liberally contributed according to their means. Altogether £500 has been raised, and Mr. Chandler makes an earnest appeal for the remaining £300, so that the building may be opened in November free of debt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

✕ PORTSMOUTH.—Rev. T. W. Medhurst has just completed his nineteenth year as pastor of the Lake Road Church. The anniversary meeting was held on October 10th, when J. W. Hobbs, Esq., J.P., Mayor of Croydon, presided. The anniversary sermons were preached on Sunday, October 21st, by Rev. H. O. Mackey, of Park Road, Peckham.

✕ NORTH BRADLEY (Wilts).—The fifty-second anniversary of the Autumn festival was celebrated October

1st and 2nd. Special sermons were preached on the Sunday by the pastor, Rev. J. Hanson, and Rev. T. Mann. On Monday evening, Rev. T. W. Medhurst preached from Psa. lxxxiv. 11, and again, on Tuesday afternoon, from Psa. lxxxiv. 2. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, when addresses were given by Revs. J. Hanson, W. Sutton, A. English, T. J. Hazzard, J. Clarke, B.A., and T. W. Medhurst.

The opening services for the new mission room at Marlipit Hill, Edenbridge, took place on the 11th of September. Rev. W. Townsend preached the dedication sermon. Mr. F. W. Lloyd, Bromley, presided at the evening meeting, when addresses were given by Revs. W. Townsend, W. D. Reid, R. Hill Powell (pastor), and Dr. Austin. Mr. G. B. Coman, secretary, stated that nearly £180 had been raised towards the entire cost.

Leytonstone Chapel has been reopened, after extensive alterations. New galleries, platform, and organ have been erected, and the building now seats 650 persons. The cost is £1,750, of which £1,000 has been raised. The preachers at the opening services were Revs. R. H. Roberts, B.A., J. T. Wigner, and C. H. Spurgeon.

Memorial stones of new Sunday School buildings for Carley Street Chapel, Leicester (Rev. J. C. Forth, pastor) have been laid. The school has now 450 scholars and 50 teachers. The cost is estimated at £900, towards which £530 has been contributed.

Memorial stones of the new Sunday schools in connection with Wycliffe Chapel, Reading, have been laid by Mrs. J. A. Spurgeon and Mr. Walter Palmer. A public meeting was addressed by Revs. J. A. Spurgeon, C. A. Davis, W. A. Findlay, and W. G. Hailstone (pastor). Mr. Henry Lea presiding. The cost will be £1,200, towards which £1,000 has been raised.

TENT MEETINGS IN BUCKS.—The old meeting-house at Amersham,

built about 1622, had declined, and twenty-eight and a half years since was all but closed. The cause is now somewhat revived, largely attributable to the evangelistic enterprise of the pastor. Recently encouraging tent services have been held in the only places. A mission (in the tent) has been held at Coleshill, and also in several parts of Amersham Common. The winter work is now being arranged for.

PARK STREET CHAPEL (Luton).—The pastor and about sixty friends connected with the Tract Society spent a social evening together on October 9th, and during the evening papers were read and discussions held on several questions important to the Church and the Christian's life. On October 10th a few of the children of the congregation under the direction of Miss Humphries furnished a stall of needlework, and in the evening gave an entertainment, under the presidency of the pastor, J. H. Blake, which realised over £10, for the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society.

BAPTISMS.

- Appledore*.—October 4, Three, by W. L. Crathern.
Ayr, N.B.—September 12, Four, by J. Horne.
Bardwell, Suffolk.—September 16, Two, by G. F. Wall.
Barrow-in-Furness, Abbey-road.—September 30, Five, by F. Wynne.
Birkenhead, Jackson-street, September 11, One; September 18, Nine, by T. Lydiatt.
Birmingham, Constitution-hill.—Sept. 30, One, by J. Burton.
Birmingham, Longmore-street, September 30, Two, by A. T. Greening.
Blaina, Mon.—October 5, Four, by C. Rees.
Brentwood, Essex.—October 2, Two, by W. Walker.
Cheddar.—September 17, Five, by T. B. Field.
Clayton-le-Moors.—October 4, Three, by S. Caldwell.
Coventry : Gosford-street. —September 23, Two, by A. T. Trout.

Crawley, Sussex.—October 4, Three, by J. McAuslane.
Earlestown.—Six, by C. F. Aked.
Eastcotevale.—September 23, Four, by S. G. Head.
Inskip, near Preston.—September 9, One, by R. A. Burrows.
Kelso, N.B.—September 23, Five; October 7, Seven, by E. Last.
Leeds, North-street.—September 30, Six, by J. Horn.
Liverpool, Soho-street.—August 25, Two; September 30, Three, by E. E. Walter.
Metropolitan District, Henrietta-street.—September 30, Three, by W. Smith.
Harlington.—September 30, Two, by F. T. Smythe.
Lee, S.E., Bromley-road.—September 30, Three, by J. W. Davies.
Norbiton.—September 30, Four, by J. Clark.
Penge Tabernacle.—October 3, Ten, by J. B. Boud.
Putney.—September 30, Two, by W. Thomas.
Woolwich, Parson's Hill.—September 30, Nine, by J. Wilson.
Macclesfield, St. George's-street.—September 12, Two, by J. Hollinshead.
Middleton, near Manchester.—September 30, Four, by H. Watts.
Ogden: Rochdale, September 23, Two, by W. S. Llewellyn.

Orpington.—October 7, Ten, by J. Solley.
Pontypridd.—September 20, Carmel Chapel, Three, by E. E. Probert.
Pulham St. Mary, Norfolk.—September 30, Two, by W. Bishop.
Rawdon.—October 4, Two, by A. P. Fayers.
Seion Ponkey.—September 9, Three; Sept. 30, Two, by E. Mitchell.
Southsea, Elm Grove.—September 30, Four, by J. F. Williams.
Southport, London-street.—October 3, Four, by J. M. Houston.
South Bank, Yorks.—September 9, Four, by T. R. Lewis.
Stevington, Bedford.—October 7, Two, by E. Probert.
Stagumber.—September 23, Three, by G. Jones.
Street, Somerset.—October 4, Four, by J. Bartlett.
St. Helens, Park-road.—Four, by C. F. Aked.
Tottlebank, near Ulverston.—September 11, One, by J. L. Wilson.
Waltham Abbey.—September 30, Nine, by W. Jackson.
Wealdstone.—September 23, Two, by E. T. Davis.
Whitwick.—September 2, Three; September 16, One, by W. Slater.
Wisbech, Hill-street.—October 2, Three, by J. Cocket.
Wythall Heath.—September 23, Two, by J. S. May.

CHOICE VOWS.

"Bring all that I command you . . . and all your choice vows, which ye vow unto the Lord."—Deut. xii. 11.

Not only what He claimeth, the loving heart would give;

The lamb, the dove, He nameth, and waiteth to receive;

Not only would we render the gifts His law demands,

For tenderness so tender, have we no willing hands?

No vows of consecration, no deeds of holy love,

In humble adoration our gratitude to prove;

No alabaster treasure, that we can freely break,

To give the Master pleasure, done only for His sake.

No pledge like hers, who bowing before Jehovah's throne,

Resigned her darling, vowing the Lord should have her son;

Her Samuel should be sprinkled with consecrating blood,
 Where Eli, aged and wrinkled, in feeble office stood.

Choice vows! let us give them!

Still trusting Jesus' grace

To perfect and receive them within the holy place;

Within the temple portals, where shines the perfect light,

Where tears of erring mortals grow lustrous in His sight.

Choice vows of love, confiding in His all-loving heart,

Still in His care abiding, from whom no foe can part;

Choice vows of sweet communion, when moved by love we own,

The bond of sacred union that we are His alone.

WILLIAM LUFF.

PRAYER—THE FORERUNNER OF MERCY.*

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"Thus saith the Lord God; I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them; I will increase them with men like a flock."—Ezekiel xxxvi. 37.

IN reading the chapter we have seen the great and exceeding precious promises which God had made to the favoured nation of Israel. God in this verse declares, that though the promise was made, and though He would fulfil it, yet He would not fulfil it until His people asked Him so to do. He would give them a spirit of prayer, by which they should cry earnestly for the blessing, and then when they should have cried aloud unto the living God, He would be pleased to answer them from heaven, His dwelling-place. The word used here to express the idea of prayer is a suggestive one. "I will yet for this be *inquired of* by the house of Israel." Prayer, then, is an inquiry. No man can pray aright unless he views prayer in that light. First, I inquire what the promise is. I turn to my Bible, and I seek to find the promise whereby the thing which I desire to seek is certified to me as being a thing which God is willing to give. Having inquired so far as that, I take that promise, and on my bended knees I inquire of God whether He will fulfil His own promise. I take to Him His own word of covenant, and I say to Him, "O Lord, wilt Thou not fulfil it, and wilt Thou not fulfil it *now*? So that there, again, prayer is inquiry. After prayer I look out for the answer; I expect to be heard, and if I am not answered, I pray again, and my repeated prayers are but fresh inquiries. I expect the blessing to arrive, I go and inquire whether there is any tidings of its coming. I ask; and thus I say, "Wilt Thou answer me, O Lord? Wilt Thou keep Thy promise? Or wilt Thou shut up Thine ear, because I misunderstand my own wants, and mistake Thy promise?" Brethren, we must use inquiry in prayer, and regard prayer as being, first, *an inquiry for the promise*, and then, on the strength of that promise, *an inquiry for the fulfilment*. We expect something to come as a present from a friend; we first have the note, whereby we are informed it is upon the road. We inquire as to what the present is by the reading of the note; and then, if it arrive not, we call at the accustomed place where the parcel ought to have been left, and we ask or inquire for such and such a thing. We have inquired about the promise, and then we go and inquire again until we get an answer that the promised gift has arrived and is ours. So with prayer. We get the promise by inquiry, and we get the fulfilment of it by again inquiring at God's hands.

Now, this morning I shall try, as God shall help me, first to speak of prayer as *the prelude of blessing*; next I shall try to show why prayer is

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the prayers of His people full of joy and gladness it is then that the sea of grace returneth to its strength. In proportion to the prayerfulness of the Church shall be its present success, though its ultimate success is beyond the reach of hazard.

And now, again, to come nearer home: this truth is true of each of you, my dearly beloved in the Lord, *in your own personal experience*. God has given you many an unsolicited favour, but still great prayer has always been the great prelude of great mercy with you. When you first found peace through the blood of the cross you had been praying much beforehand, and earnestly interceding with God that He would remove your doubts, and deliver you from your distresses. Your assurance was the result of prayer. And when at any time you have had high and rapturous joys, you have been obliged to look upon them as answers to your prayers; when you have had great deliverances out of sore troubles, and mighty helps in great dangers, you have been able to say, "I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me out of all my fears." Prayer, we say, in your case, as well as in the case of the Church at large, is always the preface to blessing.

And now some will say to me, "In what way do you regard prayer, then, as affecting the blessing? God the Holy Ghost vouchsafes prayer, before the blessing; but in what way is prayer connected with the blessing?" I reply, prayer goes before the blessing in several senses.

It goes before the blessing, *as the blessing's shadow*. When the sunlight of God's mercy rises upon our necessities, it casts the shadow of prayer far down upon the plain; or, to use another illustration, when God piles up a hill of mercies, He Himself shines behind them, and He casts on our spirits the shadow of prayer, so that we may rest certain, if we are in prayer, our prayers are the shadows of mercy. Prayer is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? You shall see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us blessings do rumble, their wheels do sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come.

Again: prayer goes before mercy, *as the representative of it*. Oftentimes the king, in his progress through his realms, sends one before him, who blows a trumpet; and when the people see him they know that the king cometh, because the trumpeter is there. But, perhaps, there is before him a more important personage, who says, "I am sent before the king to prepare for his reception, and I am this day to receive aught that you have to send the king, for I am his representative." So prayer is the representative of the blessing before the blessing comes. The prayer comes, and when I see the prayer, I say, "Prayer, thou art the vicegerent of the blessing; if the blessing be the king, thou art the regent; I know and look upon thee as being the representative of the blessing I am about to receive."

But I do think also that sometimes, and generally, prayer goes before the blessing, *even as the cause goes before the effect*. Some people say, when they get anything, that they get it because they prayed for it; but if they

are people who are not spiritually minded, and who have no faith, let them know, that whatever they may get it is not in answer to prayer ; for we know that God heareth not sinners, and "the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord." "Well," says one, "I asked God for such and-such a thing the other day ; I know I am no Christian, but I got it. Don't you consider that I had it through my prayers?" No sir, no more than I believe the reasoning of the old man who affirmed that the Goodwin Sands had been caused by the building of Tenterden steeple, for the sands had not been there before, and the sea did not come up till it was built, and therefore, said he, the steeple must have caused the flood. Now, your prayers have no more connection with your blessing than the sea with the steeple ; in the Christian's case it is far different. Oft-times the blessing it actually brought down from heaven by the prayer. An objector may reply, "I believe that prayer may have much influence on yourself, sir, but I do not believe that it has any effect on the Divine Being." Well, sir, I shall not try to convince you ; because it is useless for me to try to convince you of that, unless you believe the testimonies I bring, as it would be to convince you of any historical fact by simply reasoning about it. I could bring out of this congregation not one nor twenty, but many hundreds, who are rational, intelligent persons, and who would, each of them, most positively declare, that some hundreds of times in their lives they have been led to seek most earnestly deliverance out of trouble, or help in adversity, and they have received the answers to their prayers in so marvellous a manner that they themselves did no more doubt their being answers to their cries than they could doubt the existence of a God. They felt sure that He heard them ; they were certain of it. Oh ! the testimonies to the power of prayer are so numberless, that the man who rejects them flies in the face of good testimonies. We are not all enthusiasts ; some of us are cool blooded enough ; we are not all fanatics ; we are not all quite wild in our piety ; some of us in other things, we reckon, act in a tolerably common-sense way. But yet we all agree in this, that our prayers have been heard ; and we could tell many stories of our prayers, still fresh upon our memories, where we have cried unto God, and He has heard us. But the man who says he does not believe God hears prayer, knows He does. I have no respect to his scepticism, any more than I have any respect to a man's doubt about the existence of a God. The man does not doubt it ; he has to choke his own conscience before he dares to say he does. It is complimenting him too much to argue with him. Will you argue with a liar ? He affirms a lie, and knows it is so. Will you condescend to argue with him, to prove that he is untrue ? The man is incapable of reasoning ; he is beyond the pale of those who ought to be treated as respectable persons. If a man rejects the existence of a God, he does it desperately against his own conscience ; and if he is bad enough to stifle his own conscience so much as to believe that, or pretends that he believes it, we think that we shall demean ourselves if we argue with so loose a character. He must be solemnly warned, for reason is thrown away upon deliberate liars. But you know, sir, God hears prayer ; because if you do not, either way you must be a fool. You are a fool for not believing so, and a worse fool for praying yourself, when you do not believe He hears you. "But I do not pray, sir." Do not pray ? Did I not hear a whisper from your nurse

when you were sick? She said you were a wonderful saint when you had the fever. You do not pray! No, but when things do not go quite well in business you would to God that they would go better, and you do sometimes cry out to Him a kind of prayer which He cannot accept, but which is still enough to show that there is an instinct in man that teaches him to pray. I believe that even as birds build their nests without any teaching, so men use prayer in the form of it (I do not mean spiritual prayer): I say, men use prayer from the very instinct of nature. There is something in man which makes him a praying animal. He cannot help it; he is obliged to do it. He laughs at himself when he is on the dry land; but he prays when he is on the sea and in a storm; he scoffs at prayer when he is well, but when he is sick he prays as fast as anybody. He—he would not pray when he is rich; but when he is poor, he prays then strongly enough. He knows God hears prayer, and he knows that men should pray. There is no disputing with him. If he dares to deny his own conscience he is incapable of reasoning, he is beyond the pale of morality, and therefore we dare not try to influence him by reasoning. Other means we may and hope we shall use with him, but not that which compliments him by allowing him to answer. O saints of God! whatever ye can give up, ye can never give up this truth, that God heareth prayer; for if ye did disbelieve it to-day, ye would have to believe it again to-morrow; for ye would have such another proof of it through some other trouble that would roll over your head that ye would be obliged to feel, if ye were not obliged to say, "Verily, God heareth and answereth prayer."

Prayer, then, is the prelude of mercy, for very often it is the cause of the blessing; that is to say, it is a part cause; the mercy of God being the great first cause, prayer is often the secondary agency whereby the blessing is brought down.

II. And now I am going to try to show you, in the second place, WHY IT IS THAT GOD IS PLEASED TO MAKE PRAYER THE TRUMPETER OF MERCY, OR THE FORERUNNER OF IT.

1. I think it is, in the first place, *because God loves that man should have some reason for having a connection with Him*. Saith God, "My creatures will shun Me, even My own people will too little seek Me—they will flee from Me, instead of coming to Me. What shall I do? I intend to bless them: shall I lay the blessings at their doors, so that when they open them in the morning they may find them there, unasked and unsought?" "Yes," saith God, "many mercies I will so do with; I will give them much that they need, without their seeking for it; but in order that they may not wholly forget Me, there are some mercies that I will not put at their doors, but I will make them come to My house after them. I love My children to visit Me," says the heavenly Father; "I love to see them in My courts, I delight to hear their voices and to see their faces; they will not come to see Me if I give them all they want; I will keep them sometimes without, and then they will come to Me and ask, and I shall have the pleasure of seeing them, and they will have the profit of entering into fellowship with Me." It is as if some father should say to his son, who is entirely dependent upon him, "I might give you a fortune at once so that you might never have to come upon me again; but, my son, it delights me, it affords me pleasure to supply your wants; I like to know

what it is you require, that I may oftentimes have to give you, and so may frequently see your face. Now I shall give you only enough to serve you for such a time, and if you want to have anything you must come to my house for it. O, my son, I do this because I desire to see thee often; I desire often to have opportunities of showing how much I love thee." So doth God say to His children, "I do not give you all at once; I give all to you in the promise, but if you want to have it in the detail you must come to Me to ask Me for it: so shall you see My face, and so shall you have a reason for often coming to My feet."

2. But there is another reason. God would make prayer the preface to mercy, *because often prayer itself gives the mercy*. You are full of fear and sorrow; you want *comfort*, God says, pray, and you shall get it; and the reason is because prayer is of itself a comforting exercise. We are all aware that when we have any heavy news upon our minds, it often relieves us if we can tell a friend about it. Now there are some troubles we would not tell to others, for perhaps many minds could not sympathise with us: God has therefore provided prayer as a channel for the flow of grief. "Come," saith He, "thy troubles may find vent here; come, put them into My ear; pour out thine heart before Me, and so wilt thou prevent its bursting. If thou must weep, come and weep at My mercy-seat; if thou must cry, come and cry in the closet, and I will hear thee." And how often have you and I tried that! We have been on our knees overwhelmed with sorrow, and we have risen up and said, "Ah! I can meet it all now!"

"Now I can say my God is mine,
Now I can all my joys resign,
Can tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great."

Prayer itself sometimes gives the mercy.

Take another case. You are in difficulty; you don't know which way to go, nor how to act. God has said that He will *direct* His people. You go forth in prayer, and pray to God to direct you. Are you aware that your very prayer will frequently of itself furnish you with the answer? For while the mind is absorbed in thinking over the matter, and in praying concerning the matter, it is just in the likeliest state to suggest to itself the course which is proper; for whilst in prayer I am spreading all the circumstances before God, I am like a warrior surveying the battlefield, and when I rise I know the state of affairs, and know how to act. Often thus, you see, prayer gives the very thing we ask for in itself. Often when I have had a passage of Scripture that I cannot understand, am I in the habit of spreading the Bible before me; and if I have looked at all the commentators, and they do not seem to agree, I have spread the Bible on my chair, kneeled down, put my finger upon the passage, and sought of God instruction. I have thought that when I have risen from my knees I understood it far better than before; I believe that the very exercise of prayer did of itself bring the answer, to a great degree; for the mind being occupied upon it, and the heart being exercised with it, the whole man was in the most excellent position for truly understanding it. John Bunyan says, "The truths that I know best I have learned on my knees;" and says he again, "I never know a thing well till it is

burned into my heart by prayer." Now that is in a great measure through the agency of God's Holy Spirit, but I think that it may in some measure also be accounted for by the fact that prayer exercises the mind upon the thing, and then the mind is led by an insensible process to lay hold upon the right result. Prayer, then, is a suitable prelude to the blessing, because often it carrieth the blessing in itself.

3. But again it seemeth but right, and just, and appropriate, that prayer should go before the blessing, *because in prayer there is a sense of need*. I cannot as a man distribute assistance to those who do not represent their case to me as being destitute and sick. I cannot suppose that the physician will trouble himself to leave his own house to go into the house of one that is ill, unless the need has been specified to him, and unless he has been informed that the case requires his assistance; nor can we expect of God, that He will wait upon His own people, unless His own people should first state their need to Him, shall feel their need and come before Him crying for a blessing. A sense of need is a divine gift; prayer fosters it, and is therefore highly beneficial.

4. And yet again, prayer before the blessing *serves to show us the value of it*. If we had the blessings without asking for them we should think them common things; but prayer makes the common pebbles of God's temporal bounties more precious than diamonds; and in spiritual prayer cuts the diamond, and makes it glisten more. The thing was precious, but I did not know its preciousness till I had sought for it, and sought it long. After a long chase the hunter prizes the animal because he has set his heart upon it and is determined to have it; and yet more truly, after a long hunger he that eateth findeth more relish in his food. So prayer doth sweeten the mercy. Prayer teaches us its preciousness. It is the reading over of the bill, the schedule, the account, before the estate and the properties are themselves transferred. We know the value of the purchase by reading over the will of it in prayer, and when we have groaned out our own expression of its peerless price, then it is that God bestows the benediction upon us. Prayer, therefore, goes before the blessing, because it shows us the value of it.

But doubtless even reason itself suggests that it is but natural that God, the all-good, should give His favours to those that ask. It seemeth but right that He should expect of us that we should first ask at His hands, and then He will bestow. It is goodness great enough that His hand is ready to open: surely it is but little that He should say to His people, "For this thing will I be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them."

III. Let me close by STIRRING YOU UP TO USE THE HOLY ART OF PRAYER AS A MEANS OF OBTAINING THE BLESSING. Do you demand of me, and for what shall we pray? The answer is upon my tongue. Pray for *yourselves*, pray for *your families*, pray for *the Churches*, pray for *the one great kingdom of our Lord on earth*.

Pray for *yourselves*. Sure you will never lack some subject for intercession. So broad are your wants, so deep are your necessities, that until you are in heaven you will always find room for prayer. Dost thou need nothing? Then I fear thou dost not know thyself. Hast thou no mercy to ask of God? Then I fear thou hast never had mercies of Him, and art yet "in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity." If thou be a

child of God thy wants will be as numerous as thy moments, and thou wilt need to have as many prayers as there are hours. Pray that thou mayest be holy, humble, zealous, and patient; pray that thou mayest have communion with Christ, and enter into the banqueting-house of His love. Pray for thyself, that thou mayest be an example unto others, that thou mayest honour God here, and inherit His kingdom hereafter.

In the next place, pray for your *families*; for your children. If they be pious, you can still pray for them that their piety may be real, that they may be upheld in their profession. And if they be ungodly, you have a whole fountain of arguments for prayer. So long as thou hast a child unpardoned, pray for it; so long as thou hast a child alive that is saved, pray for him, that he may be kept. Thou hast enough reason to pray for those that have proceeded from thine own loins. But if thou hast no cause to do that, pray for thy servants. Wilt thou not stoop to that? Then surely thou hast not stooped to be saved; for he that is saved knoweth how to pray for all. Pray for thy servants, that they may serve God, that their life in thine house may be of use to them. That is an ill house where the servants are unprayed for. I should not like to be waited upon by one for whom I could not pray. Perhaps the day when this world shall perish will be the day unbrightened by a prayer; and perhaps the day when a great misdeed was done by some man, was the day when his friends left off praying for him. Pray for your households.

And then pray for the *Church*. Let the minister have a place in your heart. Mention his name at your family altar, and in your closet. You expect him to come before you day after day, to teach you the things of the kingdom, and exhort and stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. If he be a true minister, there will be work to be done in this matter. He cannot write his sermon and read it to you; he does not believe Christ said, "Go and *read* the gospel to every creature." Dost thou know the cares of a minister? Dost thou know the trouble he has with his own church—how the erring ones do grieve him, how even the right ones do vex his spirit by their infirmities—how, when the church is large, there will always be some great trouble in the hearts of some of his people? And he is the reservoir of all: they come to him with all their grief; he is to "weep with them that weep." And in the pulpit what is his work? God is my witness, I scarcely ever prepare for my pulpit with pleasure: study for the pulpit is to me the most irksome work in the world. I have never come into this house that I know of with a smile upon mine heart; I may have sometimes gone out with one; but never have I had one when I entered. Preach, preach, twice a day I can and will do; but still there is a travailing in preparation for it, and even the utterance is not always accompanied with joy and gladness; and God knoweth that if it were not for the good that we trust is to be accomplished by the preaching of the Word, it is no happiness to a man's life to be well known. It robs him of all comfort to be from morning to night hunted for labour, to have no rest for the sole of his foot or for his brain—to be a great religious hack—to bear every burden—to have people asking, as they do in the country, when they want to get something into a cart, "Will it hold it?"—never thinking whether the horse can drag it; to have them asking, "Will you preach at such a place? you are preaching twice, couldn't you manage to get to such a place, and preach again?" Every one else has a constitu-

tion ; the minister has none, until he kills himself and is condemned as imprudent. If you are determined to do your duty in that place to which God has called you, you need the prayers of your people, that you may be able to do the work ; and you will need their abundant prayers that you may be sustained in it. I bless God that I have a valiant corps of men, who day without night besiege God's throne on my behalf. I would speak to you, my brethren and sisters, again, and beseech you, by our loving days that are past, by all the hard fighting that we have had side by side with each other, not to cease to pray now. The time was when in hours of trouble, you and I have bended our knees together in God's house, and we have prayed to God that He would give us a blessing. You remember how great and sore troubles did roll over our head—how men did ride over us. We went through fire and through water, and now God has brought us into a large place, and so multiplied us, let us not cease to pray. Let us still cry out unto the living God, that He may give us a blessing. Oh ! may God help me, if you cease to pray for me ! Let me know the day, and I must cease to preach. Let me know when you intend to cease your prayers, and I will cry, " O my God, give me this day my tomb, and let me slumber in the dust."

And lastly, let me bid you pray for the church at large. This is a happy time we live in. A certain race of croaking souls, who are never pleased with anything, are always crying out about the badness of the times. They cry, " Oh ! for the good old times !" Why, these are the good old times ; time never was so old as it is now. These are the best times. I do think that many an old puritan would jump out of his grave if he knew what was doing now. If they could have been told of the great movement at Exeter Hall, there is many a man among them who once fought against the Church of England, who would lift his hand to heaven, and cry, " My God, I bless Thee that I see such a day as this !" In these times there is a breaking down of many of the barriers. The bigots are afraid ; they are crying out most desperately, because they think God's people will soon love each other too well. They are afraid that the trade of persecution will soon be done with, if we begin to be more and more united. So they are making an outcry, and saying, " These are not good times." But true lovers of God will say they have not lived in better days than these ; and they all hopefully look for greater things still. Unless you professors of religion are eminently in earnest in prayer, you will disgrace yourselves by neglecting the finest opportunity that ever men had. I do think that your fathers who lived in days when great men were upon earth, who preached with much power—I do think, if they had not prayed, they would have been as unfaithful as you will be. For now the good ship floats upon a flood tide : sleep now, and you will not cross the bar at the harbour's mouth. Never did the sun of prosperity seem to shine much more fully on the church during the last hundred years than now. Now is your time ; neglect now to sow your seed in this good time of seed-sowing ; neglect now to reap your harvest in these good days when it is ripe, and darker days may come, and those of peril, when God shall say, " Because they would not cry to Me, when I stretched out My hands to bless them, therefore will I put away My hand, and will no more bless them, until again they shall seek Me."

And now to close. I have a young man here who has been lately

converted. His parents cannot bear him, they entertain the strongest opposition to him, and they threaten him that if he does not leave off praying they will turn him out of doors. Young man! I have a little story to tell you. There was once a young man in your position: he had begun to pray, and his father knew it. He said to him, "John, you know I am an enemy to religion, and prayer is a thing that never shall be offered in my house." Still the young man continued earnest in supplication. "Well," said the father one day, in a hot passion, "you must give up either God or me; I solemnly swear that you shall never darken the threshold of my door again, unless you decide that you will give up praying. I give you till to-morrow morning to choose." The night was spent in prayer by the young disciple. He rose in the morning, sad to be cast away by his friends, but resolute in spirit, that come what might he would serve his God. The father abruptly accosted him—"Well, what is the answer?" "Father," he said, "I cannot violate my conscience, I cannot forsake my God." "Leave immediately," said he. And the mother stood there; the father's hard spirit had made hers hard too, and though she might have wept she concealed her tears. "Leave immediately," said he. Stepping outside the threshold the young man said, "I wish you would grant me one request before I go; and if you grant me that, I will never trouble you again." "Well," said the father, "you shall have anything you like; but mark me, you go after you have had that; you shall never have anything again." "It is," said the son, "that you and my mother would kneel down, and let me pray for you before I go." Well, they could hardly object to it; the young man was on his knees in a moment, and began to pray with such unction and power, with such evident love to their souls, with such true and divine earnestness, that they both fell flat on the ground, and when the sun rose there they were; and the father said, "You need not go, John; come and stop, come and stop;" it was not long before not only he, but the whole of them began to pray, and they were united to a Christian Church. So do not give way. Persevere kindly, but firmly. It may be that God shall enable you not only to have your own souls saved, but to be the means of bringing your persecuting parents to the foot of the cross. That such may be the case is our earnest prayer.

THE Christianity which is to carry all before it is not the Christianity of books, nor even of mere preaching, much less of an empty profession, but the Christianity of *life*. "Ye are the light of the world." Ye whom I have pronounced blessed, as possessors of a blessed character. Yes; it is humility, not as preached, but as practised; it is contrition, not as depicted, not as inculcated, but as exemplified; it is meekness manifested; it is spiritual aspiration, not as enjoined, but as beheld in men on whose whole carriage may be seen written *Excelsior*; it is mercy embodied; it is heart purity in flesh and blood; it is peace incarnate. This many-sided manifestation of a divine life in men mixing with their fellows, and of like passions with their fellows, is the divinely ordained specific for arresting the progress of human corruption, diffusing health and sweetness through it, and irradiating it with the fructifying and gladdening beams of heavenly light.—DR. BROWN.

Miss Archer's Fortune ; or, Her Own Executrix.

CHAPTER XII.—CALLED AWAY.

THE time having now arrived when we must necessarily, if not abruptly, part company with Miss Archer, it may be as well in drawing the narrative to a close to review briefly the ground trodden. In the opening chapter we caught a glimpse of an intelligent and well-educated young lady, whose good natural impulses led her, after sore bereavement, to form a resolution to devote her surplus income to benevolent and philanthropic purposes. So far, this was good and deserving indeed of commendation. But what if she had stopped there? Would the highest good have been achieved? As we have seen by illustrations given, she might ultimately have become more or less the prey of impostors, or have diverted her wealth into ill-deserving channels. But supposing that she had, in the exercise of common-sense and prudence, escaped such snares, as she did at first, the help bestowed could not have been given in such a way as would have brought personal blessing ; or, in other words, have been a means of grace to the soul. Thousands of wealthy people give ; but all the good they realize in writing out their cheques, or handing over their sovereigns, is simply the knowledge of the fact that they may be doing good to somebody of whom they know next to nothing, nor are ever likely to know. Such might have been Miss Archer's case, but for the grace of God. Becoming truly converted mainly through the witness-bearing

of a Christian invalid, her eyes were opened to see that giving was intended by the Lord to be as much a means of grace to the soul as praying, or any other act of Christian service ; and this, once realised and acted upon, led her to see what Jesus meant when He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and to understand Paul's assertion to the Philippians, who wished for their contributions, "not because he desired a gift," but chiefly because "he desired fruit that might abound to their account."

To carry out this ideal she found the Manchester City Mission to be the most effective agency that she could employ in the distribution of her bounty, and through its willing aid the most deserving cases in humble life were reached, and hundreds benefited, not only in times of great need, but in the best possible manner. But in combination with the carrying out of this excellent system the climax was reached, when, through personal visitation of homes, and places, and meetings, her own spiritual gifts, hitherto latent and unsuspected, were drawn out in a manner that astonished thousands, but most of all her own humble self. Being willing to be used, God used her in all the ways in which she was capable of being used. As a great modern preacher forcibly and truly says, "Gifts that are used fructify. Capacities that are strained to the uttermost increase. Service strengthens the power of service. And just as the reward of work is

more work, the way for making ourselves fit for bigger things is to do the things that are lying by us. The blacksmith's arm, the sailor's eye, the organs of any piece of handicraft, are, we all know, strengthened by exercise, and so it is in this higher region." That in using her varied talents, the exercise of which was called for more and more, she often encountered great difficulty is not to be denied; but even then she experienced what the same preacher has said again to be true to the letter, "Nobody who has not tried it, would believe how many difficulties are cleared out of a man's road by the simple act of trying to follow Christ." For Miss Archer to see clearly her duty, as we have already intimated, was, by God's grace, to do it; and thus, being largely consecrated to God in private and in public, she was both blessed and made a blessing.

But now, in leaving her, where do we part? Ten years have passed away since we first made her acquaintance in Satin Villa. Is she still in Manchester pursuing her noble work as busily as ever? She is not, neither is she known now as, Miss Archer. We are thankful to record that she still lives, and still carries on in similar ways her benevolent labours among the poor and needy. But for five years past she has been the beloved wife of a wealthy merchant, who in another city is the head of a much respected firm. How this acquaintance was brought about, terminating as it did in a most happy conjugal union, is of little importance. It is enough for the reader to learn that it was brought about in some way or other, and that, as the mother of two fine children, Mrs. Ashdown finds still that "the lines have fallen to her in pleasant places," and that she

has "a goodly heritage." Though unable, by reason of domestic duties, to do as much personal household visitation as when she was single, still, as opportunity is afforded, even this paying phase of Christian labour is not at all neglected, and many to-day, as in past time, find good cause for blessing God that Mrs. Ashdown ever came into the district. With a husband who not only has the power, but also the will, as an earnest Christian man, to aid her in any of her benevolent enterprises, and who was in fact mainly won to become her suitor through his high admiration of her Christian character and work, she does not even find marriage to be a hindrance, but, on the contrary, a help to her in Christian service. Remembering, therefore, the large numbers she has benefited, both temporally and spiritually, the donations, both large and small, that she has given to philanthropic institutions, and the goodly number of poor outcasts who have been either reformed or converted through her public addresses, we know the reader will join us in the hearty prayer that her valuable life may be long-spared, and that, in a ripe old age, she may be an illustrious proof that "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

No one probably feels the loss of Mrs. Ashdown's company and personal Christian help more than Miss Morrison, for in a measure her home has been made desolate by the removal of her afflicted sister to the better land. Soon after Miss Archer's marriage, Miss Abigail grew worse, and suffered so much in her head as to be rarely capable of receiving visitors. For months she lay on her couch or in her bed, enduring pain that amounted

often to agony, and which rendered it necessary for the room to be partially darkened, and for the greatest quietude to prevail. At rare intervals she was visited by her pastor, an eminent Nonconformist minister, whose place of worship the family attended, and of which Miss Archer had become a member soon after her conversion. The exact denomination to which he belonged, for obvious reasons, we refrain from making known : it is enough to say, that in his own body, as a minister of the Gospel of Christ, he was universally beloved and esteemed, and that he made his spiritual influence felt by his published works in all parts of the land. To her pastor she communicated the fact that, in spite of all her intense suffering, she enjoyed a solid peace, of which the world knew nothing, having the sweet assurance that, suffer what she might, she rejoiced in the belief that "her light affliction, which was but for a moment, worked for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." But it was when the hour of dissolution came that the triumph over physical weakness and pain was most manifest. Waking out of a long sleep she seemed much refreshed ; all pain appeared to have passed away, and her voice seemed stronger. Saying that she felt better, she asked for a cooling drink, which was given her. Quietly lifting her thin face to her sister, she said, affectionately : "Kiss me." No sooner had the kiss been given, than she laid her head down again on the pillow. For two or three minutes not a word was spoken. Then a change came over the pallid features. There was a slight movement and an upward look. The eyes shone brightly, and the face gleamed with

light ; a smile played upon her thin wasted lips, and there were muttered whispers that only God could hear. Then there was another pause, and after that the silence of the death chamber was broken by the dying saint's last utterance, distinctly and slowly delivered : "Amen—even so—come, Lord Jesus !" and in less than a minute after the spirit was with God. The funeral that followed was attended by both Mr. and Mrs. Ashdown, and was one that did her honour. Though unknown to the multitude, the work she had done quietly and unostentatiously in the sick chamber, had borne fruit in many homes, and hundreds gathered round the grave to take a last look at the coffin, which held the body of one who had been loved so well. Thus, though dead, her influence still spoke for her, and will possibly still do, directly and indirectly, for generations to come. For who can tell where such influence ends ?

It is, perhaps, necessary to add, that both Miss Morrison and Mr. Briton still labour for Christ and humanity, in connection with the Mission ; and that, although Mrs. Ashdown has removed to a distant part of the kingdom, it still receives her bountiful aid in the shape of a large annual subscription. And it is their joy to know that the good and needful work goes on and prospers. To use the words of one of the Annual Reports : "In workshops, factories, and places of business ; in hospitals, infirmaries, and work-houses ; on railways, canals, and public thoroughfares ; at wakes, in brothels, and at midnight meetings ; at police courts, prison gates, and in tramp wards ; by firesides and dying beds ; by night and by day, the missionaries labour, Bible in hand, to saturate the minds of

a lapsed and lapsing population with the hopes and moralities of the Gospel." That they do not "labour in vain, nor spend their strength for nought," is proved by the hundreds and thousands who, through their agency, have been

reformed and won for Christ; and we feel certain that all who read this narrative, which in some humble way shows by illustrative cases how the work is done, will wish both it and all similar agencies elsewhere God-speed! H. W.

Essays and Papers on Religious Subjects.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS IN
SACRED GEOGRAPHY. REV.
W. FRITH, F.R.G.S., EDITOR OF
Consecration, &c.

THE LAND OF SHINAR.

THERE is a peculiar charm and fascination attaching to very ancient places, even when they stand in no immediate connection with sacred history. But when the place is one of such ancient date as to have existed in pre-historic time, and to have found a place in the page of sacred literature, it has a still greater charm to the Christian mind.

Noah had now departed to his heavenly rest, leaving behind his children and his children's children, to the third and fourth generation. These have now moved down from the slopes of *Ararat* into the alluvial and fruitful plains of Chaldea—the land of Shinar—the plain between the Euphrates and the Tigris, afterwards called Mesopotamia. Here the degenerate sons of the faithful father of the new world proposed to build a city and a tower "whose top should reach unto heaven." This was a daring project, and the offspring of a Godless mind. For already apparently the sons of Noah, or their children, had forgotten God, and had begun to worship the host of Heaven. And possibly the pro-

posed tower was to facilitate some rude astronomical or astrological purpose.

Be that as it may, God, who knoweth our thoughts, knew this project to be impious and derogatory from His glory, and therefore He wrought that great miracle of judgment whereby the various languages of the earth probably first took their rise. Probably up to this time, the Hebrew language was the only tongue of the Adamic race; henceforth this mark of judgment will be on the whole race.

Some have judged that the turpitude of this sin was in their proposal to build a city and centralise, rather than spread abroad and abide in a nomadic life. For this, however, there is not a sufficient warrant. For the erection of cities, as such, as emporiums for commerce and merchandise, cannot be wrong in itself. All depends for what purpose the cities are built, and on what principles the commerce is conducted. If God be regarded and honoured, and the principles of His holy law practically acknowledged—"Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man" (Eccles. xii. 13)—then all is well.

Yet there can be no question that city-life, both then and now, has a

more demoralising tendency than the scattered nomad life. The reason for this is patent to all, and may be guarded against by all who will seek wisdom from above (Jas. i. 5).

But is it not sad to see how soon the children of Noah had corrupted themselves! Probably on some shelf on the slopes of *Ararat* there stood the Ark—the pledge and symbol of God's mercy and faithfulness to their father; though also a sign of the judgment which had passed on the old world—still unbroken and conspicuous from the plain at the lower base of the mountain; yet it is to no moral purpose. They have forgotten God their Maker, "and their foolish heart is darkened; professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." And though the first project was judiciously defeated by Divine intervention, yet the plain of Shinar stands out on the page of history—both sacred and secular—as the scene of all moral degeneracy and "abominable idolatries," for they worshipped Baal and Astaroth. From it, as from a corrupt centre, went forth all the idolatries of subsequent time, both eastward and westward. See Hislop's "Two Babylons." Probably the "fires" of Persia and the "fires" of Ireland were kindled from the same source; and also probably all Druidical worship, with its circles and altar fires. We need not now proceed further; the plain of Shinar has had a dark and shaded history, whose pages, probably in mercy, are blotted, blurred and obliterated by the rough hand of time.

What these children of the Ark did after the "confusion of tongues," we have no definite and detailed record. They had to abandon their original project, for God put it out of their power to accomplish it. The check, however, though a tem-

porary rebuke and judgment, was not effectual in their corrupt hearts, for they eventually resumed in some form their original purpose, under the leadership of "Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord;" and great Babylon, of famous, and infamous memory, was the result, of which we shall speak in a subsequent paper.

Now, what is the moral and spiritual teaching of the Land of Shinar?

1. We see painfully demonstrated the devious moral tendency of human nature in the face of the most wonderful and conspicuous evidence of the Lord's goodness and mercy. What a patent and painful evidence that man's moral derangement needs to be readjusted and rectified by some power and influence outside of himself. In other words, man, *per se*, does not possess a readjusting power of his own. Man's moral nature is to-day what it was then; as the law of gravitation is to-day what it was then. Where in long intervening centuries is the evidence of an *evolution*, morally progressive God-ward? or proof of "the survival of the fittest?" Hear the voice of God: "The way of man is not in himself!" But "grace reigns."

2. How grateful we should be that the land of Shinar was not made the theatre of the final destruction of the race, as it might well have been made, considering how soon this base, God-ignoring apostasy occurred after the awful judgment of the Deluge. But here we see sovereign grace and infinite mercy staying the hand of justice in the interest of man.

Here we see grace exhibited in sparing mercy! And in a few years from this very district—Ur of the Chaldees—we hear God calling one of these children of Noah—Abraham

—to come out from his country and kindred, and become the head of a new elect family of the Hebrews—a select earthly race, and *out of whom* should come, in “the future of time,” another head of another race: the former represented by the sands of the sea; the latter, by the stars of Heaven! “So shall thy seed be!”

What wonderful grace! Judgment in the land of Shinar! but still the echo of grace. Mercy’s angel lingered there till Terah begat “Abram, the Hebrew.” Thus, in the line, and out of these three earthly heads—Adam, Noah, Abraham—sprang Him who is the “Last Adam;” “the Second Man, the Lord from Heaven.” Thus, through all the clouds and storms of judgment, the *star of Grace* has shone bright over the vale of Bethlehem; and, though hidden behind the clouds of these dim centuries, shall again shine to usher in a morning without clouds, and establish an empire, whose King shall never die, whose throne shall never tremble, whose sceptre shall never be broken! Then shall Grace exclaim: “Hallelujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!”

THE KING’S CUPBEARERS.

“For I was the King’s cup-bearer.”—Neh. i. 11.

BELoved, have you ever given it a thought that in a heavenly and spiritual sense it is your privilege to be “the King’s cup-bearer”? Has it been your deepest joy in service to minister to the *King Himself*? For it is such a sweet, glad thought, that He looks and longs for the cup which only the hands of His own redeemed ones *can* bring to Him. It may be only “a cup of cold water,” given to a little

one” in His name, and for His dear sake; but He takes it as done to Himself.

Is not *this* worth living for? Is it not something far holier and grander than even “doing good,” sweet and true as that motive is? Oh! there is nothing more precious to the child of the King than the wondrous thought of being *able to minister to Jesus*, and so to share the privilege of the angels round the throne.

Perhaps we have all thought too little of this, and so missed a great deal of gladness. If our work is not very successful (in our eyes), or is very trying, we are apt to be so discouraged and depressed, as if success were all we strove for! But Jesus said, “Inasmuch as ye *have done it* unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me” (Matt. xxv. 40). Oh! surely if our hearts are full of burning love for Him, this is enough. Let the wondrous words sink down into our hearts, and ring a happy chime of peace and love which will re-echo on and on all through our life,—“Ye have done it unto Me.”

And what is it that fills the cup of our King *most* full of joy? I do not think it is even *working* for Him, but rather *receiving from* Him. It is the simple faith of the little child which is not afraid to ask and expect a great deal, and which receives “exceeding abundantly above all that he can ask or think” (Eph. iii. 20). “He desires to feed us with the *finest* of the wheat.” Have we *let* Him? Have we “opened our mouth *wide*,” that He might “*fill* it”? (Ps. lxxxi. 10-16). Surely the beloved apostle John filled the cup of his Lord with joy when he accepted the place of rest and love “on Jesus’ breast” (John xiii. 25).

MARY of Bethany was another of whom it might be very truly said she was "the King's cupbearer" when she chose "that good part" at Jesus' feet, which was hers for evermore (Luke x. 38-42); and again, when in the ministry of love, and with deep insight into her Lord's will, she anointed His feet with ointment (John xii. 3).

It matters little whether or not we are able for active service. We may bring the cup of gladness to our King by quiet, holy waiting, or suffering; by letting Him have His own sweet way with us unquestioningly and gladly.

But there is another thought laid very solemnly on my heart. Is it *always* a cup of joy which we bring to Jesus? Is there *never* anything but sweetness therein? Oh! think of the sad, sad words, "They gave Me also *gall* for My meat; and in My *thirst* they gave Me vinegar to drink" (Ps. lxix. 21). "They gave Him vinegar to drink mingled with gall" (Matt. xxvii. 34). And yet He was *dying for love of them*. Alas! that any of *His own* should ever fill His cup with sorrow instead of joy. Has it never been so with us? Do not our hearts reproach us?

With what is the cup filled which we bear to Jesus to-day? Have we been content to *live at a distance* from Him? Have we been allowing in our lives any *one* thing which the Holy Spirit has shown us to be contrary to His will for *us*? Have we been content to be only half-filled vessels? If so, no matter how full of "*work*" our hands may be, the "King's cupbearer" must be offering to Him a cup of sorrow—a *bitter* cup.

Let us look to it. How shall it

be for the future? Oh! let there be only one loving, longing answer in deep humility. "*My cup runneth over*" with daily, hourly blessings (Ps. xxiii. 5). Shall it then ever again be anything else than a cup *brimful* of joy that I offer to my King? Henceforth let us count it our grand and glorious privilege, not only to work and labour faithfully in our Lord's vineyard, but to be "The King's Cupbearers."

I come, my Lord, to offer up to Thee

A worthless, but a willing offering;

A heart where only evil I can see,
Yet not for that refuse the gift I bring.

Oh, deign to accept it—cast each evil out,

And make it pure and new, within, without.

I come, my Lord, to offer up to Thee

The brief remainder of life's fleeting span;

Whate'er I have, or am, Thine own shall be,

Without Thee I will form no wish, no plan;

Time, talents, influence, actions, thoughts and words,

All, all be unreservedly my Lord's!

I come, my Lord, to offer up to Thee

A creature made Thine own by every tie;

Hast Thou not formed, preserved, and ransomed me?

Oh, didst Thou not to pay my ransom, die?

Lord, at Thy feet my worthless self I lay,

Oh never, never cast me thence away!

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

A PARISH of critics would be killing ; but a critic here and there is a tonic.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THE first necessity for the preacher and the hod carrier is the same. Be faithful, and do your best always for every congregation and on every occasion.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

THERE is nothing that could do more harm to Christianity to-day than for the multitude of preachers to turn from preaching Christ whom they do understand to the discussion of scientific questions which they do not understand.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of doing good whilst we neglect the openings of Providence in little things which would frequently lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness !—CRABBE.

NOTICE how that one name of Jesus is all in all. Men may argue about the Atonement, but the *fact* of an atonement alone finds and meets a sinner crying out for mercy. What can philosophy do for such, or an atonement of mere self-sacrifice ? It would only deepen the sense of sin.—N. McLEOD.

THE existence and influence of Satan are not more mysterious than the existence and influence of bad men. Evil is the mystery—not evil agents and evil influence. Considering all things, perhaps a demoniac in the synagogue, a wicked Judas in the church, is a greater mystery than Satan.—N. McLEOD.

THERE is a deal of misery in the world just now, more than usual. Many are sorrowing from various causes. Therefore, dear friends, be happier than you ever were. That venerable man of God now in heaven, our dear old father Dransfield, when it was a very foggy morning in November used always to come into the vestry before the sermon and say, "It is a dreary morning, dear pastor ; we must rejoice in the Lord more than usual. Things around us are dark, but within and above all is bright. I hope we shall have a very happy service to-day." He would shake hands with me and smile till he seemed so carry us all into the middle of summer.—C. H. SPURGEON.

THE longer I live the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is Energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.—SIR F. BUXTON.

DR. PRIESTLEY, the Unitarian, once said to Dr. Miller, a Trinitarian, "I do not wonder that you Calvinists entertain and express a strongly unfavourable opinion of us Unitarians. The truth is there neither can nor ought to be any compromise between us. If you are right, we are not Christians at all ; and if we are right, you are gross idolaters." Dr. Priestley was right in this conception. The two systems are diametrically opposed to each other ; and those who in this latitudinarian age are so eager to minimise the difference and promote union between the two bodies, as if all alike were Christians, are endeavouring to unite light with darkness, and scriptural truth with the greatest error.

Reviews.

The Silver Cord: A Book of Poems.
By FRANCES DAWK. Elliot Stock,
62, Paternoster Row.

A POETIC introduction of much beauty in which the writer describes her garden, and closes with these words: "This is my garden. To my trees and flowers, symbolical of those I most have loved, I dedicate the pages of this book." It presents itself in three parts, containing some pieces of much excellency and pathos. "So He giveth His beloved Sleep," "Light amid the Darkness," "A little quiet with Jesus," "Ever Bright with Jesus," are amongst other gems of beauty. We can scarcely conceive of a Christian reading these without profit.

Booklets. By WILLIAM LUFF. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., and Drummond Tract Depôt, Stirling.

Simply Told Series, Packet 2, one hundred assorted four-page illustrated tracts, price 6d. *Holborn Series*, Packet 2, and fifty copies (assorted) of eight different illustrated booklets, 6d. What more can we say than here, as ever, William Luff is wonderfully at home in this work, and has again produced booklets which will be read by thousands?

The Treasury for Pastor and People: Conducted by a Corps of Eminent Clergymen. Rev. F. Sanderson, D.D., Managing Editor. Nisbet & Co., Berners Street.

THIS monthly hails from across the Atlantic, and has a freshness and vigour which pleases us. The number for October contains a sermon by Dr. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, on Christ and the Children, the perusal of which will more than repay the time and purchase money.

The Christian World Pulpit for November monthly part gives its readers a novel and original sermon by the Rev. Adam Scott, of Sale Congregational Church, Manchester, on the Elder Son of the 15th chap. of Luke, in which he is presented as showing the faulty and erring profession of religion, and the preacher well sustains himself in this new view.

Aids to Lay Service (Part 2). By J. VAN SOMMER, Esq. Cuffnells, Wimbledon.

THE subject of extempore prayer, prayer meetings, and family prayer is treated in such a thoughtful and devout manner that we advise ministers as well as laymen to read this valuable little tractate.

The Province of Civil Government in Relation to Religion. Especially affecting the Questions of National Education, Popery, and an Established Church. By ABSALOM CLARK. Elliot Stock.

WE are glad to call attention to this timely address. All who are interested in these important questions will be amply repaid for the outlay of fourpence.

A Vessel unto Honour: Luther Booklet for the New Year. By WILLIAM FRITH. S. W. Partridge & Co. Paternoster Row.

A VERY sound Scriptural address.

The Silver Morn and Prophetic Voice. Partridge & Co. (No. 49, Volume 5.)

WE are able to say this magazine deserves many readers. Each month it is full of thoughtful exposition; it cannot fail to be prized by all who hold the Pre-advent of the Lord Jesus.

November contains a thoroughly good likeness of the Rev. Chas. Graham.

The Sun (Part 6). Nisbet & Co.

BRIGHT and good. Tales by some of the best writers, and no trash in them. Poetry, and really good.

Our Own Magazines.—The *Sword and Trowel* for November contains the address delivered by Mr. Spurgeon at the commencement of the College Session. Subject: "What we aim at." It is a thoroughly practical address, and no doubt would be doubly enjoyed by those who were privileged to listen to it. The *Baptist Magazine* has for its frontispiece portrait Rev. Principal Rooke, B.A., with too brief a description. The *General Baptist Magazine* has for paper number three, written by W. R. STEVENSON, M.A., On Some Great Ones in the kingdom of God, Samuel Rutherford.

We are convinced that not amongst the least of the good works of the Religious Tract Society are the sixpenny monthlies, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, and those eminently successful magazines for our young people, the *Boys' Own Paper* and the *Girls' Own Paper*. The frontispieces in each of the latter are works of art. "The Soul's Awakening," from the painting in the Royal Academy by James Sant, R.A., is quite a treasure of art and beauty, while their contents are sure to secure the object sought. They will be read and loved by our boys and girls. We are also delighted with the telling life of Dr. Thomas Guthrie in No. 61 of *New Biographical Series*. He was a bright and shining light.

Consecration: A Monthly for the Culture of the Spiritual Life, etc. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

This is No. 1 of Vol. i. Its object is a most important and vital one, for without holiness no man shall see the Lord. We observe that it is to be sustained by a good staff of well-known writers, and we trust each month this new venture will send forth no uncertain sound. Living for God and living near to God is the great power in the individual Christian life, and the great power in influencing the lives of others.

Mr. G. H. Graham, of Loose, near Maidstone, has given £500 worth of books, to be sold in packets, of value from 2s. 6d. to £2. The whole of the proceeds to be given towards defraying the debt on the Baptist Chapel at Loose. It is a worthy object, and a generous donation from Mr. Graham, and we hope that many of our readers will send for one or more packets, and so help on this struggling cause.

November commences a new volume of *Life and Light*, edited by Robert Edward Sears.—Cassell & Co. are issuing the *Family Bible* in halfpenny numbers, illustrated, with 200 full page illustrations by Gustave Doré. *Horners' Penny Stories* (No. 27) has a good illustrated tale from the pen of our friend, J. J. Ellis. Subject: "The Siege of Derry."—November *Evangelical Christendom* is of considerable interest, as it gives a full report of the Annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance held at Plymouth.—*Rest and Reaping* and the *Philanthropist* are magazines we desire may have an increasing number of readers.

We have received the Annual Report of the Army Scripture Readers. The Society is doing an immense work, but is somewhat retarded for want of more generous support.

The Quarterly Record of the Trinitarian Bible Society for October answers the question, "Does the British and Foreign Bible Society circulate Roman Catholic versions of the Bible?"

Denominational Intelligence.

CHANGES IN THE PASTORATE.

REV. H. DAVIES, of Lymm, has accepted the pastorate at Slack Lane, Keighley.

Rev. C. G. Croome, of Carr Road Chapel, Nelson, has accepted an invitation to Rosse Street, Shipley.

Rev. S. B. Rees has resigned the pastorate of Denmark Place Chapel, London.

Rev. T. G. Gathercole has resigned the pastorate of East Street Chapel, St. Neots.

Rev. A. Morgan, pastor of the church at Rugby, has accepted an invitation to Hull.

Rev. T. Watts has announced his intention of resigning the pastorate at Mill Street, Bedford, at the close of the year.

Rev. J. G. Hall has resigned the pastorate at Swavesey, where he has ministered for ten years.

Rev. E. Jones (Blaenwaun, Pembroke-shire) has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Llwynhendy, Zoar.

Rev. G. E. Payne, of Burton-on-Trent, has accepted an invitation to be co-pastor with Rev. J. R. Godfrey, of Burton Fabis Church, Leicestershire.

RECOGNITIONS.

REV. G. T. ATKINSON has been recognised as pastor of the church at Sandhurst, Kent. Rev. J. Hunt Cooke preached in the afternoon and presided over the evening meeting, at which addresses were given by Rev. Vincett Cook, of Cranbrook; Rev. J. Glaskin, of Tenterden; and Rev. T. Hancocks, President of the County Association.

Rev. S. H. Case, M.A., has been recognised as pastor of the church at Caversham. The charge

to the pastor was delivered by Rev. Dr. Culross, and that to the church by Rev. T. Vincent Tymms. Rev. C. A. Davis also took part.

Rev. John Thomas has received recognition as pastor of the church at Bewdley. Mr. S. R. Pattison, of London, presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. W. J. Dyer, and others.

Rev. F. J. Flatt has been recognised as pastor of West Street Church, Dunstable. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. T. Wigner. Revs. J. T. Brown, W. Fidler, J. Weatherill, J. H. Blake, F. J. Feltham, and G. Durrell took part.

Rev. Alfred Johnson, of the Pastors' College, has been ordained to the ministry at Upton-on-Severn. Revs. E. W. Berry, J. Lewitt, and T. Fisk, took part.

Rev. Carey Hood has been recognised as pastor of North Parade Chapel, Halifax. Revs. W. Gray, G. Needham, J. Parker, and A. C. Carter delivered addresses.

Rev. W. A. Finlay was ordained, on the 16th of October, as pastor of Carey Chapel, Reading. Rev. G. P. Gould gave the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. Baillie addressed the church. Revs. G. Stewart, J. H. Blake, W. G. Hailstone, and J. S. Wyard took part.

In connection with recognition and jubilee services, Rev. Dr. Booth preached at Great Missenden on Sunday, and on Monday services were held to recognise Mr. W. Dorey, as pastor. Rev. C. Saville, President of the Bucks Baptist Association, presided. Rev. J. Cave delivered the charge to the pastor, and Rev. J. R. Russell addressed the church. Rev. T. Armstrong and other friends took part. Mr. Daniel Clarke presided at a public meeting in the evening.

Rev. F. Samuels, late of Clay

Cross, was recognised on the 17th of October as pastor at Melbourne, Mr. T. Smith presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Thos. Yates, H. B. Murray, W. Evans, H. J. Banister, and T. Seed.

Rev. T. W. Whitley, M.A., F.T.S., was ordained the 16th of October as pastor at Bridlington. Rev. T. G. Rooke gave the charge to the minister; Rev. G. Hill addressed the church. Revs. J. W. Henderson, R. Wyatt, R. Dimond, and W. J. Hunter took part.

Rev. S. R. Aldridge, B.A., LL.B., has been recognised as pastor of Orchard Hill Chapel, Waterbarn. Rev. Charles Williams presided; Revs. J. G. Haworth (vicar of Trinity Church), H. J. Sykes, W. Riley, and others took part.

Rev. Charles Davies, late of Liverpool, has been recognised as pastor of Tabernacle Welsh Baptist Chapel, the Hayes, Cardiff. The chapel, one of the largest in the town, was well filled. Addresses were delivered by several ministers and other gentlemen.

Rev. J. H. Brooksbank, of Rawdon College, has been recognised as pastor of Rochdale Road Church, Bury. Revs. Principal Rooke, Professor Medley, W. J. Hunter, R. Bowker, and C. Ashford, took part.

Rev. James Collett was recognised on the 29th of October as pastor of King's Heath Church. Rev. Robert Gray presided. Revs. W. Medley, H. Platten, W. W. B. Emery, and A. H. Collins took part.

PRESENTATIONS.

REV. N. J. S. NASH has been presented by the church at Great Shelford with a purse of gold as a token of regard.

Mr. Blackwell, one of the deacons of the church at Harpole, Northamptonshire, has been presented with a walnut writing-case in recognition of his services.

Rev. C. B. Sawday has been presented by Vernon Church, King's Cross Road, of which he was pastor for twenty-five years, with a purse of sovereigns; Mr. George Williams presided. Mr. Sawday in acknowledging the gift, mentioned that during his pastorate 2,500 had been received into the church, and they had purchased and enlarged the present building. In addition to the present of the congregation, the Sunday scholars and teachers gave him a writing-desk, and the Women's Bible-class gave Mrs. Sawday a silver salt-cellar.

Mr. R. Broughton, a teacher at Zion Sunday school, Accrington, has been presented with a framed photograph of the scholars of his class on the occasion of his marriage.

Rev. W. Brown, on leaving Uffculme, has been presented with a purse of money, in testimony of the respect in which he is held by the churches in the Culm Valley.

Rev. James Young, who has completed eight years' pastorate at Iford, has been presented with an illuminated address and a purse containing 12 guineas.

Rev. John Williams, B.A., on leaving Hereford, after a ten years' pastorate, for Wotton-under-Edge, has been presented with a purse containing £55, a special gift of £25, and an illuminated address.

NEW CHAPELS.

MEMORIAL stones of the new chapel and schools in Edith Road, Nunhead, were laid on the 10th of Oct. by Mr. J. T. Olney and Rev. J. T. Cole, pastor of the church now worshipping in Lausanne Road. The cause was commenced eighteen years ago by Mr. Cole, when the locality was but sparsely populated; since then a very large number of houses have been built, and now within a radius of one-third of a mile, there are 2,200 houses, containing about 15,000 inhabitants, without any other Nonconformist place of worship, the

nearest chapel being half a mile distant. The new building, which is in a very forward state (being already roofed in), is 63 feet long by 45 in width, and will accommodate 500 in the area. The collections amounted to £200 1s. 1d. The total cost of the building, including the freehold site, will be £4,000, towards which £1,000 has been raised.

The new church just completed at the corner of George Square and Argyll Street, Greenock, was opened for public worship on Sunday, when Rev. O. Flett, D.D., Paisley, preached in the forenoon and evening, and Rev. R. Bennie, M.A. (pastor), in the afternoon. The church is seated to accommodate 500, and a large hall on the basement floor (to be used as a Sunday school) 250, there being also a smaller hall to accommodate about 100 persons.

Memorial stones of a school-chapel and class-rooms, in High-road, East Finchley, for the congregation under the pastorate of Rev. Robert R. Finch, have been laid by Mrs. E. Cayford and Mr. A. Towers. At a tea-meeting held in the Congregational Lecture Hall, Dr. Clifford presided; Revs. A. Bax, J. Chadwick, J. Batey, F. J. Benskin, and A. Middleitch, were among the speakers. The pastor announced that the offerings on the memorial stones and the gifts during the evening had produced £240.

BAPTISMS.

Atherton.—October 28, Four, by E. Dyer.
Ayr. N.B.—October 3, Two; October 10, One; October 17, Three, by J. Horne.
Birmingham, Longmore-street.—October 27, Two, by A. T. Greening. Balaall Heath-road: October 21, Three, by E. A. Hobby.
Briton Ferry.—September 23, One; October 14, Two, by W. Davies.
Calstock, Cornwall.—October 11, Seven; October 24, Three; October 28, Three, by A. Pidgeon.
Chatteris, Cambs.—October 16, Two, by T. H. Smith.
Cheadar.—October 29, Twelve, by T. B. Field.

Chester.—October 28, Ebenezer, One, by W. S. Jones.
Dowlais Tabernacle.—October 7, Five, by A. Humphreys.
Dunfermline.—October 10, Four, by J. T. Hagen.
Earlestown, Lancashire.—November 4, Seven, by C. F. Aked.
Esher, Park-road.—September 30, One, by J. E. Perrin.
Evenjobb, Radnor.—November 4, One, by G. Phillips.
Falmouth.—October 28, Three, C. T. Johnson.
Farnmouth.—October 21, One, by W. H. Rowling.
Franksbridge, Radnorshire.—September 23, One; October 18, Three, by T. D. Jones.
Guernsey.—October 10, Two, by F. T. Snell.
Hafod, Pontypridd, Glam.—November 4, Two, by J. T. Morgan.
Huddersfield: Golcar.—November 4, Four, by W. Gay.
Kelso, N.B.—October 28, Two, by E. Last.
Leeds.—November 1, Hunslet, Two, by A. B. Greening.
Liverpool, Schoo-street.—October 28, One, by E. B. Walter.
Metropolitan District:—
King's Cross, Arthur-street.—October 21, Four, by H. J. Martin.
Teddington.—October 28, Two, by D. Spencer.
Woolwich.—October 29, Eight, by J. Wilson.
Moriah, Risca, Mon.—October 14, Twelve, by E. U. Thomas.
Mount Pleasant, Blackpool.—October 14, Five, by J. Roach.
Mursley.—October 28, Three, by G. Parker.
Nantgwyn and Beulah, Radnor.—August 26, Seven; September 1, Two; October 14, One, by I. James.
Newport, Mon.—September 30, Three, by A. T. Jones.
Newton Longville.—October 7, One, by G. Parker.
Okehampton.—October 28, One, by M. Whiting.
Oldham, King-street.—October 28, Three, by W. F. Edgerton.
Portsmouth, Lake-road.—October 29, Three, by T. W. Medhurst.
Preston.—November 4, Pole Street, Four, by G. Goodchild.
Redditch, Ipsley-street.—October 3, Two, by E. W. Berry.
Semley, Wilts.—October 7, Four; November 4, Eight, by J. Stanley.
Smethwick, Birmingham.—October 28, Three, by W. H. Purchase.
South Stockton.—October 28, Westbury-street, Six, by H. Wilson.
St. Helen's, Park-road.—Six, by C. F. Aked.
Street, Somerset.—October 4, Four, by J. Bartlett.
Tottlebank, near Ulverston.—October 30, Two, by J. L. Wilson.
Wincanton.—October 18, Five, by J. Brown.
Wythall Heath.—October 28, One, by J. S. May.